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his name. There was a good attendance at the ceremony. Gifts of money were placed on the stone, to the amount of £42, with promises of more to follow. Later we returned to our T.S. rooms for tea. The weather was perfect throughout the function.

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We printed last month a corrected edition of Sidney Lamier's 'Ballad of Trees and the Master'. An American member sends me another poem of his, written in 1867, entitled 'Barnacles'; it has something of the same quaint old-world touch:

My soul is sailing through the sea,
But the Past is heavy and hindereth me,
The Past hath crusted cumbrous shells
That hold the flesh of cold sea-smells
About my soul.
The huge waves wash, the high waves roll,
Each barnacle clingeth and worketh dole
And hindereth me from sailing!

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Old Past let go, and drop i' the sea
Till fathomless waters cover thee!
For I am living but thou art dead;
Thou drawest back, I strive ahead
The Day to find.
Thy shells unbind! Night comes behind,
I needs must hurry with the wind
And trim me best for sailing.

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Federation of Lodges is spreading in the United States as in India. Mr. Unger, the head of the Northern Division, has federated the Lodges in his charge into 'The Great Lakes' Federation,' and it will hold its Conference in the summer. Five of the Divisions are holding Summer Conferences, arranging them so that the General Secretary shall visit each in turn. The plan is an admirable one, and is sure to bring out greater solidarity and effectiveness.

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Once more at the 'Gate of India,' the splendid city of Bombay, with its wide roads and avenues of over-arching trees, and its strenuous capable population. An arrival at Bombay Station is always a thing to be remembered, the friendly faces, the wealth of flowers, the number of ladies—for Hindū Bombay has largely thrown off the purda, and the Pārsīs never had it, apparently. From the station to Mr. Narottam M. Goculdas's beautiful house, with its lovely view of sea and over-arching sky—to Narottamji himself, looking no whit the worse for the storm that has been raging round him for his 'crime' in going abroad. His quiet steadfastness in the right to travel, joined with his sincere Hindūism, have struck the right note, the note of dignified adherence to essentials and liberal indifference to non-essentials. He has taken from the West what the West has to give of useful and pleasant, but has used it to enrich his Indian life not to anglicise it.

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The Gaiety Theatre was crowded for a lecture on 'National Education,' Mr. Jehangir Sorabji, the late General Secretary of the Indian Section in the chair. Two valuable gifts to the Adyar Library were a pleasant preliminary to the lecture, one from a Brāhmaṇa, the other from a Pārsī. Bombay Theosophists had two other meetings, one for E. S. students and one for the Lodges—the latter being held in the Shrī Kṛṣṇa Lodge, of which my host is President. Mr. P. K. Telang and Paṇḍit Iqbal Narain Gurtu came down from Benares to talk over the educational work there, and gave a good report on the Boys' School, which is doing excellently. The Girls' School is less satisfactory, for want of funds and for want of the lower classes. It

seems impracticable to have only the higher classes, as the girls in Benares who wish for higher education are but few, while many seek the elementary stages. There is talk of the old C. H. C. School being moved into the town, and, if that be done, we may open the lower classes, if we can raise money sufficient for building and upkeep.

We propose to increase the number of boarders, as we have fortunately found a Hindū widow who can take charge of the girls—an absolutely necessary condition, if the girls confided to us are to be brought up in the gracious Hindū ways and to pass out of the school into happy Hindū homes through the gate of marriage. More harm than good would be done at present by education if it brought up girls in a way which rendered them unfit to be the “Goddess of the home”. Well-meaning foreigners quite unconsciously do a large amount of mischief by leading Hindū girls into ways which, harmless in themselves and natural in the West, are alien to India and repellent to the cultured English-educated and the old-fashioned Indian alike.

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In a few hours I step on board the good steamer *Mantua*, and say good-bye for a short time to India, “the Motherland of my Master,” sacred and beloved. Then, for a space, to dwell among the many dear and loving friends whom good karma has linked me with under other skies and among other scenes. How good it is to know that, in all lands, we who are the servants of the Holy Ones form but one family, whatever may be our outer differences of birth and colour—fair augury of that happier day for earth when brotherhood shall transcend all differences, and when mutual love

mutual respect shall bind into unity the many varying types of the children of men.

An interesting article, showing the trend of the times, appears in the *Contemporary Review* for April. Mysticism has undoubtedly "arrived" in the West. In the East it has always held a prominent place as Mr. Udney points out in 'Dante's Mysticism'.

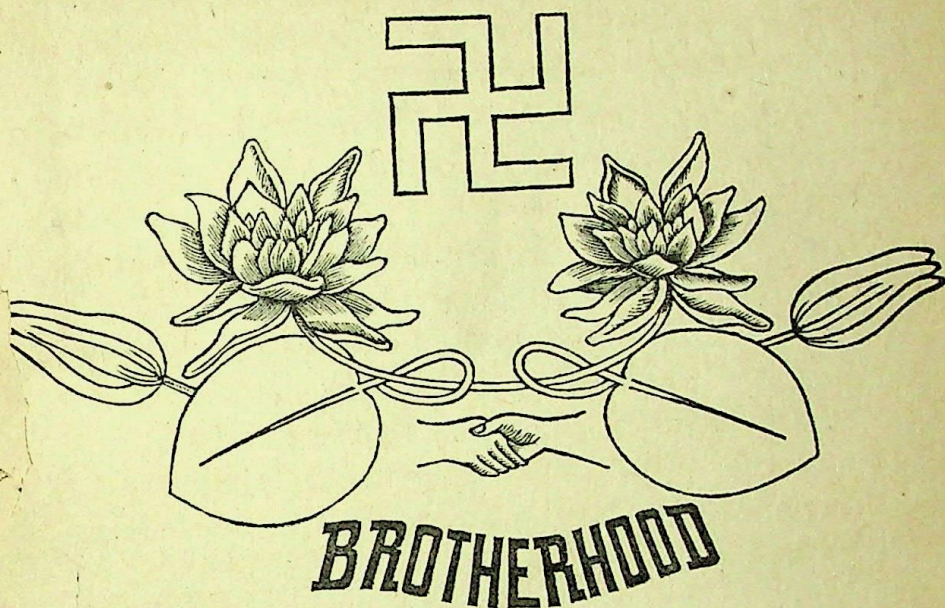
Mr. Udney attributes, as the mainspring of Dante's activities, "a conviction of human nature's capacity to attain Divine illumination through self-mastery and self-devotion". Now that the poets are being read with a discerning eye, some of the true purport of their message may be at last unveiled.

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There has lately been published *The Life and Letters of Lady Hester Stanhope*. So little is definitely known of her life that this book will be very welcome. Up to the present, she has been a name rather than a reality. The *London Observer* comments thus :

A strange woman she assuredly was : Mr. Thomson, who conducted her funeral service, was justified in describing her as "wholly and magnificently unique." She was the great Pitt's niece ; she became "Queen of Palmyra"; and she spent the last years of her life on a hill-top in the Lebanon, studying the stars, waiting for the coming of the new Messiah, the beautiful boy without a father, whose coming should be heralded by a woman from a far country.

This last sentence is very significant. The words speak for themselves, and are especially interesting at the present time.



THE BUILDING OF THE INDIVIDUAL

By ANNIE BESANT P. T. S.

(Continued from p. 17)

THE Supreme Self, manifesting as the Lord of a Universe, as the Ishvara of the Hindū, the Allah of the Muslim, the God of the Christian, the Logos of the Theosophist, manifests Himself in a Universe in three primary aspects of consciousness—Power, Wisdom, Activity, all-pervading and ever-present. These are the three aspects which, looked at separately, as seen from below, have given rise to the Trinities found in ancient and modern faiths, though no more separate in the supreme Unit of Consciousness, the Universe-Consciousness, than in the human Unit of Consciousness which we call Man. They are aspects, attributes, faces, persons (*persona*=a

mask) of the ever-indivisible One, of the Supreme Self in His relation to a Universe, as seen from the standpoint of the limited consciousnesses in that Universe. Verily have these aspects 'masked' the Unity, the 'persons' in the Trinity, having become well-nigh separate entities, arithmetical conundrums, taking the place of the Saguna Brahman, the 'Brahman-with-attributes,' or the manifested God. Hence the difficulties of the Athanasian Creed, due to a complete misunderstanding of the truth underlying the phrases, the original meaning of the word 'Person' having changed from a mask, veiling a Reality by an attribute, to an entity, a limited being.

Controversy has also arisen, due to the paucity of English metaphysical language, connoting a corresponding indistinctness of ideas, round the word 'God'. It is forgotten that any manifestation of the ETERNAL in a temporary phenomenal Universe can only be partial, and that the use of the same word for the Eternal Universal Reality and the partial manifestation of that Reality in any phenomenal Universe—our present Universe or any other in the ranges of everlasting Time and unlimited Space—must lead to confusion. Hindūism has avoided this by confining the term 'Brahman' to universal essential Being—bare Being, or Be-ness, the essence of Being, as H. P. Blavatsky preferred to say—whether manifested or unmanifested, distinguishing these by prefixing an epithet only. Unmanifested Being, abstract Being, the Absolute of western metaphysics, out of all relation, out of Space and Time, is 'Nirguna Brahman,' 'Brahman-without-attributes,' and of THAT there is naught to say, save the acknowledgment: "THAT IS." The same essential Being manifested

—there is but the One, without a second—is ‘Saguṇa Brahman,’ ‘Brahman-with-attributes’. This is the Supreme Self, God, Allah, Supreme LOGOS, of whom every Universe, past, present, and to come, is a partial and passing manifestation: “I established this Universe with a *fragment of Myself*, and I remain,” it is written. “Myself,” “I,” is ‘Brahman-with-attributes’.

The attributes of Brahman are, as said, three: Sacchidānanda, Sat, Existence; Chit, Consciousness; Ānanda, Bliss. This is the universal statement of the nature of Universal Being, as seen from the view-point of human consciousness—God in relation to any Universe, *i.e.*, in relation to any manifestation, so far as human consciousness, in its highest stage of achievement on our earth, can cognise the Reality. For this, this Saguṇa Brahman, as for the Absolute, there is no name but ‘God,’ for the Christian; ‘Allah,’ for the Muslim. The Theosophist uses the term Supreme SELF, or Supreme ‘LOGOS’.

The “fragment of Myself,” who establishes a Universe, is never named Brahman by the Hindū, but Ishvara, ‘the Lord’; although of the nature of Brahman, not another, He is but a portion of the One, and hence with the three attributes of the One, as a cupful of water has the attributes of water. For the Christian, again, there is no name but ‘God’ for this “fragment of Myself,” God in relation (to a Universe), and therefore not the Absolute; and the confusion between God as the Absolute, out of relation, God in manifestation and therefore in potential relation, and God as the Father of Spirits, in actual relation to a particular Universe, gives rise to the inextricable atheist-creating tangles of such books as Dean Mansel’s

on the nature of God. The solution of the difficulty is in the conceptions of the Brahman-with-attributes and His partial manifestation in and to a Universe, the partial, the fragment, showing the inner triplicity of the whole. For the Muslim, equally, the one name of Allah has to serve for the Absolute and for universal and the partial manifestations, and popular Islām feels no difficulty, merely asserting the Unity, while the keen intellects of the great doctors of Islām faced and mastered the metaphysical difficulties in a way identical with the Hindū Vedānta. The Theosophist, wholly at one with these, uses the term 'Supreme LOGOS' to connote the universal Brahman-with-attributes, and a qualifying adjective or descriptive phrase, 'Logos of a Universe,' 'of a system,' etc., to distinguish the "fragment of Myself".

We have seen that the Brahman-with-attributes is qualified as Existence-Consciousness-Bliss, the widest terms that human wit has so far found. When a Universe is established by Him with a fragment of Himself the universal becomes limited as regards that fragment—though "I remain," transcendent—the fragment of the universal Being becoming the all-pervading life of the Universe thus brought into manifestation from the inexhaustible Source, Brahman. So might a fragment of human consciousness embody itself temporarily in a song. This limitation affects the form under which each attribute is seen. *Bliss* expresses itself in relation to a Universe as universal Power, for this alone gives full security, impregnable peace, absence of all that can disturb. *Consciousness* expresses itself in this relation as Wisdom, a dual quality: Awareness or Knowledge, which is Consciousness outward-turned, cognising the Not-Self, and Love, which is Consciousness inward-turned,

cognising the Self as one in numberless forms, and therefore attracting each to each and all to their source. *Existence* expresses itself in this relation as Activity, i.e., Creativeness, the acting outwards, emanating the without, embodying itself by continued self-limitations in endless forms. At once we recognise the characteristics of the 'Persons' in the Lord of a Universe: the First Person is ever characterised by Power, as the Shiva of the Hindū Trinity, the 'Father' of the Christian; the Second by Wisdom, the Viṣṇu, or the Son; the Third by Activity, the creator Brahmā, or the creative Spirit, floating on, or moving upon the face of, the waters.

"The waters" are the symbol, in all religions, of the matter of space, the omnipresent ākāsha, or ether of space. This the Lord of a Universe affects in His third, or creative, aspect. The Theosophist speaks of this either as the 'third aspect of the LOGOS,' or as 'the third LOGOS'; the first is the more accurate, the second the more popularly understood because the more anthropomorphic, and as paralleling the Holy Spirit of the Christian and the Brahmā of the Hindū. Whichever is the more easily grasped by those addressed is the better epithet to use. In the omnipresent ether all Universes are floating, as fishes in a sea, and from this vast ocean of ether the Lord of a Universe draws His material, adapting it to His purposes.¹ All that we here need to note is that the three qualities of the Lord have as correspondences three qualities in matter, each connected with each: Power is answered by *ṭamas*, stability, or inertia; Wisdom by *saṭṭva*, rhythm, or vibration; Activity by *rajas*, mobility.

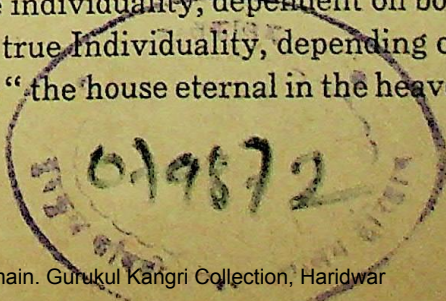
¹ The process is described in the Appendix on the Aether of Space in *Occult Chemistry*, and in Mr. Leadbeater's *Textbook of Theosophy*.

From these wider horizons, we turn to human consciousness, and we at once see the meaning of the ancient phrase that man was made "in the image of God," the human Self as miniature of the divine. Once more the Hindū epithet of a fragment recurs: "A portion of Myself, a living self" (Jīvātmā). As a Universe is established by a fragment of the ever-existing Brahman, so is each life in that Universe a portion of that fragment; inevitably, therefore, the constituents are identical.

This "image of God" is said to abide ever in the divine Presence, and to descend but partially into the worlds of evolution as a human 'Spirit'; this name denotes the Monad, the living Self, when working under and conditioned by narrower limitations than those which surrounded him in his own native world. Bliss, which manifested as Power, becomes Will in the human Spirit; Power may be said to denote the static, Will the kinetic, condition of the same quality; Power rests, divinely stable, in unchanging serenity, while Will is a latent preparedness for manifestation; or Power may be regarded as the sum of the energies of the Monad, and Will as their arrangement into a one-pointed readiness to stimulate Activity. Wisdom appears as Intuition—spiritual Intuition—in the human Spirit, the quality that discriminates between the Real and the unreal, and with inward-directed vision reaches the inner realisation of the identity of the universal and the limited Self—Self-Realisation. Activity is manifested as Intellect, the creative attribute, which, looking outwards, cognises the worlds around it, is the Knower of the Knowable in the Not-Self.

This Spirit is the Individuality, the Self, the true 'I,' and the process of self-conscious individualisation

is human Evolution; this process begins with the junction of the descending Spirit and the upward-climbing life from below; it continues with the unfolding powers of the Intellect, ever intensifying the sense of separateness by memory of the evolutionary past; then, having acquired Knowledge through Intellect, the Spirit blends his third aspect with the second, the Knowledge of the Without with the realisation of the Within, and thus individualises himself in the next higher world as a centre, not, as below, as a circumference, including not excluding, realising himself as Life and transcending forms. Finally, he blends these merged twins into a Unity, individualising himself in the highest human world of Will, liberating himself from the bondage of matter, not by annihilating life but by transcending death, the power of death being broken when his noose of matter has lost the power to bind, matter having become the pure vehicle of Spirit, responding with instant obedience to the slightest indication of its lord. Individualisation, which has proceeded step by step throughout the ages of evolution, is completed, not annihilated, by the final step of the Spirit individualising himself in the self-conscious realisation of himself as Will, and the unifying of the three attributes of Life, of Brahman, in himself. He is now the fully individualised Self who has realised his own Eternity, and rests calmly within his own realised Self-existence, but all limiting sheaths have fallen away, their artificial help to Self-realisation being no longer necessary. His Self-consciousness lives from within, and no longer requires any supporting divisions without. The death of the false individuality, dependent on bodies, is the triumph of the true Individuality, depending on its own inner divine life; "the house eternal in the heavens"



has been builded, and the scaffolding, now useless, has been for ever cast aside.

Perhaps the understanding of this may be rendered easier by tracing the "three great streams of divine life" before alluded to, as it will then be seen that the casting aside by the life of an outgrown limitation does not mean a loss, but an expansion, of consciousness. As the subject is fairly familiar, it will be sufficient, as before said, to outline it briefly.

From the third, the Activity aspect of the Lord of a system, come the atoms of matter which are aggregated into the bodies which form part of the scaffolding for the building of the House of Individuality. These are aggregated together into the complex bodies called chemical elements, and the evolution of these is still proceeding, so that they offer ever-improving materials for the bodies of men. This is one of the upward-welling streams of divine life, providing materials for all bodies, the basis of the material worlds in all their stages of denser or finer matter.

From the second, the Wisdom aspect of the same Lord—the 'second LOGOS'—comes the stream of life which informs with qualities the aggregations of matter—making the Elemental Kingdoms—and then shapes the matter thus formed into bodies, climbing from the elemental to the mineral, from the mineral to the vegetable, from the vegetable to the animal, from animal to the verge of the human, rendering the material ever more ductile, more responsive; these bodies all live and grow within the life of the LOGOS, and are nourished by it, as the mother-life nourishes the embryo within the womb. Within these bodies the life is developing, and one atom—called the permanent atom,

attached to the sheaths of the Spirit in the higher worlds and to the group-soul of the group to which the bodies aggregated round it belong—is the minute but unbreakable link between the true owner and the embryonic LOGOS-nourished life within the bodies. The life is almost wholly that of the Second LOGOS, preparing the bodies, the embryonic-passional nature, the embryonic mind, for the coming downrush of the Spirit, pouring himself into the vessel prepared for him. The Spirit broods over the dwelling which is preparing for him; he does not yet tenant it; it is not ready for his abiding.

When the verge of humanity is reached, much progress has been made; a personality, a bundle of qualities has been builded, faint reflection of the Individual, a shadowy outline which will condition his early lives as man. The hour strikes, when the growing life-qualities demand better form for expression, and the upward-climbing life sends out a vague appeal to the over-brooding Spirit, aspiring upwards, and the life of the Spirit flashes downward in answer, the causal body is formed, and “a man is born into the world”. Such is the preparation for, the birth into, Individuality.

The new Individual, a savage, identifies himself with his body; that to him is ‘I,’ and with that is his life bound up: “I am hungry; I am thirsty.” Later, as his passions and his emotions dominate him, and he identifies himself with them: “I am happy; I am miserable.” Then evolves the life of thought, and he identifies himself with the mind: “I think; I imagine.” These three are illusory ‘I’s, and his consciousness widens and deepens as he drops each as being himself. He is more, not less, alive, when strong emotion

transcends the body, and he is unconscious of its needs. He is more, not less, alive when thought has so uplifted him that he is unconscious of hunger and thirst, of joy and sorrow. Still more does he realise this, if he learns to leave the physical body consciously, and to know the freedom of the astral world, to leave the astral body and know the yet wider liberty of the mental world. Then, by the help of meditation, he slays the 'I's of these three lower worlds, and rises consciously beyond them into higher regions. More life, more life, not less, is his ever-reiterated experience. Onward still he climbs, until intensity of life floods over the barriers of intellectual limitations, and the ever-widening 'I' bounds into the unfettered "liberty of the sons of God," and rejoices in his illimitable freedom. Is more life possible? is fuller security available? One more step he may take rejoicing, to the verge where man passes into Super-man. Where is Individuality? it has the Universe for content. Where is identity? it embraces all. Where is death? it lies drowned in limitless life. Annihilation, void, nothingness? The immortal laughter of a God triumphant rings down the avenues of Time transcended. "If the Eternal, the Self-existent were not, then the transitory and the dependent could not be."

Annie Besant

(To be continued)

FROM THE DIARY OF A TRAVELLING PHILOSOPHER¹

By COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

II

Canton

IN most of the temples the soldiers have broken the idols and the people do not seem to consider this a sacrilege. From the point of view of the Church, the Chinese are decidedly irreligious. They are addicted entirely to this world, being practical-minded people, utilitarians and rationalists. The canonical eschatologies are regarded by them either with scepticism or indifference. The general mood is either of the type of Montaigne's "*que sais-je ?*" or more frequently that of Confucius, that it is superfluous and harmful to occupy oneself with transcendental problems. Now, that the Chinese are in a deeper sense irreligious is certainly not true, and to this subject I shall return later on in greater detail.

One thing is beyond all doubt, however, namely that for them divine service has nothing to do with religion. What is seen here is nothing but superstition and magic. What surprised me in this country, where public opinion is so free with regard to ecclesiastical matters, is the fact that even the educated classes participate in no small degree in the temple rites and religious observances. I did my best to get behind the meaning of this fact and have thereby brought to light

¹ This is a translation of some chapters very kindly placed at our disposal of a still unpublished work entitled *Reisetagebuch eines Philosophen* which will be published by Mr. T. F. Lehmann in Munich, in the autumn of 1914.

something most curious. To the Chinese the temples seem to mean much the same as, for instance, to us do our advisory boards. The priests are to them mechanics, mere engineers; that is they are the professionals whose duty it is to regulate the intercourse with the world of ghosts.

This idea does not seem superficial to me but profound, though clothed in a grotesque form as, according to our ideas, so often happens in China. To the Indians, also, their 'Gods,' are not transcendental beings in the sense of the Christian God, but natural phenomena, and the rites only exist in order to propitiate this side of Nature. But the Indian has such a religio-ecclesiastical temperament that he involuntarily concedes to his Gods more than is in accordance with his strict presentation of them; for which reason even the cult of Kali does not essentially differ from a Christian service. Now the Chinese, practical and sober as they are, have drawn all possible conclusions from the given premises; if there be ghosts, and if it be possible to change their unwelcome activities into friendly ones, this must be done by all means, and there must exist institutions and people professionally engaged in this business. This, then, is supposed to be the meaning of the Church.

It is incredible how busy are the mechanics who have to propitiate the devils. China is replete with ghosts to such a degree that the comfort of life suffers seriously from the disturbances which the constant recognition of the devils entails. A man can neither be buried nor marry when he likes, nor where nor whom he chooses; everything depends on things for which we have no standard of judging. Once a missionary, who wished to dissuade a mandarin from his belief in ghosts,

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asked him how it was that there were no ghosts in Europe. He received this strange answer: "If nobody believes in ghosts, there are of course none there. Personally," the mandarin continued, "I should be glad if they would depart from China also, but this is hardly probable, as the belief in them is too general to be eradicated very soon." His idea was that the ghosts were objective realities in China because of the people's belief in them; and this seems indeed to be so; whatever might be attributed to the influence of ghosts, such as obsession, being bewitched, and the like, happens oftener in China than anywhere else in the world. What a deep thinker this mandarin was! He was worthy to be ranked with that Indian priest who, on being asked what was the use of prayers to the Gods, as they were but natural phenomena, perishable, and in many respects inferior to man, made the reply: "Prayers are useful in order to strengthen the Gods." He probably meant thereby that in any case, be they objective or merely subjective realities, devout prayers would create a wire of communication, by means of which the idea could re-act on the praying person. Ghosts are real for the reason that people believe in them, and they can literally be killed, or at least be made ineffective, by the cessation of belief in them.

This interpretation is undoubtedly correct, and for my own part I am convinced that psychical realities, which ordinarily exist only for one person, and which owe their being to his thought, can be condensed into objective realities if a sufficient number of people believe sufficiently in them. They would then really correspond to what mythology teaches of its gods and devils. I am well aware that it is still considered heretical to profess

such views, but it will be proven ere long that I am right, since earnest students have of late taken up the investigation of materialisations and kindred subjects.

Summing up, I cannot regard as superficial those traits of character which travellers and residents usually blame in the Chinese. On the contrary, the Chinese have a deeper insight into the nature of things than has, for instance, the modern French Government, whose persecution of Christians can only be stamped as an act of stupidity. Chinese superstition is profounder than modern unbelief, yet there might be drawn from this depth of insight better and more serviceable results than the Chinese have learnt to do.

Peking

How Nature mocks at all illusion ! I fancied I had exhausted in my mind every possible type of the literatus, and here I met a man whose existence gives the lie to all my generalisations, a literatus with an ardent soul and of the most ethereal spirituality. In China to-day, as everywhere else, many fantastic persons are busy manufacturing a new world-religion : and here, as everywhere else, it is in most cases not worth while to know these prophets. Being of a scholarly nature and intoxicated by the (supposed) knowledge of the one Spirit which underlies all higher religions, instead of writing harmless text-books on comparative religion, they step forth as reformers.

The man whom I met this afternoon is of a genuine religious nature : in many ways he reminds me of Calvin, only softened by many a Franciscan feature. He sees the main defect of China in the very fact (which is the first to strike every thoughtful traveller) that the spirit has perished in the letter, and his one object is to infuse

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new spirit into the letter. The spirit he means is closely allied to the Johannine Christian spirit. But, what is most remarkable indeed, Confucianism is to him the form in which this spirit can best be realised. One must not forget that he is a Chinaman and a highly educated one as well. Did he think otherwise he would not be a true Chinaman. To such a one, neither the looseness of Taoism, nor the excessive meekness of Buddhism can be congenial. With regard to Christianity; my friend was of opinion that its inviolable truths were expressed in a language altogether alien to the Chinese, and the attempt to translate these truths into his language produced Confucianism pure and simple: not perhaps the traditional Confucianism, but such as he understood it. Considering this, he deemed it unnecessary to introduce Christianity.

While listening to him and watching the ever-moving play of his wonderfully refined features, the language of which I could immediately follow, I could not help thinking with shame of the missionaries who dare convert such "heathen". If only they would learn before they teach! True, my friend was not altogether right: the essence of Christianity is not contained in Confucianism. But it is exactly this essence which the Chinese will never grasp, in the same way as no Christian Europeans will ever grasp the essence of Indian religion. We have here biological barriers. Yet these barriers do not narrow one's religious experience. They narrow merely the intellectual field of vision. Thus, a follower of Confucius may be as near divinity and express the divinity within himself as truly as the most enlightened Indians. And he can do this exactly by remaining within the bounds of his own nature.

How beautiful indeed is a typical Chinese head! In it the utmost of expression appears to be attained, and by how much simpler means than in our own case. In order to look strikingly picturesque a European needs to have an imposing air, that is, his features must be rugged, his hair ruffled, and his skull covered with prominent bumps. The Chinaman has, so to speak, outgrown the stage of looking impressive. Here the highest mobility is found condensed in the simplest of curves with relaxed and unrestrained features. However strange it may sound, a good Chinese head, compared with an equally good European one, strikes one as the more classical.

Tokyo

Some of the leaders of Japanese Buddhism happen to be staying at Tokyo. I availed myself of the opportunity to amend and enlarge, as best I could, the views I had gained from the study of their holy writ. One thing is certain; whatever may be the historical relation between the two, Japanese Buddhism, far from being a degenerate product of original Buddhism, represents, in its philosophical as well as its religious aspects, a very much higher stage. According to my personal opinion, Higher Buddhism is the highest religion yet evolved. As to the meaning of its fundamental principles, I am unable to say anything whatever against it, however much of its development in detail may be historically conditioned and antiquated. The teachings of Ashvaghosa stand in the same relation to those of ancient India, as the teachings of Hegel stand to those of Parmenides, or the teachings of Bergson to those of Spinoza: that is to say, abstract statism is replaced therein by living dynamism, which means a decided progress in cognition.

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The ancient Indians probably meant the same as the founder of the Mahāyāna, only they did not know how to express themselves according to it. Turning their thoughts towards the ultimate meaning of happenings, they turned away from the latter themselves, and thus arrived at a theory of the Eternal which existed in contradistinction to the flow of phenomena. Ashvaghosa, then, achieved the same feat in the school of method, the achievement of which later on stamped, each on his own historical level, Hegel and Bergson as pioneers; that is to say, he restored the connection between Being and Becoming, a connection which less careful thought had violently torn asunder.

Ashvaghosa cognised that Being and Becoming were but different aspects of one identical reality: that is to say, that metaphysical Being coincides with Becoming and Perishing, and that duration in time is an absolute reality. In this way, then, he arrived at the same critical result as that to which, in our own days, a similar fundamental conception has led Bergson: that a metaphysical meaning should not be sought for outside concrete Becoming.

Bergson has not, so far, gone beyond this. He has not yet approached the realm of "must". If once he does so, he will probably say the same as did Ashvaghosa seventeen hundred years ago: namely that, since the metaphysical meaning must not be looked for outside concrete Becoming, all ideal progress must also be realised therein. Speaking thus, Bergson will not proclaim anything new, this very idea being the *leit-motif* of the Christian view of life. However logical was the development which led Ashvaghosa to this point, he executed, with regard to the old Indian view, a regular

volte face: the mood of negation of life changed into one of affirmation of life.

If the highest is to be realised within the realm of Becoming (not in that of Being), no matter on how many higher stages, as Arhat, as Bodhisattva, as Buddha, then the ideals of a yogī, all of which originate from the desire to emancipate oneself from the phenomenal, have lost their *raison d'être*. At once the colouring of *samsāra* looks no longer gloomy, and there is sense again in history—nay, history obtains a new and higher meaning than it ever had before. According to the views of Ancient India, history had no importance, evolution being only understood as liberation from phenomena, no empirical state as such being ranked above another. Not so the Mahāyāna. Its followers set themselves tasks of historical importance. And now began an evolution which, down to the minutest details, runs parallel to the evolution of Christianity. Northern Buddhism irresistibly conquered the world. It considered it its mission to convert mankind; while Southern Buddhism, like Hindūism, never adjudged to itself this task. Accordingly, Northern Buddhism adapted its teachings and methods to given circumstances, and the spirit of knowledge of human nature and of politics united itself to that of religiosity. This necessarily led towards denominational organisation, and, further on, towards the formation of sects. As the pragmatism view-point predominated more and more over the striving after cognition, the occasional dogmatism of the time in question became more and more similar to that of Christianity.

Indeed the doctrines of Christianity and of Higher Buddhism are so much alike that leading missionaries

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(Timothy Richards, Arthur Lloyd and Mrs. Gordon) are inclined to regard Buddhism as actually Christianity, that is, as a continuation of Christ's, not Gauṭama's, teachings. Considering the great part which Nestorians played in China during the first centuries A. D., such a thing is in no way impossible, though it is not probable. But this startling convergence within the evolution of dogmas may have happened without historical interdependence: the spirit of the Mahāyāna and of Christianity being alike, similar circumstances naturally led to similar empirical formations. The dogma of salvation by faith will everywhere replace that of salvation by knowledge as soon as a religion thought out by philosophers takes root amongst men of practical life. In the same way, the more complicated belief in endless progress towards the highest will be replaced by the simpler and more quieting belief in a final beatitude in paradise. Despite all similarity, of course, the differences are still preserved and these latter are very characteristic.

The spirit of Northern Buddhism, too, is by no means as practical and as active as the Christian spirit, nor does it prove itself nearly so good a modeller of life and transmuter of the soul of a people. It is after all too much of an understanding spirit, and it is only a blind and unscrupulous spirit which is quite consistent in its actions. On the other hand, it is much more intelligent and of deeper insight; for which reason I consider Higher Buddhism as the highest of all living religions. It contains all the depth of Christianity *plus* the wealth of Indian Philosophy and Psychology. Of all transmitted religions the Mahāyāna Buddhism approaches nearest to that religion which modern seekers after God invoke as the religion of the future. It is essentially

undogmatic. It has a deep understanding of the value of cults; it excludes no mood of thought; it gives something to everyone. It is wide and broad like Brāhmaṇism, while at the same time, like Christianity, it is energetic and knows the ways of the world.

But for this very reason, because of Higher Buddhism representing perhaps the ideal of a religion of the future, for this very reason it is only conditionally adapted to present conditions. I realise this ever more clearly the more I see representatives of this Faith. Like Theosophy, the best and lasting ideas of which coincide with the Mahāyāna teachings, this latter is too wide and too loose to be able to mould average men; it is no fit vessel for a limited spirituality, especially not for one so little intellectually natured as Japanese spirituality is. I hardly think that any Japanese, either of the present or of the past, ever rightly valued and rightly understood the philosophical contents of the Mahāyāna: among those of to-day certainly no one does. The Japanese once imported this religion, just as to-day they are importing our technical arts. They always recognised at a glance what was best and tried to take advantage of it. But man can only assimilate what is akin to his own nature. Indian Mysticism never was in conformity with the Japanese mind; for which reason the emotional and the practical sides only of the Mahāyāna religion have become living forces in Japan. All Buddhist sects which are typically Japanese are essentially unphilosophical. Again, those of the Japanese priests of to-day who concern themselves with the speculative elements of the Mahāyāna doctrine, do so as mere scholars: they cannot grasp its living aspect.

Despite all this, I must contradict the reproach that the Japanese as a nation are irreligious. The cultured

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amongst them do not, as a rule, believe in any distinct creed, nor do most of the Europeans, but that is altogether a different thing. In contradistinction to the Indians, we too generally turn agnostics the moment our thinking emancipates itself, because the way to God by cognition does not seem conformable to our racial aptitudes, and because, at the beginning, thought impairs the directness of the experience. Again, like the Japanese, our religious leaders belonged to the type of the emotional and practical person, and were only mediocre thinkers and knowers. But in Japan these two points, characteristic of both worlds, are far more extreme in their appearance. Amongst ourselves, we have perhaps only once witnessed, in the person of S. Francis of Assisi, the incarnation of a perfect *bhaktā*. Among the Japanese such incarnations have been many. Their delicate womanly emotionalism has offered a unique opportunity for love to express itself. Again, our religious leaders were rarely so extremely practical as not a few of the Japanese are.

I had the good luck to-day to meet the most important representative of this latter kind, namely, the Abbot Soyen Shaku of Kamakura, the head of a branch of the Zen sect. This sect of Zen is the most philosophical of Higher Buddhism. It teaches direct withdrawal into the Godhead, independently of all book-lore and all cult. Its theory is almost identical with that of the Rāja Yoga system: it is the most originally Indian sect of all. But, just because of its teaching inwardness and naught but inwardness, this sect has given rise to very different manifestations among different natures. In China it brought about an unparalleled revival of the love of nature; all the greatest masters of landscape-painting being adepts of the Zen school. In Japan it became the principal school of heroism. The Japanese

do not care much for philosophical cognition; rather have they been quick to grasp the fact that nothing increases and steels will-power so much as the practice of yoga. Therefore, the most active-minded among them underwent with preference the training given by the monks of the Zen sect. Hōjō Tokimune, the hero who repelled the hordes of Kublai-Khan, used to spend hours in meditation under the guidance of the head of the Zen sect. Again, many of the leading men of modern Japan have been disciples of Soyen Shaku. I visited this latter at his temple in Kamakura. Never before have I had the impression of such inwardness and at the same time of such martial vigour. This frail-built monk is of a thoroughly soldier-like appearance. How he must have inspired the troops whom he accompanied through Manchuria. His way of teaching meditation is rather harsh. The pupils sit together like Buddha-images in a large empty room. Stick in hand, the Abbot walks up and down amongst them, and if one of them falls asleep he gets a good thrashing. As these exercises are fatiguing, the pupils easily become tired: in which case, though they are not allowed to stop before the fixed time, they may rise and walk about the room two or three times with folded hands and in deep silence. After meditation they undergo a merciless cross-examination in order to see if they have really mastered their subject.

I talked with the reverend Abbot about the meaning and use of this training. He himself has a philosophical mind, which fully understands the spiritual side of his doctrine, but his views are those of a practical man. "The goal," said he, "is not to remain within the light, but rather to steel one's ability for the search after it, so as to become fit for every ideal task of this life."

Hermann Keyserling

THEOSOPHY AND THE CHILD

By L. HADEN GUEST, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S.

THE relation of the nation to its children, and our responsibility as a nation to children, is a subject that has come in for a great deal of attention during the last few years. The main conceptions of Theosophy put these relations in quite a new light, and give us an entirely new view-point.

The physical life with which I am chiefly concerned here, is, in the long life of the evolving individual, a short period only, but it is the most important period. Physical life is the period during which all the experiences are gained which in the interval between any two lives are worked up into faculty; without physical experience there could be no evolution of Spirit, and consequently we are told that in the early stage of man's evolutionary development, when the simplest life-lessons are to be learned, the period of physical life is much longer than the period of life on the astral and on the mental plane, because man at an early stage has but very little material which can be worked up into faculty in the worlds of emotion and of thought. This means that for man at an early stage of growth, the physical-plane life is even more important than it is for the average man, and that the lower any person may be in evolution, the more important is the physical life, and the more attention should be paid to everything

which concerns that life. That has, I think, a direct bearing on our views on any social changes we may think necessary and any social reconstruction we may desire to bring about ; because it is very important how the body of a savage or a lowly-developed man is made up, for on the quality of that body and the responses of that body to his environment practically the whole of his experience depends.

There is one way especially, in which this point of view of man as an evolving individual must greatly modify our conception of our relations to children, and that is with regard to the relationship of parent and child.

The Theosophical conception means that those who are born to us as children are souls of, practically speaking, the same grade of development as ourselves. A child is not an inferior person, not inferior to us in any way, but only a person who has temporarily not got control over his vehicles, his thought-body, his emotion-body, and his physical body. The age of the soul of any of my readers and the soul-age of a child which may be born to them next year are practically, with the reservation I am about to make, the same. Therefore the duty of the one soul who happens to be born as a parent, and the duty of the other soul that happens to be born as a child, are different from those we sometimes think of traditionally. First of all, that means that we should not force up, or compel to grow up according to a certain pattern any person who may come to us as a child ; it is not our business to cause them to be educated along any special line, but to see that they have the utmost possible freedom in order that they themselves may gain control of their vehicles, and have the best opportunities for the

training of those vehicles. What we have to realise about any child—and I am speaking now with reference to the children of any one of those who may be reading these words—is that we are dealing not with a soul that is undeveloped, but with a soul that is a good deal developed, and one of our chief functions is to help that soul to gain control of its physical body, and to gain control of its astral and of its mental body. Anything which helps that is good; anything which hinders that is not good. Now this may seem very much a platitude, but it is certain that until a few years ago any such ideas would have appeared altogether preposterous, and you have only to go back to, let us say, a book like Butler's *Way of all Flesh* to realise the extraordinary relation between parent and child which frequently existed at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

There Butler suggests that all children hate their parents because their parents treat them in such an abominable way, and it has often been said that children naturally hate their parents, that children should get away from their parents, and that the parents are the worst possible people to bring up a child. Ideas such as these are simply the reaction against the idea that the business of a parent was in some way or another to force his child to grow up according to a pattern which he had preconceived, and when the unfortunate child did not want to grow that way there was trouble.

There is at the present time a very important addendum to make to this, because of the period in which we live, because of the great changes in the world which are immediately impending, because the World-Teacher is shortly again to manifest on this earth. It is probable that the children who come to us

are not of the same grade of evolution as ourselves, but are of a higher grade. The great World-Teacher, we have been told by Mrs. Besant, is coming again to this earth in a few years' time, ten, fifteen, twenty, how many exactly is not known, but the children who are now being born will be living in His time; some will be round and about Him, His servants and disciples, and therefore they will be people who will have some kin with Him, some touch with Him, who are drawn to Him by some kârmic link; thus they are people older, if anything, in evolution than ourselves, and those for whom we should be particularly anxious to provide the best possible surroundings.

Now what are the necessary surroundings for children? I am dealing here with the physical and medical aspects of the question, and these are of the utmost importance. For one thing, children ought to have parents who are well-constituted themselves; that is to say, who have no very serious physical or other defects which are likely to affect their offspring. That is the first consideration.

The responsibility of parentage which has been urged so strongly of late years by various schools of eugenists is a responsibility we ought to bear very much in mind, and the first duty to the child is to see that it is born of parents who are capable of bearing children suitably equipped physically.

Secondly, the surroundings of the child ought to be very carefully looked to, and it is necessary to recognise that some of the most important surroundings of the child are those of the time before its birth into the physical world. By the time the child is born into the physical world its brain is equipped with the number of

THE SCHOOL OF PYTHAGORAS AT CAMBRIDGE

By F. L. WOODWARD, M. A.

SECLUDED among the trees in the quiet gardens behind St. John's College Cambridge, unknown to many inhabitants of the town and even to those who have been members of the College itself, as I have found, there stands an ancient stone building, moss-grown and reverend with age, patched, repaired and added to from time to time, and of various kinds of architecture, but in the main Norman and early English, with some additions of Perpendicular and Tudor work. The walls are of immense thickness, and it has six bays, four on one side pierced with deep loop-hole windows in the Norman arches, and on the other side a door. Its length outside is seventy feet, inside sixty-three; its breadth outside is twenty-eight and inside twenty-one feet, and it is of two stories. Inside is a room with a vaulted roof, ten feet from the ground to the top of the arches, supported by round pillars with semi-circular arches, resembling those of the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral. The pillars are in the middle, with half-pillars at the sides, so dividing the whole as to form it into twelve equal compartments ten feet square. The windows face the south, the only door the north. There are no stairs inside, but a spiral outside at the N.E. corner.

This building is known as *The School of Pythagoras*, but it was once also called *The Stone House*, and its date of foundation, if we may judge by the architecture, seems to go back to the eleventh century. Little is known of the origin and use of this ancient hall, or even of the origin of its name. Antiquaries at Cambridge can tell us nothing. I have long thought it to be, perhaps without substantial foundation of proof, one of those ancient centres of knowledge, purposely established by the Brotherhood, as in other parts of the British Isles, which have existed all through those dark times when the lamp of learning was nearly extinguished. I amuse myself with the 'pleasant conceit' that, as our Master K.H., once Pythagoras himself, was pleased to honour Oxford with His presence as a scholar in this century just passed (being at Queen's College, as I have heard), so also He may have, some hundreds of years ago, bestowed upon Cambridge a prior favour, with the result that from its early days Platonism there found a happier home than at the sister University.

"However that may be, this building bids fairest to authenticate the antiquity of the University of Cambridge of any in the place, as it seems most likely to have been the structure where the Croyland monks gave their lectures to their scholars; and from them has retained the name of 'school' from that period to this very time." The date should be 1109, "when the Benedictine monks from Croyland Abbey came to Cambridge to lecture on philosophy."

So says Kilner's *The Account of Pythagoras' School in Cambridge*, published *circ.* 1783, the only work which I have been able to find on the subject. I secured a copy of this book, which is very rare, not long ago (it now

rests in the Adyar Library), and have copied some passages which give the barest information of the origin and use of the old building. *In tenebris involvitur ejus historia.*

"In 1092 the Priory of St. Giles was founded at Cambridge. . . . The premises here and of late called *Pythagoras' School*, but more anciently distinguished as *Domus Lapidea*, or *The Stone House*. . . . was given to Henry Frost, whom I take to have been the original founder of St. John's Hospital in Cambridge, about 1210, by giving the site on which the hospital was built. So that the College of St. John the Evangelist, now grafted on that Hospital, and still enjoying its possessions, may justly be accounted the first of our present colleges."

The book contains several fine copper-plate engravings, one of which, dated 1730, has the following note: "This was y^e dwelling house of Merton, Founder of y^e College of that name in Oxford. Whence it had its name is uncertain; whether a society of gentlemen might not meet here, or live here in a Pythagorean manner, not unlike a college life; or whether the Mathematics, Morals or other Philosophy of Pythagoras might not have been held, or taught here, in opposition to the General Philosophy of those times, is rather to be taken as probable conjecture, than to be admitted as certain. It is now in possession of the College aforesaid." (1730.)

"The great difficulty is still behind, I mean the original use and destination of the building and by whom erected. That it was not designed for any religious purpose is plain, from its having no one part of it proper for an altar to be placed in, and its having only one entrance would be equally inconvenient."

"Mr. R. Parker, in his *Skeletos Cantabrigiensis*, 1623, referred to by Dr. Fuller, uses the name *House of Pythagoras*, and *Schools of Pythagoras*, but without any derivation. He places it however among the Houses of Philosophers and Divines, *Hospitia Artistarum et Theologorum*."

Fuller, *Church History*, vol. iii, S. 3. 7. says: "Amongst the many manors which the first Founder bestowed on this Colledg (*sc.* Merton) one lay in the Parish of St. Peter's and West Suburbe of Cambridg, beyond the Bridg, anciently called Pythagoras' House, since Merton Hall."

"From the union however of scholars for learning, and brethren for religion, as here in the Hospital, whatever was the sort of it; and from the connexion of them (as in the society referred to for example) learning and religion were soon brought together as in the present colleges in the Universities; the scholars of this Hospital in Cambridge having been made a college of themselves In 1284 the Stone House and Estate was transferred to the College." (p. 25)

"Hervey Fitz-Eustace, the grantee, was not only the proprietor, but the inhabitant of the *Stone House* in Cambridge (*note*; *The Stone House* of the Dunnings, since called *Merton Hall* and *The House of Pythagoras*) The said place, with its appurtenances, was conveyed by the College to the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Chancellor of the University of Cambridge for the new foundation of King's College there 22 Jul. 24 Henry VI. 1446 ("The royal saint"), but within eighteen years after it was restored to Merton College. 1463."

"In Leland's *Collectanea*, vol. ii, p. 440, it occurs by the name of *Schola de Merton* . . . it appears to have

been entitled to such a school appellation, if it was the place, as has been related *where Erasmus read lectures on the Greek language in the University* . . . it came to be more commonly called the *House of Pythagoras* and *School of Pythagoras*; and there are those who, from the antiquity of the name, thus lately attributed to it, are for deducing the antiquity of it as a school or house of learning, in this right ancient seat of it, '*Londinensis*' being at the least a promoter of the conceit, of its being *the very place where this philosopher exhibited himself and taught in Cambridge*. Others, however, as seeing this more for ridicule than reality, have been content to have it called by his name, as the house of the sect or school of his philosophy in Cambridge; or, as even less secure of this, and to make the matter still more easy, only because the building, in the form of it, might some time perhaps have resembled a Y, his beloved letter; and in this way of naming it from the resemblance, and with rather more perhaps in the remains to credit it; its very *undercroft* might not impossibly have had its share in somewhat imaging, if not his school at Samos, at least that more cryptic cave in his house at Croton, he shut himself up in."

That the world is never left without teachers is quite certain. No teacher has so influenced the West as Pythagoras, from whom through the Greeks and Plato Europe has received the best she has of arts and sciences. As far back as Julius Cæsar we read, in his commentaries, that the ancient Druids of the Celtic West used Greek as the vehicle of their sacred script. Doubtless the tradition of Pythagoras was there kept up until with the coming of the monks to England and the founding of monasteries it faded out under the influence of Latin Christianity, the Schoolmen and

Aristotelians, blazing up again perhaps in 1200 with Roger Bacon at Oxford, the only light in the darkness of those dark days, till once more another Brother lived and died in that tradition of Platonism, Sir Thomas More, *lumen Britanniae*, the great Chancellor, in 1500. Then came the revival of learning that followed the introduction of Greek. Erasmus taught Greek at Cambridge, perhaps, as suggested above, in this very School of Pythagoras; and John Fisher, with Roger Ascham, Sir John Cheeke, both scholars of St. John's, Tyndale, Miles Coverdale and Latimer were the centres of this movement.

Later in that century came the days of Francis Bacon, another Brother, preceded at Cambridge by Wyatt, Marlowe and Spenser. Francis Bacon was the centre of a group of scholars who seem to have been inspired by him. Later on arose Milton at Christ's, and the mystic tradition was continued by George Herbert, the poet, and Nicholas Ferrar, of Little Gidding, Huntingdon (so well described in *John Inglesant*). Oliver Cromwell and William Penn, the Quaker, were also Cambridge men at this time.

In the middle of the seventeenth century flourished the Cambridge Platonists. At Oxford Aristotle reigned supreme; yet there was a Brother there in the person of Thomas Vaughan, *Eugenius Philalethes*, a Rosicrucian contemporary with Sir Thomas Browne. At Cambridge Plato and the Mysticism of Plotinus had more weight (for the subject of the Cambridge Platonists consult Mr. Howard's excellent edition of Richard Ward's *Life of Dr. More*, pub. T.P.S.).

The Cambridge Platonists were many, but the chief names are those of Dr. More, Cudworth, Benjamin Whichcote, John Smith, Nathaniel Culverwell and

Richard Ward. Dr. More was the centre of a psychic society, including Van Helmont, Glanvil (Matthew Arnold's *Scholar Gipsy*), Greatrakes, the magnetic healer, and Cudworth, Fellows of the Royal Society, who were opposed to the philosophy of Hobbes and Descartes, then in fashion, "seers and prophets rather than mere scholarly dreamers, and they essayed great enterprises which two centuries later were still in their earliest stage."¹

And here is another link. This same Dr. More is "the old Platonist" of Col. Olcott's *Old Diary Leaves* (vol. I. chap. xv, *passim*), who died Sept. 1, 1687, and used H.P.B. as his amanuensis in writing *Isis Unveiled*, (1875) about whom the reader will find many interesting facts therein described. One of his terse sayings is: "There are as arrant fools out of the body as *in* the body," a warning to over-credulous spiritualists; we also read of him that "he drank small beer at college and said it was seraphical and the best liquor in the world" (this is very comforting to those who aspire to saintship!). But enough. I have woven round this old building some fanciful ideas, no doubt. Perhaps there is a grain of truth at the bottom of the vessel, which may our seers extract and amplify.

F. L. Woodward

¹ *op. cit.*

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

White Lotus Day, May 8th

Great Soul, who camest forth of thy good will
To serve the world,
A world that knew thee not, but at thee hurl'd
Its venom'd spite—we thank thee.

* * * *

Rear'd in luxurious home,
Thou left it all to roam,
Like Buddha you renounced all worldly wealth ;
In climates cold and hot
Your courage wavered not,
You laboured on regardless of all health.
"Mid countries strange and peoples rude
Like martyrs of all times you were not understood."

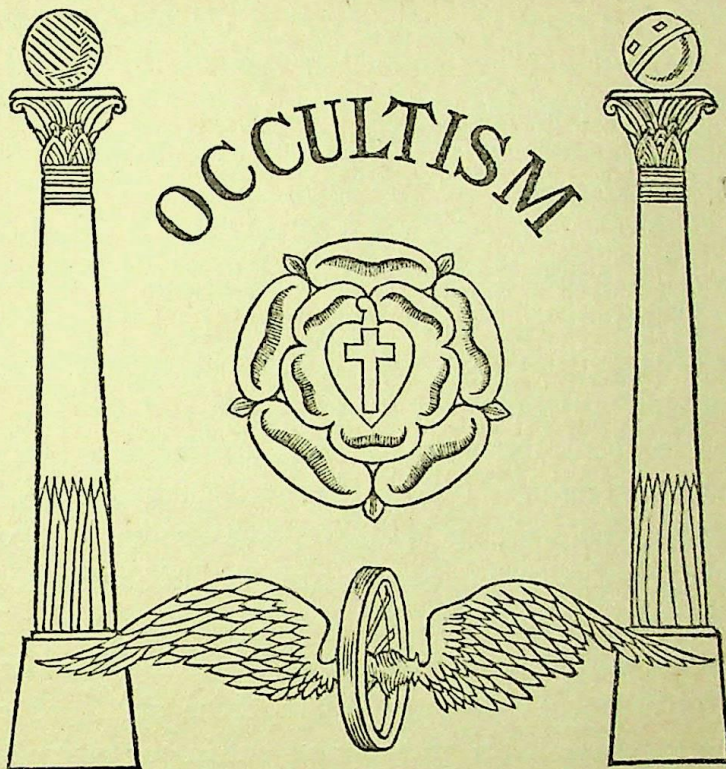
True seer of your age,
On Time's prophetic page
You wrote about the things that were to be ;
O, thou of lion heart,
Nobly you played your part
And battled for the Truth which sets men free :
"The Secret Doctrine" from your pen
Proclaimed God's plan of evolution for all men.

Revered H. P. B.,
The world will one day see
'Twas Wisdom's pen you wielded with your might,
For much that you implied
Has since been verified,
Your forecasts now are coming into sight ;
Yea, scientific men now find
Results which you by occult knowledge had defined.

Scorning all risk and cost
Through life you never lost
The purpose of your incarnation here ;
You taught how man to-day
Can tread "the narrow way"
The Truth of Ancient Wisdom plain and clear,
Man ever may his birthright claim.
Your message was THEOSOPHY—for that you came.

May thy example lead
Us all to feel the need
Of doing everything with all our might,
Hearing the Master's call,
Ready to stand or fall
In helping others on to find the Light.
Unselfish like thee, we too may
Adorn the Ancient Wisdom in our world to-day.

W. S. M.



THE STATE OF BEING

By BARONESS MELLINA D'ASBECK

WE shall never know, with our minds, that we are immortal—and it is a true statement. At our present stage of evolution we are ignorant of our immortality because we get the 'sense of reality only through the mind, and in those regions where immortality is found to be real the mind is powerless and useless. Thus, it is likely that we shall develop another instrument, another organ of knowledge, in order to acquire the certainty of our immortality. The

thirst for a higher knowledge is the effort of life to evolve this other organ. Though this organ may possibly be the achievement of a remote future only, yet we can perhaps indicate some of the means by which it may be acquired.

The step towards the formation of such an instrument of knowledge seems to lie in the using of a state of consciousness that would place the whole problem of knowledge on an entirely new basis. This new basis is life.

This shifting of our criterion of knowledge might work along the following lines.

We find that some of our experiences, certain ideas and feelings, the seeing even of some physical objects—such as a person we love—some beauty in nature, the hearing of certain sounds, have a life-giving quality that other states of consciousness lack. The experiencing of them is a state of intensified life, a feeling of great reality. When those states of consciousness are over, they stand out in our memory as the great realities of our existence, and all the rest, compared with them, is pale and meaningless. Thus we find that their influence is a lasting one and it distinguishes them from mere emotional moods. These states may be associated with emotion, but are not the emotion itself. We notice moreover that this sense of reality does not necessarily coexist with a conscious clearness of understanding. Sometimes it does, sometimes it does not. I mean by understanding, the clear grasp of the elements that make up a state of consciousness and of the relation between these elements. But this sense of reality, though more or less independent of intellectual clearness, is always supremely

positive. It might even be described as "a positive state of consciousness," all other states of consciousness being, compared to it, negative or neuter.

It stands as negative to none. It cannot be swept away or undermined or annihilated by any other state of consciousness. It is what it is. It stands in consciousness as a fact, exactly as in the physical world the objects we see, or the events that have happened, stand as facts. But, as a fact, it has a greater reality even than the objects of the physical world, for the evidence of the senses is a mere child's toy when faced with it. Such a fact also possesses more reality than "truths" so-called, and when a fact in consciousness comes into conflict with a "truth," intellectually demonstrated and understood, the truth remains where it was, but the fact remains also. Nor are these states neuter, for they are endowed with vitality, activity, or rather, *they are* active states of consciousness.

The summary of all this is: We have in our consciousness experiences related apparently to knowledge, that are more positive than those afforded either by mental understanding or the evidence of the senses. We have two sorts of experiences related to knowledge—that of *understanding* and that of *being*.

The question, for one preoccupied with the solution of the problem of knowledge or the criterion of truth,¹ is the following: which of these two experiences or states of

¹ We remind our readers that a criterion of truth is a standard with which we are supposed to measure our experiences in order to control whether they are true or not. "The Supreme Good" for Plato, the clearness of an idea for Descartes, the evidence of the senses for Auguste Comte, were criteria of truth. Such criteria were usually considered as being capable of giving objective knowledge, that is, a series of truths that would remain true even if the subject (the individual) who discovers them did not exist. Such truths are objective, i.e., they have an existence independent of the subject. Our contention is that there is no objective criterion of truth, and therefore, no objective knowledge.

consciousness has most value in the finding of Reality, that is, the sensing of things as they are—the state of understanding, or the state of being?

We may, I think, to help in the solution of this problem, ask ourselves which of the two states is itself nearer to Reality.

The very definition of the state of being shows that, in itself, as a state of consciousness, it is nearer to Reality than any other state, in fact, it *is* a state of Reality in us, a state that is, to us, more real than any other one, a state in which we are supremely conscious of our own existence, conscious of being. This is its value in the sensing of Reality from the subjective standpoint.

But what is its value objectively? Truth, we are told, is the agreement of our ideas with Reality. Our question then must not be: what is the intrinsic value of the state of being, but what is its value in relation to Reality?

Here we come to the old problem of the criterion of truth, this ghastly guardian of the threshold of knowledge. Philosophers have wrestled with it entirely in vain. No established criterion of truth has ever helped in the finding of any truth. All that has ever been found to be true has been proved to be so by an immediate experience and the confronting of such an experience with others, but never by the measuring of a discovery against an 'objective' reality that, *a priori*, cannot possibly be known by us, since *no one can go out of his own consciousness* in order to compare his state of consciousness with an objective reality.

"The agreement of our ideas with Reality" is an empty phrase. There is no Reality for us but *our* reality. It is useless to argue as to whether this be deplorable

or not. It is a fact, no more, no less, and we must have the courage to face it. There is no Reality but our reality.

Such a statement may be said to overthrow all hopes of ever finding truth. It may overthrow stale theories concerning the discovery of truth, but such theories should never block the way when they are found to be false. It needs considerable blindness not to see that all the so-called 'objective' truth, all the "ideals" with their existence *per se* that the philosophers set up, and with which they compared their subjective experiences, were as subjective as these experiences themselves, being standards created *by the human mind*.

If anything objective exists at all, and this, of course, is a question, it exists, *a priori*, outside our consciousness. As soon as anything exists in our consciousness, it becomes, is, or always has been, subjective. These subjective elements are the only possible elements in our knowledge and there are no others.

It seems curious that so evident a truth has not always been considered as such and that it should be necessary to state it. It has been stated over and over again, but this theory has been systematically disregarded by those philosophers who feared it would land humanity in sophistry and scepticism, and also those who believed that their own standards and excogitations could possibly be objective.

Yet, to us, it seems of the greatest importance for the expansion of our life that we should realise quite clearly that an 'objective' criterion of truth is entirely a creation of our own minds, that this thing, never seen, never sensed, never known, yet looms over our mental

horizon, preventing us from stretching out our wings to soar ever higher. It hampers us in our flight, for it makes us doubt our own powers. Every genuine experience is branded as 'subjective' and thereby discredited. Though the immediate impression, the immediate experience is the only language of truth for us, this language is silenced continually by theories concerning objective values. Whatever we see, we cautiously add : " this is not the Reality," and we replace this subjective impression, so keen, so beautiful, so life-giving, by some abstract skeleton, forgetting that the latter is as subjective as all the rest.

Having seen that no objective criterion of truth can exist for us, and that all pretensions to such criteria are entirely illusory, we must then turn to the subject himself in order to establish a standard of values. We have, in fact, never done anything else, like Mr. Jourdain who had written prose all his life without realising it. But now we do it deliberately and consciously ; we will no longer be entangled by the cobwebs of our own imagination.

We have first defined truth as the agreement of our ideas with Reality, and have then found that there is no reality but our own. This agreement becomes then the agreement of our ideas with our own reality. This agreement at its highest pitch is evidently the sense of Reality itself, or what I have called the state of Being.

We are now in a position to answer the question that we put at the outset of this discussion. Of the two states in us which pertain to knowledge, the state of understanding and the state of being, which of the two has more value in the finding and sensing of Reality?

We seem justified in concluding that the state which carries with it the fullest sense of Reality is probably nearer the finding of it.

We remind our readers that for many philosophers' 'evidence' depended on this very subjective attitude that any idea brought with it. Thus Spinoza says: "Truth carries its proof in it"—this proof being naught but the sense of Reality we mentioned. Similarly, Plato's *Noesis*, the state of seeing, of intuition, has the power and the conviction of an immediate perception and soars above the logismos, that is, the rational demonstration.

We must now ask ourselves: What are the consequences of such a theory. First of all, what does it mean? and what has been done in this revolutionising of our basis of knowledge?

Life has been placed above form.

The practical consequence of this is that, in our consciousness, not to know, but to *be* as fully and intensely as possible, should be our aim. For in being we realise ourselves, and thus, through being we know. Only this knowledge obtained through the realisation of being is life-knowledge. All other knowledge is form-knowledge, knowledge of aspects under which life appears unto us, and, if not entirely illusory, at least indifferent from the standpoint of realisation. What we call "life-knowledge" is synonymous to life-realisation, or to realisation pure and simple.

But before going any further let us face the objections this theory will have to deal with. Suppose it be true that the "state of being" is most important. Our opponents will say: You are on the most dangerous ground. You may slip into error at any moment. You

leave full scope for the wildest imaginations. The most weird hallucination will, in your eyes, have more value in the sensing of Reality than a sound, logical, healthy argument. All the perversity of the mind may creep into your system. Dreams of hashish and opium smoking, that are accompanied with a great exhilaration, the morphia that made Musset write his best poems, the ravings of megalomaniacs, all these will be a greater "sensing of Reality". Where will you stop? and how will you draw a border line between healthy and unhealthy experiences, since reason is out of the game?

In order to answer this question, we must divide our experiences into the three types into which they naturally fall, and answer for each group separately.

First of all we have a series of experiences referring to physical objects. These include the totality of the experiences of science. The reader will remember that though we put aside the possibility of finding an objective criterion of truth we never deprecated experience. We have in the experience of the senses all the tests for truth used by science, and used by all of us when our field of knowledge is the physical world. According to Kant, physical experience was so necessary that no science was possible for him where there are no objects whose reactions could control our assertions. Logically the experimental method is a method of subjective tests. Nobody objects to that. Nobody attempts to found a science with any other organisms but our five-sensed human organisms as controlling factors. Were we entirely differently constituted, with other senses and other reactions, science would be revolutionised. Our science is made by us and for us; there lies its use and its value.

So our answer here to those who fear hallucinations is: your hallucination, irrationality, or any other failure will soon be rectified by experiences. If the number of experiences condemning any action are not sufficient for an individual to realise his error, his powers of action will nevertheless be weakened and in time destroyed. The survival of the fittest works all through the physical world. This is what one commonly calls the logic of life, a merciless logic that eliminates whatever does not fit into the scheme of things.

We now come to the series of experiences unrelated to physical objects. Here an idea is confronted not with a thing, but with another idea. We are in a realm where, according to Kant, science of knowledge is impossible, for we have nothing by which to check our imaginations. It is the metaphysical realm. Here we find philosophical and religious *systems*. We have already shown that this world is entirely made by us. We shall now see why we made it, and in its purpose we shall find both its justification and the means of controlling it. This realm is not theoretical but practical. No man makes a metaphysical assertion unless he wants it to be true, and he wants it to be true because it helps him to live. The whole psychology underlying philosophical and religious systems is the following: physical objects are not sufficient to satisfy us. In order to live we need concepts. We do not mean by living the mere upkeep of the body, though even that depends much upon our 'philosophy,' as all mind-cure proves. But by living we mean the full development of all the human being, including all his powers. And concepts are not only a mental

expansion, but also afford to man the solutions to the problems of life without which apparently he cannot be contented. Almost every man, perhaps even every single one, must have some system of concepts, be it a creed or a philosophy, in order to direct his actions and feel more or less satisfied. We each of us live in a system as we live in a house. This system has no more and no less value than the house we live in. Nothing matters but that we should live. The means by which we achieve this end are insignificant in themselves. This does not undermine their value. The fact that we require them is enough to justify their existence. If any man could see perfectly clearly that all systems of thought are mental houses, he would, once for all, become absolutely tolerant.

Every metaphysical concept, made by us, is rejected as untrue as soon as it does not work. We will take for example the concept of God. Humanity makes its God according to its own ideal. The God of past generations is put aside by the future ones on account of his shortcomings. "The original factor in fixing the figure of the Gods," says William James, "must always have been psychological. So soon as the fruits he seemed to yield began to seem quite worthless, so soon as they conflicted with indispensable human ideals, or thwarted too extensively other values; so soon as they appeared childish, contemptible, or immoral when reflected on, the deity grew discredited and was ere long neglected and forgotten. When we cease to admire or approve what the definition of a deity implies, we end by deeming that deity incredible." Man's ideal, or conscience, has thus more value for him than any God, and if the God comes into conflict with man's ideal, the

ideal remains and the God goes. Such historical facts are tokens of the glory of man.

So to those who fear disordinate imaginations in the realm of thought, we answer: to begin with, all religious and philosophical systems are series of imaginations, some of them very disordinate and some very illogical, yet standing firm on account of their sway over humanity. The 'objective' method consists in testing one imagination by another that has been adopted as a standard of truth. Such a method checks nothing and has no logical value. To test an imagination by its results in human life, its influence upon character and capacities, seems to us to be quite as illogical but more useful, besides making concepts serve the only purpose for which they were made.

We finally come to the third type of experiences within ourselves, the only one that, according to us, has any value *per se* in the sensing of Reality, the others being only means to an end. It is the type that we have called the state of being. This state is not a means, nor even an end, but a reality or a realisation. It is a state of "pure life". Images, ideas, crumble into nothing around it. And the attitude the soul takes towards them is one of supreme indifference, together with an exhilarating sense of freedom. Here the objection of letting imagination run riot falls to the ground immediately, for this state is only what it is by its entire independence from all imagination. It is furthermore characterised by its tremendous constructive power in the psychology of a human being, and its impetus towards activity. These are never the results of morbid exhilaration, which should therefore be carefully distinguished from the state we mean. This state is moreover

one of deep philosophical insight, reached only by the pure in heart in moments of perfect selflessness, as results of a life of high aspiration, deep thought, artistic inspiration, intense, selfless love.

Here the soul realises at last that all forms are imaginations, that way in which one life reacts on another life. The character of the reaction determines that of the object or idea, differing for each one of us. There is the *Māyā*, the great illusion. The life in it that has no form nor image is the only Reality. In order to live and let life flow through, you spin webs of imagination for your own use. Make your own *Māyā* as every creature does. By making a beautiful *Māyā* you are a creator and a God. This may seem wild, yet in the realms of synthesis and "pure life" it is not mad. It is perhaps the standpoint from which the ego looks upon our sciences, our systems of logic and ethics, our religions. It is a vast, a formidable sweep, that, like a cyclone, passes over the world of forms, leaving it ruined, crumbled into nothing. What remains? What remains in a world over which a cyclone has passed? The voice of the wind. Mentally it does almost throw one down. Used as we are to the world of forms, such a wholesale destruction is overpowering, awing, terrible. But it is great, so great that it gives a wild, inexpressible delight. It is as if suddenly the soul had grown wings and was soaring up in a state of life, intoxicated by it. And in that soaring it feels free.

Free to create its own world, a world of beauty and luxuriant growth. Free to divinise any form therein. Free as regards all creeds, all organisations, societies, movements, regarding them all, without exception, as phantoms, creations of striving souls. Free also to

say: The dream has vanished, all things are gone. The day is over, all is dark, I live. And in this life, all life does play. Yet, like a swimmer floating for a while, I rest. Peace is within me.

Such is the feeling of perfect freedom that the state of being or "pure life" brings to man. To escape at last from the bonds of concepts or thought-forms is like the liberation out of a prison. Better still. For the prison is often quiet and silent. The creeds and theories of man are noisy and obtrusive, and in us our concepts wage war and mar our peace.

The nearer to life and the further away from concepts, the more genuine our "states of being".

Thus may the soul find its way out of the world of forms into that of life, and begin to understand what being is, and, hence, immortality.

M. d'Asbeck

CAUGHT IN TRANSIT

By A. J. WILLSON

WE are told, and we believe it, that earnest members are taught while out of their physical bodies during their rest, and the recollections that a few bring through on awakening confirm this. The large majority, however, are quite blank on awakening as to what went on during the night; others have had confused dreams, obviously to be referred to vague astral wanderings, distorted in recollection by the state of digestion or nerves. Now and again some dream will come through that is so clearly impressed on the brain and is so wonderful in its staging and actors that the impulse is to write a full description to the nearest older member to enquire what it means. When these dreams are referred back to an authority the usual answer is: "I do not know what it means unless I go carefully into it, and I have not the time to do that."

If it be realised that an examination of a dream necessitates a careful scrutiny of the usual refraction and distortion by the etheric and physical layers of brain-matter—through which the dream has to penetrate before it is sensed by the consciousness in waking life—it will be also seen that each person has his own particular idiosyncrasies of thought and feeling by which he cognises in a muffled way as through a veil; and that the reality may be so widely different from the

remembered dream that time and trouble are required to translate that reality into terms sufficiently in touch with the recollection to make the connection at all obvious to the enquirer. This is very clearly shown by some of the cases analysed by Mr. Leadbeater in THE THEOSOPHIST.

Now while it is largely waste of time to tell dreams and expect others to act the Joseph to our Pharaoh, this slight connection between the life outside and inside the prison of the flesh is too valuable to be discarded; more especially as many people certainly are taught by them.

If each student will realise that his dreams are his own, to be interpreted by himself, if they are to be of use to him, much vain questioning will be avoided. Putting aside the many dreams that amuse our first waking moments by their fanciful happenings, now and again a dream is so vividly impressed on our brain that it seems our duty to examine it, and extract from it the lesson it was evidently designed we should learn. It may be that we were behaving in a way impossible to our present moral waking condition. Let us take that as a warning to beware, for atoms so impressed are yet lurking within our aura, abiding the time to respond and give us trouble when vivified by contact with that vice in some one else. Many a man who is, he thinks, quite beyond the temptation when awake, still enjoys his dream-glass. Or a matron finds that she has been happy with the forgotten lover of her youth. Don't smile at the incongruity, but take it as a warning when anything like this occurs; marshal your mental reasons against such a lapse and throw the whole weight of your emotion against it now that you are awake. That

dream will not then have been in vain, but will leave you a little more one-pointed than it found you, and so have done good work in clearing away rubbish that, left to accumulate, would require to burn it up the fire of suffering.

Germes of jealousy, flaws in all and each of the virtues, may in this way be detected and removed. And to make my meaning clearer, I will give an example of a dream and its explanation :

"It was night and I was walking with my Guru along a mean road between poverty-stricken houses. C., my fellow-chelā and dear to me, was a little way behind when suddenly he turned quickly off into a house on the right and disappeared. Our Guru stopped and looked round after him ; then turned off also into a house on the same side of the way. This was all done quite suddenly, leaving me alone in the road. I felt puzzled, but decided that our Guru must be hiding in order to teach C. not to go off to pay visits when out on duty. So, thinking I had better help by hiding too, I also vanished into a house to the left of the road. I found the house empty and knew, in the way one knows in dreams, that all the people of the place were away.

"All night I waited, minute by minute anxiously expecting C. to come up and look for us. At last, just before dawn, I heard the people of the house returning and escaped, shoeless in my hurry, determined to search for C. in the house he had entered. Down in the back of it, in a dilapidated room, I found him, evidently settled comfortably and there of set purpose. I was much astounded ; and his answers to my questions showed me, what he tried not to show, that all had been arranged before in order that C., together with our Guru, might be present at some special meeting.

"Now, had I been told of this arrangement beforehand, I loved both too well to mind their going without me; but taken thus off my guard, I was furiously angry at having been tricked into waiting all night, and into trying to help them, when they were evidently quite callous as to any anxiety they gave me by leaving me alone on a dark night with no security that all was well with them. I would not believe it of my Guru; and I rushed off to the house he had entered, only to stop short when I found him calmly reclining, evidently resting after a hard night's work. . . .

"Here I awoke, feeling sure that indignation was justified if such a thing should really occur; and that no friendship—not to mention a higher relationship—was possible when the ordinary courtesies of life were ignored; yet also feeling, somehow, that I had been on trial—and had failed; and I wanted to see wherein the failure could possibly lie.

"Carefully considering it, it came to me that the failure I sensed lay in mixing up two things.

"(a) I had professed confidence in my Guru, and I knew him to be engaged in teaching and helping many people in many separate ways—suited to each individually; but

"(b) When he treated me as a pupil, to whom no explanation was necessary, but who could be trusted to think the best of any sudden happening, I failed to rise to the occasion and took a view that would be correct between ordinary people who had no inner ties at all.

"So now my self-given task is to impress upon my suspicious lower nature that lesson of confidence, which satisfies my higher nature, in my chosen Guru—in

small things as in great ones. Quite naturally no responsible task can be entrusted to one who requires a map and a guide for every new road, along which he would be sent at a moment's notice if he could be depended upon to see clearly."

Here the dreamer extracts his own lesson from the dream. And this is what all should do for themselves.

Some dreams are not dramatic but take geometrical forms; others show landscapes, personages or things; some impossible, others quite normal in their make-up. Each form of dream relates especially to the person who sees it, in so far that something in him has responded and brought the memory through.

For around our subtle bodies all things, good or bad, are going on at the same time, just as they do around us on the physical plane, and Una will walk unharmed and spotless seeing only the beautiful to which her whole nature responds, where *La belle Dame sans Merci* will fall into the first snare and soon drag on a maimed life in torn and sullied garments.

And each man brings back recollections according to his nature and stage in evolution; passing from a stage like that of the Esquimaux (whose sleep seems to be as vividly material as life awake), through the haphazard dreaming of the ordinary civilised man, on to the stage when life out of the body is more vital and unhampered and more vivid than is the life to-day in our waking state. Thus there are endless opportunities of service to the all-round developed man.

A. J. Willson

SUMMER SCHOOL AT WEISSER HIRSCH

THE International Theosophical Summer School courses at Weisser Hirsch near Dresden, which gave so great an impulse of enthusiasm, hope and harmony, are to be held this year from June 22nd to July 18th. On this occasion not only are planned public lectures in the evenings, but courses are also arranged in the afternoons for more detailed studies. The lectures and courses will be as follows: *First week*: Folklore, Myths, Religions, History; *Second week*: Education and Self-Education; *Third week*: Theoretical and Practical Theosophy; *Fourth week*: Science and Art related to Theosophy.

Among those who have kindly agreed to lecture are: Mme. de Manziarly, Paris; Mme. Perk-Joosten, Haarlem; Mme. A. Kamensky, Russia; M. Polak, Brussels; and Herr Ahner, Weisser Hirsch, Dresden. For any information regarding the Summer Courses, application may be made to the last named gentleman, or to the Secretary, Miss J. Luise Guttman, Planckstr. 1, Göttingen.

THE SMILE

By CHARLOTTE M. MEW

AN old woman once lived at the top of a wonderful Tower. Travellers who know the country well speak little of her, telling only how that land is marked by an air of great loneliness; how far off it lies; and of a strange spell, as of some tumultuous peace, which it throws like a garment over those who linger there.

The Tower rose from the centre of a wood. Strangers skirted the dark entanglement. It was a place of tyrant shadows and imprisoned sunlight, melodious with the notes of hidden birds, who shook the boughs, while scents swept down. The Tower was round and battlemented, its summit farther from earth than sky. The great trees round its base, waving their mighty branches, looked, as its height mocked them, like wind-tossed flowers. The steadfast gazer could see this grey giant rear itself against the blue. Dwellers in the town below said sometimes that it was not there. Some, who traced its outline in the twilight, or through the mists of morning, thought it a trick of cloud and sky.

The ascent to this mysterious height was steep and winding.

Tales were told of blood, of blindness, of men who died defeated and fell headlong into the deep and secret

places of the wood. It is true men had been blinded by the myriad hues, the changing lights, or by the dust thrown upward by the footsteps of their fellows. Some fell and reached the summit bleeding; and there were dangers which are not told.

But they might sleep upon the way.

The dead who found rest in the wood's green embrace did not ask a kinder bed. Above, the strange old woman wove strange spells round men, wooing them to seek her, singing—ere they climbed madly upward—a magical song. She held gifts in her hands, and her white hair hung grandly round her unseen face.

It was said she wiped the eyes and feet of weary climbers with those soft tresses, before she parted them, to shed her Smile.

Many, in the streets beyond the wood, never heard her voice, nor knew of the gigantic Tower. Others saw it, and looked upward, and passed along. There were legends told in the country of her beautiful Face. None had seen it, for her white locks lay across it.

In the huts and taverns of the town, the people sat at evening, picturing it—while darkness gathered and hid the Tower.

It was only visible by day. At night, the figure aloft on it was hidden, sending through darkness wild and wonderful strains.

He who heard would start from his place and thrust back the casement, standing motionless as the music stole through the still air towards him, over the trees and along the lighted streets.

Then his comrades whispered together, saying: "He hears the voice." On the morrow they watched to see him set out towards the wood.

As he stood at the window, they spoke softly of the old woman's ruthless summons, and whispered of his little ones at home. Then one, perhaps, would start a drinking song, lest others heard it and were called away.

"What," said they, "if her brow be white as the mountain-tops, it is as cold as snow!"

"But her glance," says he at the window dreamily, "sends brighter gleams than the sun over hills and hamlets, in the break of a dark day."

"Fool," they answered, "thou hast not seen it."

"Nay," he cried, "but I may, she calls me," and at daybreak, he was gone.

Lovers, wandering together through the fields, had heard it and fled, warning neither friends nor kindred, who found them, long afterward, it may be, stretched on soft mosses in the wood. One youth missed his maiden's lips for ever, summoned, as he clasped her, by the imperious call. Breathlessly, without farewell, he sped away, while she, forsaken, stood in the darkness, moaning. Thus some children found her, with wild eyes, distraught. For none returned who set out on that journey, save those tossed down to slumber in the silent wood. It was from the heights that those sad souls were hurled. The last steps of the way appalled them—and they fell, struggling to ascend the slant. Barbed stakes in the slippery surface they might grasp—and some achieved the goal, so aided, with torn and bleeding limbs. The old woman stooped to tend them, flinging aside her misty veil of hair.

She bent towards them and her Smile shone out. It may have crept on, as the dawn steals across the shrouded sky, or perhaps, it flashed like some great beacon into their tired and dimmed eyes, and the

splendid light fell full upon them, as they, transfigured with reflected glory, met her face to face.

This grand gaze claimed the victors. They pressed up. Those who reached the summit might ask of her what they would. She could steep their soul in music by a whisper in their ear. Above her head she threw marvellous gifts in circles, like a juggler's balls. Below, poor climbers, longed for them, but desire was dead and yet undying, in those who met the Smile.

Travellers hasten through that country, speaking little with its people, oppressed by the mysterious mantle, as of some stormy quietude, which it flings over those who loiter there. Some dare not enter it, knowing not what they fear.

Yet it is a place of quiet fields and gentle hill-slopes, where men till, and drive their oxen. Evil is not thought or done there: priests are banished, home is the only Temple found, and wayfarers, always welcomed to the simple dwellings, find them abodes of peace.

Far from the Tower, among the hills, is a little cottage. It stands in the midst of sloping meadows, shut in by trees, which seem like guardians of the lonely spot. A mother once lived there with her baby. It was an ugly child, naughty, and perpetually hungry, and red in the face. The winds, once pitying the tired woman, asked the trees to help them sing it to sleep. But it drowned their lullaby and screamed louder, till they grew wrathful and nearly blew the roof off, and beat the branches down. This frightened the little one, who kept cowardly peace till morning. It woke as cross as ever, and was washed and fed, and its mother tied gay ribbons on it, and bore it across the meadows, and through the town.

All the way, it could be heard crying to be taken back to toast its crumpled feet before the fire.

But its mother, rather, loved to sit on a green mound by the great tree-trunks in the wood, beneath the Tower. Here she came to watch the distant treasures, which attracted her, for she was poor. She shut her ears to the wonderful voice, rising and falling, calling, like the sound of silence, far away. Gladly she would have listened and joined the climbers, but women with babies cannot always do what they would. So she sat knitting, hushing the babe when it was troublesome, and looking upward when she could.

It has been said that none but the topmost climbers, ever saw the beautiful Face, but this is not so, for the baby, who could not even crawl, opened a small blue eye one day, and saw it; unclosed the other, and sat up and stopped crying, and tumbled off its mother's knee. For those who once see that vision, there is no other.

The baby was stupid and tiresome, but it discovered this, and began to puzzle its mother by toppling over continually in its efforts to peer up so high.

The old woman, for a brief moment had grown weary of watching the way-worn travellers up the steep and she glanced down and saw at the bottom the red and puckered baby face. It cannot be told why she was seized with sudden love for it. It happened so.

At first she sent strange lullabies across the wood, and through the town, and over the meadows, to where at night-time the baby lay. She longed for the child to hear her voice, and strung her magic notes, yet the warm little monster only slept heedless, and ceased crying sooner than it used to do.

The old woman said to herself: "The child will not listen, but if she sees my Face, when she grows older she will long, more than all these climbers, to come up to me."

She trembled lest the babe might make one of the crowd who saw the Tower, and looked up at it, and passed along. And so she sought to win the child, and thrust her thick white locks aside.

The stars drop dimly down their heavenly glances on mortal eyes, and men look upward at the distant mountains, learning some of the thoughts seated on their high white brows. The child scrambled through the wood's tangled spaces, seeking its Vision, day by day. She lay in the long grass dreaming, watching the wonderful sight.

Years passed, and still she crept to the great tree-trunk, her gaze chained upward.

Through her life, she said nothing of what she saw. She was possessed, enchanted. Toilers from the steep called to her; she listened smiling, and heard unmoved, the low beguilements of the magic voice. She would murmur to herself: "Poor souls, how far they climb to see my beautiful Face!"

She grew a woman. Her mother, now bent and grey, begged her to stay at home, to work, and sweep, and to train the vine up the cottage walls. Now and again she did some of these small services, but soon the ache for the beautiful Face assailed her, till, leaving the pot to burn, the vine to droop, her mother weeping, she stole away. And through her life it was always so.

Youths in the town would willingly have won her; for the ugly babe was a comely damsel now. She smiled on one. He drove his oxen past their door each

morning. Ere the sun rose, she pushed back her casement; and flushed from slumber, looked down on him as he went by. They walked the fields together in the twilights of one short summer. Then she grew tired of a mortal face. Her daily pilgrimage angered him, and he forbade her to approach the Tower; so they parted.

The neighbours laughed, and spoke of her as one who had no understanding. The old folks shook their heads, nodding them nearly off, at the spectacle of her idle, thriftless ways. She was counted, indeed, a good-for-nothing. Yet the old woman on the Tower loved her still, though she began to doubt if her beloved one would ever bestir herself to scale the height. The poor maid had not dreamed of it. Her life was filled with the delight of gazing at the beautiful Face. Who could tell her that the Smile was absent from it; that none but victors may invoke it; that it was indeed their triumph which gave it birth?

And still the years sped on. She dwelt happily, though cold guests came to the lonely cottage, and stripped it bare, and bore her mother to their unknown land.

At length, despairing, in a moment of great sadness, the old woman turned her Face away and the maiden found herself bereft.

She sat heavy hearted in the empty cottage, bidding the magic voice console her, for that she still could hear. Her old lover passed the window. She beckoned him, saying: "I go no longer to the Tower." He clasped her, and hand in hand, they walked the lanes once more. But by her fireside, the great ache seized her, and the unappeasable hunger grew. She would start

from fitful slumber, smiling from dreams of the irrevocable sight.

One evening, she called her lover to the cottage, and said: "We spend this night together!" She drew him in and, at dawn, they parted about the hour of sunrise: she saying nothing of farewell. Free of his last embrace, she stood by her door to watch him disappear, a moving speck upon the hills. Then with a liberated cry, she set off leaping and shouting towards the Tower.

She started on the journey. The way is long. Flowers spring everywhere. On other roads to heavenly places, the pilgrim must not note them or delay. Here he gathers one from every plant he sees; or half-way up, at a stream's edge, a tiny creature, wet and barefoot, holds her hands out for the nosegay, ere she leads across the water. She counts every blossom, and nods stern "No," if stalks are bent, or petals fallen, or if the posy wants a bud. Many go downward, sadly searching, and return long after, with their offerings complete. A thousand hues dazzle the climber's dust-dimmed eyes. Butterflies and birds sweep past him. The air is full of scent and song. As he mounts, he may look down, and see the child scatter his flowers. Travellers pause; she waits for them to present their posies; laughs, examines, and flings them on the stream.

Above her, sits the old man at the cross roads. He alone can point out the upward path. For him, the toilers chase each butterfly that flutters past them. He demands these with unbrushed wings, imprisoned, that he may set them free.

Towards the summit, there is a gate. A bird unlatches it; the pass-word is to end his song. No climber

knows, if thrush, or linnet, or wren, will hail him. Hundreds of singers take their turn and he must learn the note of all.

The maiden soon grew weary. Stones cut her feet; she fell; the labyrinths bewildered her. She sank and slept upon the way. Three times, the fairy at the brook rejected her; she dropped her flowers, or brought them crushed. Far below, in the cottage, she had lived listless. So labour was doubly irksome to her. And the climbers may not help each other. Those who will do so, slip backward and are seen no more. Her lover might have wept to see her stoop so painfully, and struggle with spent breath to gain the old man's fee. It was piteous, too, to hear her gasping travesties of the birds' joyous song. She kept on, bent and almost beaten, and neared at length the last steep slope.

Men named it the despairing spot.

She saw poor climbers, from afar, afraid to clutch the cruel stakes, spin in the air, ere they fell down, down into the wood.

She rested, spent and scarred, her eyes seeking wildly the well-known Face.

Her comrades greeted it, lifting their hands as if in prayer. They raised glad looks, illumined by the splendour which shone down. Her eyes rained tears—so near it seemed. Summoning ebbing strength, she fought, blood-stained and broken, up the last awful path. Men, uncheered, had never trod it, but she pressed on desperately, mounting to the topmost height.

Safe through the battlements, she tasted victory. But the beautiful Face had missed her triumph. The old woman stood, her grand white locks wound round her looking another way.

HAVE COURAGE

A LETTER FROM A THEOSOPHIST TO A DEPRESSED FRIEND

DEAR——

A letter all to yourself this week because your last had a note of sadness and disappointment, and there is always a very tender corner in my heart for all those who are sad, and especially those who are sad because they have looked with pure and simple faith into the hearts of others and have seen there things they would perhaps have given their own hearts never to have known. Nothing so much as that makes you feel how empty the world is, and sometimes you feel that your own heart would break because of the awful loneliness that comes over you when you find things out like that. Perhaps long before this the mood will have passed away and you will be your old cheerful self again—that is the worst of a long distance correspondence; the things that move one to write in a particular way may have passed and been almost forgotten in the rush of other things before the answer to one's letter comes.

You are quite right; once these things have been realised the past can never be the same again, but you must remember this, that when later you come to look back over the track of your life you will find that these are the epochs that mark definite stages on the road of the soul's progress—stages where you either failed at a great moment or succeeded. You will find too that the

things that mark the stages very often leave no mark at all—the gaining of knowledge, the development of faculty, the accomplishing of some great work—these are things that don't matter in the least, while the thing that really matters is that purely inner thing which no one sees and no one but yourself knows and which you can't expound, whether in the hour of trial and revelation you have met shallowness, deceit, hypocrisy, falsity with scorn or with tenderness, whether you have in your own soul poured your own soul back upon itself with contempt or answered it with your very heart's blood in sympathy and tenderness. The one who fails in the trial remains apparently unchanged, though in reality he knows that the very springs of his actions and feelings have become soured. The one who succeeds finds his power of love and sympathy and tenderness not only greater in himself but greater in helping other people also—yet it is all a subjective experience. In a small way these experiences are exactly the same as those great tests which have to be gone through on the big scale in the conscious experience of every soul before it enters that true Path to the Masters, the first step of which has not yet been discovered by many of those who seem to-day to imagine that they are tripping quite gaily along the Path itself. The true path that leads to Buddhahood is a path of Power—not powers—and no one can help another to walk that Path unless he has to some extent learned to stand alone. Heaps more could be said, especially about discriminating between the Real and the unreal, but this will have to be left until we can philosophise in person. There are heaps of delusions about this subject, because most people run away with the idea that the Real is the

conventionally good, and the unreal is the conventionally bad, and other equally false notions that lead to complete confusion and much painful self-righteousness. Somehow as I read your letter, I wondered if you still remembered that poem of Kipling's :

If you can keep your head when all about you are losing
theirs and blaming it on you.
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you, but
make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting, or being
lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or, being hated, not give way to hating and yet don't look
too good nor talk too wise;
If you dream and not make dreams your master,
If you can think and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with triumph and disaster
And treat these two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to—broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools, etc.

Still you know X—is one in a thousand and you are not praising him a bit too highly when you admire the courage, loyalty, purity of purpose and of heart, his magnificent steadfastness and gentleness. Souls like X—'s don't drop into the world every day and it must be a great happiness to feel absolutely certain X—is solid gold right through to the very core, and that no matter how much X—may be tested in the crucible of a not-understanding criticism yet he will, with absolute certainty come out solid stuff in the end. Keep your ideals, not only about X—but about other people also, but—don't expect other people to fit into your ideal. Look at their innermost souls when you are having a real look at them, not at their actions nor their expressed thoughts and feelings; don't pay any attention at all, or certainly not very much, to anything about them that is expressed, but look at them inside and

you've no idea how much deep happiness you can get by seeing the real inner effort to grow into something like the ideal standard. Now this is quite long enough, so no more.

Yours,
Y.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO A FRIEND FROM A THEOSOPHIST

DEAR——

Of course we've got to remember that it takes all sorts to make a world, but when one sees narrowness and meanness and cant going side by side with high and noble professions, it is hard to feel quite calm and reconciled, and sometimes one feels as though the whole game was a farce and absolutely sickening to the soul of one who is trying hard to cling on to some shreds of earnestness and reality. But during those dark days one must just hold on, and when breathing-space comes one can look round and get one's bearings again and when one gets one's bearings one realises heaps of things that are worth knowing, and somehow or other, though one may sink in the mud sometimes or get driven out into the wilderness, these are in the end the only things worth living for. Even if everyone else were to fail—even though the world were full of rogues and hypocrites or there was no one in the whole world but oneself—the realities of one's own inner life remain and must remain unchanged and unshakable.

“Before beginning and without an end as space eternal and as surely sure, is fixed a power Divine that moves to good, only *Its* laws endure.” You know the

quotation from the 'Light of Asia' of course. Well it seems to me that if we can realise that fact we can hold on with absolute certainty and confidence whatever happens for that is the only power in the entire universe, and the whole universe is each of us; and though we go sometimes into the depths and sometimes the clouds blot out the sun, yet unstayed, unchanging, silent and certain, the Great Law moves to its appointed end and we *know* that all is well even though people may disappoint us, and theories may crumble up under our feet, and when people so disappoint us it will save our own heartaches a good bit if we try to realise that they too are part of the divine life and that as Omar Khayyam says :

And He that toss'd you down into the Field,
He knows about it all—*HE* knows— *HE* knows.

GOD'S ROSARY

By CLARA JEROME KOCHERSPERGER

To H. P. B.

IN God's jewel-box there lay a rosary; and from it a heavy cross was hung. The beads were of some sweetly scented wood and between each pair of wooden beads a crystal drop was strung, while round the box and beads a faint sweet perfume clung as a memory of some forgotten time.

A strange sadness stole upon me ; I saw the crystal drops as tears, binding together, yet holding apart, the little wooden beads, and here and there one breathed an ill-defined perfume.

A purple haze stole o'er my sight and that day was blotted out ; but down the avenues of Time I saw a band of pilgrims wearying by, and in the lead, so far ahead, bent One beneath a cross, and from His sacred brow dropped crystal beads, and the pilgrims gathered them and stored them in their hearts.

Each traveller wore a cloak of brown, and from his soul a prayer, as fragrance, wafted up to God.

And then the scene was changed, and I watched as in a dream ; the cross lay upon the ground ; the Blessed One had carried it for His appointed time, and now it lay there waiting for one to raise and carry it that the pilgrims might go on.

Only here and there I noticed the prayer still stealing up to God.

One came at last, and, bending low his back beneath the load, lifted the cross, and stumbling, and bruised beneath its weight, he led the band. And from every heart the echo of a prayer stole up to God !

Again I saw the box, again God's rosary, the cross, the beads, held together with crystal drops, and the fragrance rising up to God !

I looked beyond, and in the dim to-morrow, I saw each bead breathing forth its perfume as incense, a great volume, and from the cross a blood-rose had sprung !

Some few there were too faint to pray ; they were being *carried* up to God !

Clara Jerome Kochersperger

REVIEWS

The Arts and Crafts of India and Ceylon, by Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, D.Sc. (London), F.L.S., F.G.S., M.R.A.S., (T. N. Foulis, London & Edinburgh. Price 6s. net.)

The author in this volume of 'The World of Art Series,' presents us graphically and concisely with a great tradition of art, preserved through the ages in the rules of the *Shilpa-shāstrās*, whose original formulæ, correctly interpreted by the craftsman, would express the thought-forms of their divine originator, Vishvakarmā. Indian ancient history and religion are briefly surveyed to mark the influence of each period on the expression, by good or bad craftsmen, of the original conception. We are warned from the first not to judge by modern standards, but to remember the key-note of Indian art struck again by Shukrāchārya in the fifth century A.D.:

Even a misshapen image of a God is to be preferred to an image of a man howsoever charming.

Indian art thus seems to have originated in the desire to preserve a vision of the Gods to the generations of men to whom They no longer showed Themselves. To ensure this, "not only are images of men condemned by ancient rules, but originality, divergence from type, the expression of personal sentiment are equally forbidden. . . . The spirit of these uncompromising doctrines lies at the root of the Hindū view of art: these limitations and this discipline are the source of its power" (page 16). The Shilpan must begin his work by an invocation to the Gods, and rebirth in a royal family rewards his success as a craftsman. The first illustration is the well-known image of Natarāja, the dancing Shiva, and the author interprets it thus:

In the Night of Brahmā, Nature is inert and cannot dance till Shiva wills it: He rises from his stillness, and, dancing, sends through matter pulsing waves of awakening sound, proceeding from the drum: then Nature also dances, appearing about Him as a glory . . . Then in the fulness of time, still dancing,

He destroys all Names and Forms by Fire, and there is new rest The orderly dance of the spheres, the perpetual movement of atoms, evolution and involution, are conceptions that have at all times recurred to men's minds ; but to represent them in the visible form of Natarāja's dances is a unique and magnificent achievement of the Indians. (Page 18).

In the same way the likeness of the seated Yogī as "a lamp in a windless place that flickers not" (*Bhagavad-Gītā*, vi, 19), is what we must look for in the Buddha statues ; a something that helps those who spend still moments of contemplation before it to be flooded by that vivid peace that outside life cannot give.

Theosophists who have read the description of the City of the Bridge in *Man: Whence, How and Whither* will find much in the book to ponder over, for they know of earlier civilisations which must also have helped to mould Indian art. Where was that "city in heaven" which formed the model when the King called his architect and said : "Send to the city of the Gods and procure me a plan of their palace and build one like it" (page 106)?

Are not stūpas merely the shape of a begging bowl inverted over the sacred relics ?

To those who wish to gain an insight into the soul of Indian art—and is not that all thoughtful men to-day?—we warmly commend these twelve chapters with their 225 illustrations of Hindū and Mughal architecture and pictures, of textiles, embroidery and jewellery, old and new, and the varied lore each page contains about them and where they are found. If it be now true, as the author sadly remarks, that "ninety-nine of a hundred university-educated Indians are perfectly indifferent" to-day, it will also be true that each one of the hundred who chances on this book will rise from its perusal with a wider outlook and a deeper understanding of the outward and inward correspondences in all that he sees around him ; he will have sensed, if but for a moment, something of the deeper life of the Motherland that, behind all outward movements of play and passion, smiles serene.

A. J. W.

Life, Emotion, and Intellect, by Cyril Bruyn Andrews.
(T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price 5s. net.)

This collection of essays deals chiefly with the importance of emotion in Life. In an introductory chapter on 'Life and Psychology,' the author proposes to trace his subject in a way somewhat out of the ordinary. He has, for once, put away his psychological textbooks and "turns to write rather about the life around me than the theories I have studied". Psychology differs from other sciences which are objective in nature, in that its essential subjectiveness prevents its professors from having "a monopoly or even a partial monopoly of human experience".

In nearly every department of life emotion is present. It does not necessarily obtrude itself. We may justify or attempt to justify our actions at the bar of intellect, but emotion has been a strong factor in the performance of these actions. The English nation attempts to suppress emotion, but the emotion exists. We may get temporary satisfaction by viewing the emotions of others displayed on the stage or elsewhere, and possibly art and music are the "chief emotional outlets in our somewhat over-socialised and over-intellectual age". There are papers on 'Love and Friendship,' 'Religion,' 'The Stage,' 'Law and Crime,' and 'Struggle and Growth'. In the paper on 'Religion' the author writes:

Scientific knowledge often leads by slow and laboured steps along the road to which our belief has long been pointing. If the most important doctrine of evolution is that man only progresses by a painful struggle, but that he glories in his strife and suffering, surely Christ's life teaches us the same lesson Science seems in many respects to explain laboriously what our feelings and instincts have long ago taught us.

But here surely we are entering into the realms of the Intuition, higher than the Intellect, and yet bound up in some mysterious way with the emotions. We venture to think Mr. Andrews would do well to ponder over the problem of the Intuition, for we feel—instinctively or intuitionally—that that is what he is really trying to "get at". His book is most interesting and clearly written, and therefore is most easy to read. As in his valuable *Introduction to the Study of Adolescent Education*, he puts his ideas in an attractive and practical way.

T. L. C.

Abu'l Ala the Syrian, by Henry Baerlin. (THE WISDOM OF THE EAST SERIES. John Murray, London. Price 2s. net.)

This volume contains the life and some of the poems of this poet and philosopher, of whom von Kramen said: "He was one of the greatest and most original geniuses whom the world has borne." He was born at Ma'arra, a village to the south of Aleppo in A. D. 973. An attack of small-pox when a child left him nearly blind. But his wonderful memory compensated him for his blindness. He belongs to the post-classical period of Arabic poetry. Refusing to follow the custom of his time, and be the paid panegyrist of some wealthy patron, he, like the troubadours, wrote only for love. His love of nature is clearly seen in his poem on 'Spring.'

His opinion of the world in which he lived was not very enthusiastic. He considered it a very bad place. He was ahead of his times. His soul was "like a star and dwelt apart". His philosophy may be summed up in his own words :

Free yourself from the will to live. Seek redemption by denying your individuality, by being altruistic.

As a religious teacher he has been accused of unbelief and denial of what others consider sacred, but this seems to have been only a protest against adopting ready-made religions. He studied other religions, amongst them Buddhism and Zoroastrianism, saying his own position would be strengthened if he knew the weakness and strength of those of other people. Abu'l Ala was also a great social reformer, being a vegetarian and condemning slavery and the custom amongst the Arabs of burying their little girls alive. This latter seems to have been their simple way of settling the feminist question. His reform even extended to questions of dress. He condemned the wearing of trousers as effeminate.

His biographer apologises for his digressions as being too garrulous for the English reader. It is these very digressions which make the book so fascinating, and we become entranced with the picture he gives us of Baghdad and its poets and philosophers, at a time when Arabia was the custodian of the learning of the world. This new volume increases our debt of gratitude to the editors of the Series, and must tend to further good-will and understanding between East and West.

E. B. N.

The Gardener, by Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. Price 4s. 6d.)

These "lyrics of love and life," says the author, "were written much earlier than the series of religious poems contained in the book named *Gitāñjali*". They are delightful poems, so easy to read that one flies in sheer joy from first to last page in the book. They have an atmosphere of open air and freshness. So simple and yet effective. Rabindranath Tagore has the power of making the simplest events wonderful. His delicate touch makes us pause and reverence the beauty of what he takes up. It may be the description of two women drawing water from a well, or a little child in sorrow over something wanted and not possessed, or of some one who has taken all the good things of life :

I plucked your flower, O World !
I pressed it to my heart and the thorn pricked,
When the day waned and it darkened,
I found that the flower had faded,
But the pain remained.

The love poems are translucent. There is an absence of sentimentality in them, but they express strong patient, enduring quality, even in the face of adversity, and are permeated with an element of detachment and of non-passion.

Being a very understanding person of the varieties in human nature, the author sees also the other side of the question, and, writing of the departure of a loved one, says :

It is heroic to hug one's sorrow and determine not to be consoled.
But a fresh face peeps across my door and raises its eyes to my eyes.
I cannot but wipe away my tears and change the tune of my song.

The author writes, too, of the man who has evidently been plodding along, following a good and moral life, but perhaps in a somewhat narrow way and rather selfishly, and who gets tired of this. He comes to a time when it is necessary for him to change his course, and in his restlessness, before he finds his new sphere, he has a reaction and cries :

... I have wasted my days and nights in the company of steady wise neighbours. Much knowing has turned my hair grey, and much watching has made my sight dim

... The world is peopled with worthies and workers, useful and clever. There are men who come easily first and men who come decently after. Let them be happy and prosper, and let me be foolishly futile. For I know 'tis the end of all works to be drunken and go to the dogs.

This restless creature also says he will "let go his pride of learning and judgment of right and of wrong". Learning may be a burden, unless it is turned into useful activity. We feel confident that the individual would find his level and return to a life of larger activity and peace, when this uncomfortable time of shaking free from the old conditions had passed.

Those who have read *Giṭāñjali* will certainly read *The Gardener*, and will be satisfied that they have done so.

D. J. H. E.

The Zoroastrian Law of Purity, by N. M. Desai. (*The Cheraḡ Office, Bombay. Price Ans. 8.*)

This is a posthumous work from the pen of a Zoroastrian Theosophist, who has, during his short period of life here, striven to pay back, through service and devotion, his debt to Theosophy—this manual being a tribute to the source in which he saw the light for the interpretation of his own faith. It is a brief treatise on the Law of Zoroaster, which, of late, is proved historically as having influenced the Hebrew Law so entirely, during the Assyrian Conquest of Persia, that some parts of the Old Testament appear as mere transcription of the *Vendidad*—the Zoroastrian "Law against the Evil". The Ancient Wisdom of Iran is mainly based on *Asha* (almost an untranslatable word, here denoted by *Purity* which must be taken in its most comprehensive sense), the third Aspect of Mazda, the Omniscient and "the Boundless Time" when He manifested as Ahura, the Lord of Existence. This corresponds to the Hindū Shiva (or Will) Aspect and the Christian Son¹. Curiously the Zoroastrian symbol of God for Worship—Fire—is known as "The Son of God"; and this in its highest spiritual manifestation is *Asha*, Rectitude, "whose body is the Sun". So the Law of Purity is the doctrine of the Christ in its essence, and is defined by Zoroaster as "the only way," "the only true happiness," and "the means of friendship with God". The author traces, step by step, the essentials of Purity as leading to the Final Union. He reads Theosophy so clearly in his religion that most of the comparisons between Zoroastrianism and the occult teachings are mutually supporting and

¹ The Will-aspect is that of the Father, not of the Son—Ed.

materially uniform. The law has its punishing side, like Shiva, regenerating as well as "consuming the doer of inequity like fire". Man is here shown as unconsciously wasting powerful forces by thought and speech, and as capable of making or marring the harmony (which is another meaning of Asha) of the Universe, and, indirectly, himself along with his surroundings. The help of invisible workers—the Shaoshyants—is justly acknowledged as essential to the attainment of faultless rectitude, and proved here as indicated by the oldest Hymns of Zoroaster. There is much in these bare outlines of a great topic—unfinished, as "fate intervened"—that would powerfully appeal to all lovers of the devotional side of Iranian philosophy; and the many select stanzas of Zoroaster's Hymns afford interesting reading in a nut-shell. The Pārsis would benefit by such Theosophical interpretations of their faith, and the *Cherag* Office has done service to the community by bringing this book to light.

K. S. D.

What is Occultism? A Philosophical and Critical Study, by "Papus," translated by Fred Rothwell, B.A. (William Rider & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 2s.)

Parts of this book, which is well translated from the French, are good, parts seem likely to lead certain types of people into mischief, at other parts, *e.g.*, chapter viii we rubbed our eyes and fancied we must be dreaming when, in a grave book by a well-known author, we read of "Ram the Druid" who changed his name to Lam (Lamb) and "Lamaism was thus added to Brāhamanism".

The first two chapters give the writer's ideas on Occultism and show how it differs from other systems. The third chapter deals with the ethics of Occultism and shows them to be of the most rigorous and lofty type. But on p. 36 the note of danger is struck:

... What interests us in this system of ethics is not so much these rules, which we find inculcated more or less by all moralists, as the practical path of demonstration by direct vision.

Direct vision comes to the true Occultist as a necessity of his ascent of the rugged path; it is not his aim. That aim is to

quicken evolution, and all he gains with one hand he passes on with the other. He *knows* how to do this and *dares* to do it. His *will* is in accord with that of his Master and he is *silent* on all that cannot yet benefit the race.

The chapter on Sociology seems very good, and the last chapter gives much information about men of all kinds who have touched on the Occult. As we close the book we feel that the various schools of magic have done their work in guarding a knowledge of the real through the ages that saw only the unreal. In the dawning light of this wonderful century, all Occultists and Mages will unite in preparing the way for the great occult Teacher.

A. J. W.

Perpetual Youth, by Henry Proctor, F.R.S.L., M.R.A.S.
(L. N. Fowler & Co., London.)

This is the story of one, Amrafel Ibrahim, who discovered the elixir of life some five hundred years ago and is living yet. He was an extensive traveller, and associated with the chief personages of the day during all this period. He became clairvoyant, and is a prophet inasmuch as he foretells the millennium. He also claims to have inspired Edison, when that inventor was at a loss. Throughout the book, this egoistical gentleman preaches at the readers. The author, in his introduction, explains the purpose of this "occult and historical romance," and says :

Although this little book is in the form of fiction, yet the truth-lover and truth-seeker will find in it deep and weighty truths, etc., etc.

We cannot imagine any reader seriously perusing this book from beginning to end. We feel certain that, before the opening chapters were finished, an irritating antagonism towards the hero would present itself. We trust that the 'truth-lover,' and 'truth-seeker,' may be satisfied, but if they are, we fear we will not have much respect for their intellect.

T. L. C.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th March, 1914, to 10th April, 1914, are acknowledged with thanks:

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. W. H. Barzey, Sierra Leone, £1-0-0 for 1914...	15	0	0
Mr. Percy Proctor, Queensland, £1-1-0 for 1913-1914	15	12	0
Mr. V. F. Drayton, St. Vincent, Kingston, £0-19-9 for 1914	14	13	0
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ADYAR, 10th April, 1914.

A. SCHWARZ,
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FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th March, 1914, to 10th April, 1914, are acknowledged with thanks:

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Mr. Nishtawa Karma Matha, Poona City ...	5	0	0
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A. SCHWARZ,

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ADYAR, 10th April, 1914.

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Torquay, England ...	Torbay Lodge, T.S.	... 31-1-14
Newcastle-on-Tyne, England ...	Newcastle-on-Tyne Lodge, T.S.	... 31-1-14
Claremount, Cape Town, South Africa ...	The Southern Cross Lodge, T.S.	... 20-2-14
Madras, India ...	Russelkonda Lodge, T.S.	... 25-2-14
" " ...	Chatrapur " "	... 25-2-14
Pegu, Burma ...	Leadbeater " "	... 2-3-14
Grenada, British West Indies, attached to Adyar Head-quarters.	The St. George's Lodge, T.S.	... 9-3-14
Tarbes, (Hautes Pyrennees) France ...	Vaillance Lodge, T.S.	... 10-3-14
Attangudi, Ramnad Dt., India ...	Attangudi " "	... 11-3-14

ADYAR,
29th March, 1914.

J. R. ARIA,
Recording Secretary, T.S.

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Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, MAY 1914

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following have been issued during the month of April :

THE BHAGAVAD-GĪTĀ

OR

THE LORD'S SONG

AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY ANNIE BESANT

4½" X 3". Cloth and Gold or Wrapper. Pages 229.

Price : Cloth Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 40c.

Paper : Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c.

Postage : India ½ Anna ; Foreign 1d.

This is a new edition of Mrs. Besant's famous translation of the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, with her valuable introductory preface. The 'get-up' of the volume is extremely attractive, and its moderate price places it within the reach of all. All lovers of this sublime Eastern Scripture will welcome this handy edition of it, which, though small, is not bulky, and the type of which is clear and good.

THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF NATIONAL REFORM

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

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THE THEOSOPHIST

The largest international illustrated Theosophical Monthly, royal octavo, 160 pages

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VOL. XXXV

No. 9

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

LONDON, *May* 7, 1914

A CROWD of some three hundred people had gathered at Charing Cross to meet the party from Dover. Mr. Graham Pole had met me at Brindisi; we picked up M. Blech at Amiens, and Messrs. Davies and Hodgson Smith and Christie at Calais; at Dover, like a rolling snowball we gathered up Dr. Rocke, Lady Emily Lutyens, Miss Arundale, Messrs. Arundale, Cordes, J. Krishnamurti, and J. Nityananda, and thus brought quite a little crowd of our own to meet the large one at Charing Cross Station. We motored off gaily amid much cheering—Miss Bright, the two “minors” and myself. A little later, I went down to the National Liberal Club to ask for news of Mr. Gokhale, and found, to my joy, that he was better and had gone abroad. God bring him safely home to us in India.

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The next day, there was a long consultation with counsel, Mr. R. Younger, K. C., Sir Henry Erle

Richards, K. C. and Mr. Turnbull, with, of course, my solicitor, Mr. Smith of Messrs. Lee and Pemberton, and Mr. Graham Pole, who has been a tower of strength. The consultation was thoroughly satisfactory, and Mr. Younger and Sir Henry Erle Richards made a splendid pair, with the fine grasp and insight of the first strengthened by the sound knowledge of Indian law of the second. After an hour and three quarters of close consultation over the points involved, Mr. Graham Pole and myself went on to meet the counsel for the minors—the Right Hon. The Lord Advocate of Scotland, K. C., M. P., Mr. Sheldon, K. C., and Mr. Ingram, with Mr. Calders Wood, the solicitor, and spent another hour with them; the Lord Advocate had travelled from Scotland that morning and only arrived half an hour before our meeting. It would have been difficult, I think, to find six more brilliant men, with their hearts more thoroughly in the case, than these who so readily and so warmly came forward to fight our battles. Suitors seeking the King's justice could have found no fitter champions, and I feel profoundly grateful to these eminent men, who brought hearts as well as brains to do battle for justice and right.

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On the evening of the same day, there was a crowded meeting of welcome at Chelsea Town Hall, restricted to members of the Society. The Vice-President Mr. A. P. Sinnett presided, and made a charming speech, and then followed a very pretty and unexpected ceremony, men, women and children—the children first—filing across the platform in long procession, each giving flowers, mostly from Lodges, as sign of loving welcome. The platform became a garden, piled

high with lovely blossoms, and nothing more effective could have been designed. After this a brief address of welcome was read by Mrs. Betts, acting for the loved General Secretary, Mrs. Sharpe, whose absence, due to serious illness, was the only shadow on the joyous gathering. Then came a short speech from myself, and, after deciding to send all the flowers to the hospitals, we ate ices and cakes, and drank tea and coffee, a happy crowd.

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On Sunday we began with a meeting, and at luncheon and afternoon tea welcomed many friends, from abroad as well as from various parts of England. Monday, the day fixed for the hearing of the appeal, came all too soon, and at 10.30, the doors of the Court were opened and we all walked in, to see, sitting at the long table, the Lords of the Judicial Committee, the Lord Chancellor in the centre, Lord Fletcher-Moulton and Sir John Edge on his right, Lord Parker and Mr. Ameer Ali on his left, the Right Hon. Councillors of His Majesty the King, the Supreme Imperial Court of Justice. It was a splendid Court for intellect, for knowledge, and for utter justice; with no factitious pomp, five men in ordinary dress sitting at a table, there was an extraordinary sense of dignity and power, due to the Lords themselves, unaided by outer show, and softened only by an exquisitely urbane courtesy.

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Mr. Younger, K.C. presented the case with a clarity and precision which left nothing to be desired; it was a masterpiece of pleading; the keen searching questions of the Judges were answered with promptitude

and plentiful knowledge ; now and then Sir Henry Erle Richards, K.C., supplied details of Indian practice, but for the most part even that was not needed ; Mr. Younger was sometimes sarcastic, sometimes humorous, and he exposed with masterly severity the contradictory reasons given by the Madras Judges for arriving at the same conclusion ; he showed the absurd condition in which their decisions landed them, complained of the treatment of the minors as "bales of goods," of the exclusion of evidence as to their wishes and the indifference shown to their welfare. "The Court practically tried a minor for a criminal offence in his absence," remarked Lord Parker with a strong note of indignation in his voice. "Why was the evidence excluded?" asked Lord Fletcher Moulton, and an eloquent shrug of the shoulders was counsel's only answer. "The status of the boys was altered and they were deprived of three years of liberty by a Court in which they were not represented," said Lord Fletcher Moulton. The proceedings were obviously wellnigh incredible to these learned and just-dealing men. What evidently puzzled the Court was the entire disregard of the minors shown in the Madras Courts, and the human note, so painfully absent in Madras, sounded clearly here ; "They seemed to think it enough that they had Mrs. Besant" ; "But the interests of the minors are the essence of the suit" ; and so on. At the end of Mr. Younger's address of a day and a half, the Lord Chancellor asked the Lord Advocate if he had personally ascertained the wishes of the minors, and he answered that he had done so, and that they were "passionately averse to returning to India" and "strongly desired to remain in England". Mr. Kenworthy Brown, K.C., for the Respondent, had

an impossible task, to justify a decision in which law had been entirely disregarded and in which no answer could be made to the questions which were put to him by Judges who were intent only on deciding according to law; he evidently felt the hopelessness of his task, and finally said, on an intimation from the Lord Chancellor, that he regarded the action as entirely misconceived, that he could not go on. The Lord Chancellor said that their Lordships would advise His Majesty that the appeal should be admitted, and that they would give their reasons later. Mr. Kenworthy Brown asked that costs should not be given against his client, and was answered by Lord Parker: "Your man brought a suit in the wrong Court. He made serious allegations he could not justify. Why should he not pay?" Thus has ended the long struggle: in the Court of first instance, the scandalous charges made were declared to be lies put forward to break the agreement; in the Supreme Court of the Empire the law laid down in Madras has been declared to be wrong; on law and on facts judgment is with us; the elder lad is now a major, and none can touch him. It is a joy that, by this persistent struggle, he has been guarded until he has reached manhood, and is free, and so the charge given by the Masters has been carried out.

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I must place on record my deep and grateful appreciation of all the work done in England and Scotland by Mr. Graham Pole. He knew all details of the case from being with me in Madras, and, by printing the shorthand notes of my speech on jurisdiction and placing them in the hands of solicitors and counsel, he showed the impregnable strength of the legal argument, much

of which was necessarily unfamiliar here, but which was at once appreciated when presented. He threw aside all consideration for his own professional work and gave himself wholly to this, secured the help of the Lord Advocate and Mr. Ingram, and worked incessantly to help them. Our success is his reward. And, though I may not mention names, I must thank the friends whose generosity made possible the cost of this London struggle, entirely beyond my means as it was.

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* *

Some extraordinary children are coming into the world just now. On Wednesday last we went to the Albert Hall to hear a child of seven-and-a-half years old conduct a first-class orchestra of ninety performers through a programme of works by Wagner, Beethoven, Mendelsohn, Rossini, Berlioz and Elgar! The little fellow, clad in white plush tunic and white silk stockings, with a mass of curly hair falling on his shoulders, stood up alone in the midst of the orchestra and ruled it effectively, quickening and retarding the time, keeping the rhythm, calling on each section for its work, and in all respects acting as a well-trained conductor. "He must be a reincarnation of some great musician," said a listener in an adjoining box. Verily only reincarnation explains such children. Another child of seven has been speaking—he can neither read nor write—prose-poems for the last two years. Here is one of them:

The God of Dreams came to me last night and I had a dream of the world when the world was a child. And in this child-world there were two Gods; the God of Nature and the God Genius.

The God of Nature provided all the materials, and the God Genius took them and made them into wonderful things.

Nature gave Genius a pair of leaves and Genius made them into wings—wings for the birds, wings for all the things that fly. Such a beautiful dream! Such a wonderful world! the world when it was a child.

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Plotinus is coming to his own. In our modern world he has been much studied by Theosophists, but has been regarded by that world as an exponent of ancient superstitions. Now Professor Bergson, in his Gifford lectures, is declaring that his system is "typical of the metaphysic to which we were eventually led" by certain conceptions, and we had Mind forming Body, not Body evolving Mind. Thus is Professor Bergson, *via* Plotinus, re-affirming the teaching of the *Chhândogyaopanishat*.

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The votes for the presidential election are coming in, and the Theosophical Society will pass its judgment on the work of the last seven years, the "new policy," and all the rest of the controverted topics. In this way, the periodical elections are useful, as they give the T.S. the opportunity of renewing or withdrawing its approval of the actions of its chief officer, and personally, I am well content that my work should be submitted to the Society and that it should pass its verdict thereupon.

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* *

The King has given much pleasure to the Non-conformists, and much displeasure to the narrower section of the Anglicans, by visiting the Leys School to open its new buildings. Head of the Anglican Church the King may be, but he is the Sovereign of all his people, whatever their creed may be. He said:

I know and appreciate the character of the work which the school is doing, not only in the training of mind and

body but also in the formation of character. In the Leys School, boys from families representing many different aspects of religious thought are brought together at the most impressionable time of their lives, and in their joint life here they learn lessons of mutual toleration and co-operation for common ends which later they will carry into the wider life of the Universities and the world.

That is the lesson which the Empire must learn if it is to hold together—"mutual toleration and co-operation for common ends". It is one of the many values of the T. S. that it perpetually teaches this lesson. The Kikuyu controversy still rages, and threatens to rend the Anglican church in twain.

Theosophical students will find the series of articles from the scholarly pen of Mr. A. Mahadeva Sastri, Curator of the Mysore Library, on the question of Caste very instructive reading. Four of them have already been published in *The Commonweal* for April 24th, May 1st, 15th and 29th and the last one on 'How to Abolish Caste' will appear in the issue of 5th June. This is of interest not only to the Indians but to all who want to know the evolution of sociological principles in this ancient country. The passing away of castes as they exist to-day is essential for the progress of India, and these articles will draw the sympathy and support of all thoughtful among the orthodox, who have been in favour of preserving them, and convince them of the wrongness of the institution. The learned author has clearly proven that the great shāstraic writers were persons of deep insight and never meant the observance of caste rules and regulations as they are in vogue to-day, and he has also shown that the evolution of the

present castes is rooted in ignorance and misunderstanding and that is why such folly prevails. Theosophists ought to popularise Mr. Mahadeva Sastri's expositions because amongst us there are many members who are orthodox Hindūs and they should certainly receive the enlightenment that these articles bring.

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* *

During the month has passed away from the field of active work an old friend and colleague of Colonel Olcott—Pandit C. Iyothee Thass. He was one of the two gentlemen whom the Colonel took to Ceylon in 1898 as representative of the Pañchama Community of Madras. Both of them were admitted into the Buddhist fold by the High Priest Sumangala, and thus began a new era in the history of the unfortunate Pañchamas of Southern India whose friend and champion Pandit Iyothee Thass always was. The Colonel writes:

The problem of the origin and religious heredity of the Pariahs of Southern India was so important, that I determined to bring the communities into relation with the High Priest Sumangala, so that in case they were proved to have been original Buddhists their communities might be brought into close connection and under surveillance of the Buddhists of Ceylon.

On his return the good Pandit began his noble work and founded in Madras, Bangalore and elsewhere societies which are doing good work among the masses. They save the poor Pañchamas from falling into the hands of Christian missionaries, and Buddhism, the faith of their ancestors, is found more suitable for them than missionary-Christianity. Buddhist workers are in demand for the carrying on of this work, in the inception of which our late President-Founder had a hand. We may draw our readers'

attention to THE THEOSOPHIST of October 1906 (pp 1-4.) in which Col. Olcott speaks about it. Pandit Iyothee Thass died on 5th May and the grateful crowds who owe him so much expressed their feelings of love and reverence at the Victoria Hall, Madras, on the 20th, when some of us from Adyar were present. It was a very crowded meeting presided over by an Adyarite.

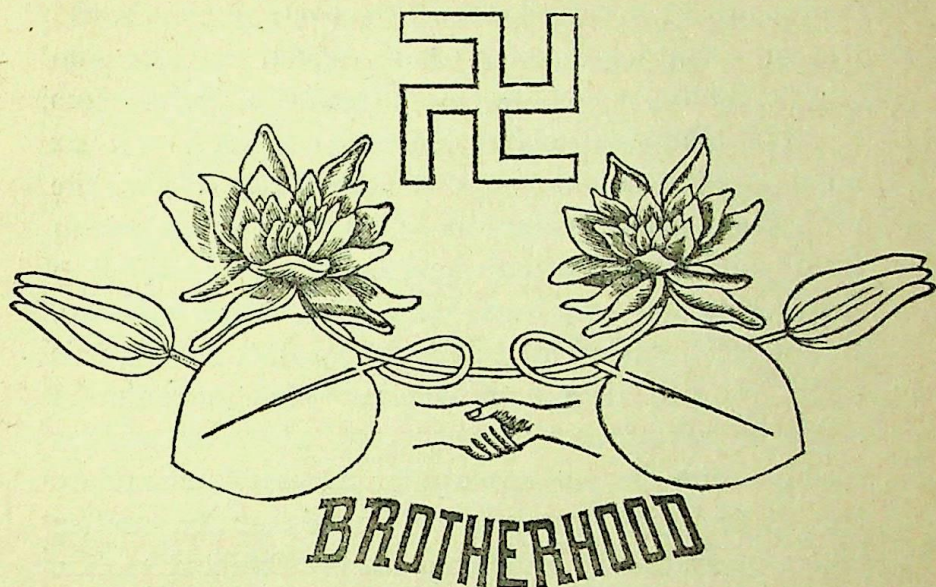
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We take the following from the *Yorkshire Observer* :

Mrs. Annie Besant, who in spite of her Theosophy is certainly one of the foremost women of this time, arrived at Charing Cross to-day by the Indian mail....She leaves again for India about the middle of June, and will have a busy time during her stay. It is hoped Mrs. Besant, as an aforesaid member of the Fabian executive committee, will find time to be present at the Fabian Society's dinner to their secretary, Mr. E. R. Pease, which is expected to be a brilliant occasion, and to take part in a conference on "The next steps in educational progress" to be held at London University on June 18, 19 and 20.

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Adyar is very empty and there is a lull everywhere, save in the Publishing House which has to grind slowly but surely the weekly *Commonweal* and the regular monthly Magazines. Mr. Jinarajadasa has gone to Poona to preside over the Mahratta Federation and will visit Bombay later on. The weather here is somewhat trying and most of our residents have flown to the hills, but the Indian summer with all its trials has its charm and nothing is more peaceful than quiet and beautiful Adyar.



THE BUILDING OF THE INDIVIDUAL

By ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

(Continued from p. 174)

BEFORE we consider the different methods of individualisation, and the way in which the Individual works upon his sheaths, we must pause to look into the nature of his environment—the nature of the spheres of matter with which he finds himself surrounded, and hence of the matter appropriated by him from those spheres for the making of his sheaths, or bodies, through which he comes into contact with these spheres.

These spheres, worlds, planes of matter, the matter of our solar system, are seven in number, each of a

different type. Each has its own ultimate atom, or fundamental type of matter, and all the varieties of matter in any world—those which in our physical world we call ‘states of matter,’ solid, liquid, gaseous, sub-etheric, etheric, sub-atomic—are all formed of aggregations of the ultimate atom, aggregations of a larger or smaller number, aggregations more or less compressed. We term them solids when the aggregations are stable in form and nature, when they hold together if left to themselves and only break up under external pressure. In the solid, mutual attraction, cohesion, triumphs, it is said. We call them liquid when they keep no external shape as self-preserved, when they adapt themselves readily to the shape of any containing vessel, when they tend to spread themselves out in thinner and thinner layers over any plane surface. In the liquid, attraction and repulsion are balanced. We call them gas when they fly apart from each other, rushing out equally in all directions when unconfined, becoming more and more tenuous, when, it is said, mutual repulsion triumphs. The three next higher stages are not yet recognised by science, save under the general name of ether; their particles are normally self-contained, and so devoid of mutual attraction and repulsion that they oppose no appreciable obstacle to the passage through them of any of the lower states of matter, but are capable of being acted upon from within, of being thus thrown into waves, known to us as ‘forces,’ of being thus held together into a solidity of which the thinnest film will turn a bullet, of being subjected to torsions without cleavage, to strains without loss of elasticity. The subject of their possibilities is, as yet, unstudied, so far as I know, by any of our occult students, and a

vast field of knowledge lies here, practically unexplored, for any painstaking investigator equipped with the necessary apparatus of etheric vision. The researches of physicists fail for lack of this, no apparatus external to the investigator having been as yet discovered rendering observations possible. Where these are lacking to check the conclusions of the reason, science cannot speak with certainty, and until scientific men recognise the possibility of clairvoyant development, their progress must be hampered. For science to speak with certainty, reason must collate and check the observations of the senses, and the observations of the senses must test the conclusions of the reason. Where either help fails it, certainty cannot be reached.

That which is true of the atom and its aggregations forming the states of matter in the physical worlds, is true also of the six other subtler worlds of our solar system; each world, or sphere, has its own fundamental atom, and all its states of matter are formed of the aggregations of that atom. The differences of the characteristics in all these worlds are due to the different types of their fundamental atoms. All these worlds are material, whether the matter be tenuous or dense; they are all phenomenal, worlds of appearances, garments veiling the realities of the Spirit, He alone conscious in them all; one is no more sacred than another, any more than lightning is more sacred than lava; sacredness does not depend on the tenuity of the matter in any phenomenon, all are equally open to observation when the necessary apparatus is available, and all are equally subject to mastery through knowledge by the Spirit who is embodied as man; heaven is no more a mystery of God—holy and guarded from investigation

—than is earth; there are no limits to investigation save the temporary ones of the power to investigate. God is equally everywhere dwelling, in the Deva, the Angel, or in the grains of dust. Either all investigation is blasphemous, or none is. There is no 'sacred' and 'profane' in Nature. Every unintelligible phenomenon hides God, but reveals Him when it is understood.

These seven spheres are concentric; they interpenetrate each other in every tiniest area of space within our solar system. Each sphere is complete in itself and is continuous throughout its whole area so far as communication is concerned, just as our earth is visibly a continuous sphere, or our body a continuous sentient whole. Wherever we may be, matter of the seven spheres is around us and throughout us; we need not move to pass from world to world; we pass from world to world by a change of mood in consciousness not by a change of place in body. We are in the sphere to which we open our consciousness, as we see the landscape outside when we unshutter a window. Heaven has been said to be a state not a place; it is a place, if by place be meant an extension of matter in space, and it is around us all the time; but it is a state, if it be meant that only in a certain state of consciousness can we be aware of heaven. "Heaven lies about us" in our manhood as much as in our infancy, but the child's consciousness, fresh from the heaven-world and not yet attuned to earth, more readily assumes the mood which answers to the mood of the heaven-world, and the sensitive child-body more easily responds thereto, being as yet uncoarsened by the grosser impacts of earth.

It may be asked why, if this be so, we are unconscious of these surrounding and interpenetrating

worlds. For the same reason that we are unconscious of any impacts, if we stand in the midst of the electric waves which convey a wireless message; we have not, without us or within us, an apparatus, a receiver, which intercepts the message. We can only perceive that in the without which we are able to reproduce in the within. We see with our eyes, because the vibrations of ether which are light, entering our eyes, find a suitable receiver in the retina, and its nerve-mechanism reproduces the vibrations. If there were no such organ in the body, the light-vibrations would pass through unperceived, as indeed they do above and below the spectrum visible because reproduced in the eye, and as they do in the case of the blind man, whose receiver for these messages is defective. His incapacity to reproduce them does not affect the light waves, nor prevent others from seeing. And so there are millions of other vibrations passing through our bodies that we do not feel, having developed no organ as their receiver. We have, surrounding us, myriads of beings whom we do not see, myriads of existences of whom we are unconscious, merely because we have not reached our full development, and are blind, deaf, insensible, to the higher and lower ranges of light and sound and touch—I use these words since we are limited to a vocabulary based on physical experiences. When people become receptive to these, develop organs, or receivers, attuned to them, we call these people clairvoyant, clairaudent, seers, mediums, mystics. They are becoming more numerous as evolution proceeds, and presently we shall all see, hear and feel the phenomena, the appearances, belonging to the next more subtle world. In the long process of Becoming, that stage is being entered by many.

Becoming is rendered possible by Being appropriating matter, and thus appearing as Spirit, Being individualised and standing at the entrance of the long path of Becoming, at the gateway of Forthgoing. Man, or Spirit embodied, has appropriated matter from six of the spheres of our solar system, since he begins his long pilgrimage in the second sphere, the sphere of the emanation of the Monads, called sometimes therefore the Monadic World, the world of the begetting of the Sons of God who are to become Sons of Man, Words of God made flesh. We hear of a sphere still subtler, the Divine World, whereof we know nothing, but the Divine Fragment who is Man begins his building of himself as an individual in that supernal second sphere, and then appropriates, attaches to himself, matter of the remaining five spheres, the worlds of manifestation. From each of these he appropriates permanently one atom, hence called "the permanent atom," and these he keeps in relation with himself. At first, the relation is one of external attachment, beads threaded on his string of life; later the relation becomes an indwelling, and through and by these he works on the bodies builded for his use, and finally himself builds them. We shall need to trace this process. For the moment, we may take the general principle only. Round these permanent atoms gather the aggregations of the matter of each sphere, and the aggregations are congruous to the stage of evolution, of complexity, of the permanent atom concerned. In the man, after the union of the downward-pouring and upward-climbing streams of life, each of the five atoms is thrilling with the life of the Spirit, but for long the higher three serve indeed as channels for the life to pass through to

the lower, and retain but little for their own evolution. Man develops the physical body in the lowest sphere, especially as to its higher nervous system, in each life-period, and gradually develops also the desire, emotional or astral, body as vehicle of the passions and emotions in the second sphere, and the mental body, of the four lower states of matter, in the third.

But these two latter are developed as feeders for the consciousness in the physical world, rather than as instruments for it in the second and third worlds during the lifetime of the physical body. For this last is the gatherer of experience, and for this gathering during hundreds of thousands of years the consciousness is only awake in, aware of, its physical environment, *i. e.*, its physical body and the physical world. Consciousness can only become aware of any world by the use of the apparatus, the body, composed of materials drawn from that same world. These materials alone can be fashioned into the organs which can reproduce the vibrations coming from their own world. And for many ages the consciousness during physical life is outward-turned only to the physical world, and the desire-body and the mental body transmit vibrations to the physical body, they do not receive them for direct affecting of the consciousness they clothe. The Spirit sends a stream of his life downwards to the physical body, and does not turn his attention outwards to the other worlds through his subtler bodies. Their turn comes after the death of the physical body. When the Spirit draws away the out-given portion of his life from the physical body, finding it useless for his purposes any longer, that body disintegrates, its work is done, it has enriched the indwelling consciousness with a mass of experiences.

With these for harvest, the consciousness is withdrawn, and then the Spirit dwells through that same portion of himself in the body of passions and emotions, reading the results of the lower experiences in sufferings through that body, now the vehicle of his consciousness. Here are learned the earliest lessons of right and wrong, to be engraved on the tablet of his memory in the causal, the relatively permanent, body. Then, he withdraws from the body of emotions, leaving it to disintegrate in its own sphere, as did the physical in its sphere, and he dwells for awhile in that same portion of his consciousness, originally put forth into these lower bodies, in the lower stages of the mental world, blissfully assimilating all that is good and useful in his experiences in the lowest world. When all this is done, he withdraws the out-sent portion of his consciousness from the mental body, which in its turn disintegrates, restoring its materials to the world whence they were drawn. Then that forth-put portion of his consciousness, like a river pouring into the sea, mingles with the rest, colouring it with the hue of the experiences harvested in the lower worlds. With him alone the memory of his past in the now disintegrated bodies remains, and when he anew sends forth a portion of his consciousness and awakens to a new day of life the slumbering permanent atoms connected with the lower bodies, that portion of the enriched consciousness now sent forth does not carry memory with it, but it carries forth the assimilated thoughts and impresses them as germinal faculties on the new body of mental matter which it draws round it through the permanent mental unit; and it carries with it also the results of actions in happiness and sorrow, and impresses them as conscience on the new

body of emotions, with germinal virtues and vices, out-comes of past experiences; and it finally enters its new dwelling, the physical body, formed by kârmic agencies for its use during the new day of life in the physical world.

If this process be clearly understood, it will be seen that the memory of the events of a life in the physical world must persist through the two subtler worlds—the desire-world and the heaven-world—into which the man passes after the death of the physical body, for the consciousness is the same person in the three worlds, and has experienced the events, has enjoyed and suffered, has loved and hated. Memory can no more be lost by the consciousness by passing through death into a new environment, than by crossing the Channel from England to France, by going from Italy to India. The person is the consciousness using the bodies, and he remains the same, carrying his emotions, his thoughts, his memories with him, until—as the nerves of the finger carry a message to the brain, and the brain registers it—he, the person, carries all with him to the Individual, whose extended nerve to the periphery he was, and the Individual registers the whole as *his* experience, not as the experience of the nerve-thread outgrown from him. When the hour of rebirth strikes, the Individual sends out another nerve-thread to the periphery, another outputting of a fragment of himself, another person, as we say, with a new mind-body, impressed as said above, a new desire-body, a new physical body. These are the heirs of their predecessors, enriched by them, resulting from them, but not themselves. They can have no memory of a past through which they have not travelled; the memory of that is in the Individual, as the memory of impressions

is in the brain, not in the finger which contacted the without. The person abides ever in the Eternal, where all is that ever existed, and can be re-lived by the Individual at his will—it is part of himself, its experiences are his, it is an ever-living portion of that which is his continuous unbroken identity, as the man recognises himself as boy. Infancy, boyhood, youth, manhood, maturity—each passes away not to return in that life-period, but the consciousness that is the I persists ; “When I was a boy,” says the man, with no sense of break, of incongruity, or of loss. So the Individual looks back on his past stages of growth, his personalities, each of which has passed away not to return, but the consciousness which is the I persists. “When I was the peasant James Smith, the soldier François Martel, the merchant Jagannath Chetti,” says the Individual, and feels his continuous identity, with no sense of incongruity or of loss. Each of his past phases has brought him some enrichment of life, some increase of power, some addition of knowledge. In all past phases *he* has lived, as in all future phases he will continue to endure, he, the Eternal, the Self, manifesting as limited Selves under the conditions of space and time. Each person is but a phase of himself; he lives in each. The qualities which distinguish the giant oak of centuries are all limited within the acorn it bears and casts off into the soil to develop its contained powers and to grow into the likeness of its parent. The qualities which are divine are limited within the individualised Self, and he is cast into the soil of earthly experience to develop his latent potentialities. As soon might an acorn grow into a beech, as man unfold into aught but Divinity.

Annie Besant

(To be continued)

FROM THE DIARY OF A TRAVELLING PHILOSOPHER ¹

By COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

III

On the Pacific, towards America

WITH the best will in the world I cannot feel genuine friendship for the missionaries. The desire to force one's opinion upon other people is and remains narrow-mindedness, and this manifests itself in practice only too clearly in the fact that all true missionaries have a very limited outlook. Persons of a wider outlook evidently could never adopt such a profession. Here on board I have conversed with some who have lived for years in China, and they have actually managed not to observe any of the advantages of Confucianism! Such blindness can only be called a divine gift; only explicable in a supernatural way.

Most probably the missionaries at the beginning of our era were not much better, and when I remember this, as also the progress for which they have nevertheless paved the way, then my mood towards those of the present becomes softened. Unquestionably it is a positive calamity that missionaries should go to India and China,

¹ This is a translation of some chapters very kindly placed at our disposal of a still unpublished work entitled *Reisetagebuch eines Philosophen* which will be published by Mr. T. F. Lehmann in Munich, in the autumn of 1914.

for the inhabitants of these countries are far superior in intellect, in morality and in spirituality to those who come to teach them. It is therefore impossible that the activity of missionaries should in any way conduce to advancement in old centres of culture, from which missionaries should, as such, be by law excluded. But to less developed peoples they may profitably be sent. To those they may be as useful as their predecessors have been to our barbarous ancestors, indeed to them they will be more useful than the heralds of the deeper wisdom of the Orient were able to be, because undoubtedly a unique formative power is inherent in Christianity. It is the only spiritualistic religion which possesses such a power and, more, it possesses it apparently quite independently of the quality of those who preach it, or of the mental value of their dogmatic premises. For the value of the latter is small in comparison with that of Brāhmaṇism and the two Buddhisms. It has even steadily dwindled in the course of the centuries; for though the earliest Church Fathers did possess spiritual insight, this was already much less the case with Luther and Calvin, and not at all with the labourers and muddle-heads who have arisen in America as founders of religions. Their dogmatic conceptions were in most cases grotesque. But almost in proportion as the intellectual value of Christianity sank, its practical value, its efficacy, rose. It cannot be denied that Protestantism forms men of greater ideality than does Catholicism, and the dogmatics, however grotesque, of the American sects, have developed the spirit of Christianity in its followers into a power such as has never existed before. How to account for that? Precisely in this way; that the spirit of Christianity is essentially

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a spirit of action. Therefore it does not matter very much to which religious conceptions this spirit happens to be bound at any given time. From this point of view alone it is possible to do justice to Christianity. It is not true that the teachings of Jesus Christ signify a maximum of spiritual profundity ; even the Gospel of St. John sounds flat as compared with the *Bhagavad-Gītā*. In the teachings of Śhrī Kṛṣṇa and the Mahāyana religion, the fundamental teachings of the Saviour of the West are expounded in an incomparably deeper way ; and moreover, they are there woven into a connected whole which we may assume has remained altogether hidden to Him, though it was the very element that would have endowed those teachings of His with their real meaning.

As seen from the point of view of metaphysical perception, Christianity appears as a preliminary stage, yet it is not at all a religion of knowledge, but a religion of practical action, and as such it is superior to all others. As I have already written, only amongst Christian people have the conceptions of love, of humanitarianism, of compassion, become objective powers, which means that the metaphysically real, however imperfectly realised, has better manifested itself objectively in Christianity than in any other religion. Christ and His great followers were perhaps less profound metaphysicians, but incomparably deeper men of action than Kṛṣṇa and Ashvagosha. And further, in so far as both wanted to mould the world of appearance, the first were in reality the more profound workmen, for in the sphere of actual life that expression of an idea is absolutely the best, which shows itself such in practice—no matter how far it mentally satisfies. This is

the significance of that superiority of Christianity which history proves, however much the one-sided intellectualist may doubt it.

And this at once justifies missionary enterprise. These narrow people who wander forth to force their inadequate opinions on others nevertheless proclaim by their existence a genuine gospel—the gospel of work and of action. In this sense their influence is really a good one, as is also admitted without further ado by the Chinese and the Japanese. Only it would be indeed desirable that they should drop the question of faith altogether, for the faith of the missionaries is not a very lofty one. And as this cannot be demanded from the clerical profession, it would after all be best if missions in the old sense of the word ceased completely and only physicians, philanthropists, and educationalists were sent out. In such lives the *true* spirit of Christianity, the spirit which to all eternity will bring forth good. The Christian faith, as such, will sooner or later be replaced by a higher one, just as it has already now died out in its former shape in the majority of the more thoughtful amongst men.

Eastwards to Chicago

The hard-working American, still far from any great results, is undoubtedly the best type which this continent contains at the present time, and an excellent type in itself. The adventurous life suits the lowly, and one cannot help liking these fellows after all, these tramps, whose habit it is to measure the wide distances of the West and Middle States, hanging under railway carriages in life-imperilling positions; who often for days and days take not a single mouthful of food, and, once arrived at their destination, are nevertheless too

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proud to beg, and go on starving until they have gained for themselves a meal by their own work. Yes, one cannot help liking these fellows better, I say, than our petty pushers with their class hatred and confident expectation of future greatness. From the point of view of civilisation the most valuable quality of a man in the process of becoming is the initiative he possesses. Initiative is more valuable than knowledge, culture and virtue, for once he has this quality he can acquire all else that he lacks. A man of the people in the far West is for this reason so much superior in civilisation to his European colleague, because he possesses much more initiative.

And it is exactly in connection with this that the small man in America is worth so much more than the great man. As said, with boys it is initiative which is the important point; however ignorant and unmanly they may be, if they only have initiative then all is well. American parents are so exactly conscious of this that with characteristic exaggeration they scarcely any longer demand obedience from their children. But the demands on grown-up men are more and different; they are not in a state of becoming, but in a state of being; and for the perfection of being, initiative is of no use. Therefore the Americans of the higher social ranks appear so crude as compared with the people of the lower classes. A boy, however perfect, is imperfect as a man. The more I see of the country and the people of America the more it strikes me how much all men here are big and crude hobbledahoys. As such most attractive, where we deal with real youth, either in the sense of individual or social youth, but proportionately unpleasant where they have outgrown this stage.

As an American I should be an extreme Democrat. Here all salvation is without a doubt to be expected from below, from those I mean who have passed some consecutive generations in the lower ranks. Those who now stand at the top—with the exception of the aristocrats of New England who, their short genealogical tree notwithstanding, show more marks of age than the oldest families of Europe—have risen much too rapidly and are precisely for that very reason without value for the future. The sons of the multi-millionaires are, almost without exception, decadent, more decadent than any princely scion with us, and their lineage will undoubtedly very quickly die out.

The well-to-do Americans, however, who constitute the bulk of the upper layers of society, possess the characteristics of belated schoolboys as we have mentioned above, and they will hardly succeed in bringing up their children to an essentially better type than they themselves represent. But those who rise slowly—and their number will constantly grow, as getting rich quickly will become more difficult from year to year and will soon be impossible of realisation without a great initial capital—those will spend their youthfulness while they are still real boys. And then they will become indeed better men than their more precocious predecessors were, just as he who has at first been a thorough boy generally becomes the best man. This new type of man—at the present time scarcely yet arisen—will then have the same superiority over the other which the Etonian, without exception, has over the product of French Lyceums; only that this superiority will here not be rooted in the individual but in the race, because here it has been a matter of racial

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education. Thus the American of the future will be able to start from a natural basis which corresponds to a stage of civilisation in old Europe. Till then is a far cry, I know. But after all it is pleasant to revel occasionally in pictures of the future.

Yes, in America democracy means a stage which undoubtedly leads upwards. It quickens the inner metamorphosis which the European *psyche* has to undergo in order to participate in individual form in exactly that perfection which, until now, it could only hope to find in typical embodiments. Democracy leads upwards in America because the conditions there render possible the hard schooling through which anyone has of necessity to pass who wants to conquer for himself the right of absolute self-determination.

The good fortune of America is the lack of social consciousness—however superficial this may render the American; this lack forces the individual to take his independence very seriously indeed. Amongst us, democracy will most probably produce only harm as we are already too firmly set to be able ever to lose again our social consciousness. Amongst us, the individual in the future, as in the past, will be far too much supported by the community to develop the characteristics which alone may justify individualism. So there is little prospect that the new ideal will in Europe ever be realised objectively for the better. Like the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans, we shall have to submit to the fact that the ideas which have sprouted amongst us only ripen amongst others.

Chicago

What should have happened to me after a three months' stay in Chicago? Should I be dead, or

incurably diseased, or perchance healthy and content because completely adapted? This last alternative seems the most probable even for me, notwithstanding the fact that perhaps no atmosphere which I have ever breathed has been so repellent to me; for such an overpowering repulsion enforces that self-surrender which makes it appear bearable; the organism adapts itself rapidly in order not to perish immediately. And the self-transformation necessary for Chicago cannot be so very difficult, as it has been effected without much ado, and is still being daily effected anew, by millions who prosper here exceedingly. One has to live exclusively through the senses, which, as such, never tire, and also like a bird of prey, to concentrate all attention on that special thing which one happens to intend doing at any particular moment. In such a condition it is no great achievement to be able to telephone in the midst of an infernal clamour, never to lose one's equanimity in the midst of the hurry-scurry, not to lose sight of one's aim in the midst of all the glitter and commotion around. For although the concentration required may be considerable, it is here easier than might be supposed. In the first place, because, after all, only the most superficial layers of consciousness are active, and these like the heart are used to constant work—and then because the environment forces everyone who does not wish to die of starvation to such exertion, and because a "must" makes the most burdensome task possible. In Chicago one has only to take heed not to live beyond the senses and the superficial mind. If one should attempt this, then indeed he is lost. In Chicago the soul is incapable of life.

I arrived here in the afternoon, and by way of a beginning, drove through the city in one of these

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touring or seeing cars, which, for very little money, drive hurried tourists in an incredibly short time past all the sights. How I used to jeer in Rome and Paris at the same institution. But there it really constitutes a monstrosity, for that with which we become acquainted from a Cook's car is that which is least interesting. Of all the sights in all the centres of culture, those which are really significant lie beyond the naked fact which is all the Cook-adept beholds. But in Chicago there is no beyond to the facts—no history, no atmosphere, no significance. So one is right to rattle through the streets and past monuments in a rapid motor-car under the direction of a trained guide who incessantly whoops a constant stream of information through a tin megaphone into the car. One does not lose anything by it, but rather gains enormously in time.

Nevertheless that world is awful in which voyages of such a kind appear an *optimum*. I have no objection whatever to the mechanisation in and for itself of life; on the contrary, I think it good that all that is mechanisable should be completely mechanised as soon and as thoroughly as possible, in order that the spirit should in its turn retain the more force and leisure for the super-mechanical. The awfulness of this world lies in the fact that life exhausts itself here in the mechanisable. Here the instrument enslaves the man who should be its master. How have things come to such a pass? In the first place, the scarcity of labour has rendered it a necessity to mechanise whatever was mechanisable and then the fabulous profitableness of this kind of activity has more and more drawn the general attention, so that the non-mechanisable, the

super-mechanisable, appears less and less necessary to life and sinks further and further away from the surface of consciousness. It is a pity indeed that it is not true that a soulless life cannot give a full consciousness of life; all available energy and intensity may be used up in a machine-like existence, so that the very man who appears to the onlooker the most feckless of fellows rightly feels himself a full man and looks down on the more anæmic "soul". The objection to this mechanisation, namely that it devitalises man in the biological sense of that word, is unjustified. The American is brimful of vitality and considers his way of living, precisely for this reason, superior to all others, because it heightens the sense of existence in a way that no other does. And this it does because it forces all available energy into the narrowest possible channel of activity through which that energy receives an enormous momentum. The American business people are true yogīs in so far as they concentrate their attention on one thing, and all the fruits of yoga-practice come to them in principle, such as the potentialising of vitality and of the feeling of their existence, the heightening of capacities, the enlarging of the psychical working capital. What is so horrible in this Americanism is, not that it devitalises people, but that it simplifies that psychic organism to an unheard-of degree; it presses back this organism to the same level as that of the animal. This Americanism proves that an entirely full life may be lived without soul, without spiritual interest, without emotional culture. Of course that is so; most probably no salamander, no worm, longs to emancipate itself from its present condition. When it is said that the narrowest people are the happiest ones, then this gives expression

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to the same truth. It is ever so much simpler to realise within narrow limits the completeness of one's life. But this narrowness embodies no ideal; the ideal condition should rather be one in which man managed to become conscious of this completeness through the medium of the universe, in which he would not have to exclude anything to be wholly himself. It would be the absolutely ideal condition, because man is in reality incomparably much more than his person and can therefore by no means become conscious of his own completeness through this personality alone. He can do so in the direction of intensity, but intensity embodies only one dimension. To estimate the American's feeling of existence as higher than that of the World-Sage would mean to attach higher value to a single organ tone—though this might indeed manifest the whole force of the instrument—than to the *Mattheus Passion*.

What then is so terrible in this Americanism is that it impoverishes man. As it reduces all values to that of quantity alone, so it reduces the whole *psyche* to an apparatus for monetary gain. In doing so it pushes back man to the level of the lower animals. Regarding the state of affairs in this way, it appears indeed so repulsive that one might be inclined to think it devoid of danger. In reality it possesses an enormous recruiting power, probably the greatest of its kind in our times. This power it possesses in the first place because everyone hankers after material success, and because the American formula of life is the most favourable to success. The man who does not lose any time with ideals, ideas, and feelings, gets on more rapidly than others. But it is not this which exercises the chief attraction. This

attraction is based on the fact that in this form of Americanism everyone, even the most feckless fellow, becomes conscious of the fullness of his own existence; this formula is so narrow, so cramped, that it gives tension to every vital force. Here then lurks a terrible danger : from now on a lower condition shines out to humanity as the highest. If this ideal be not dethroned with all speed, then it will conduct with certainty to barbarism—the most extreme which has ever reigned.

Hermann Keyserling

CREDO

I believe in the Lord of Life and in His undying love for all that lives.

I believe in the great Concourse of His ministers and in their absolute devotion to His commands.

I believe in the White Brotherhood and in their power and will to serve mankind.

I believe in my own inner God and in Its oneness with the All.

I believe that in the personality I now use, and in all the personalities that shall hereafter grow out of it, I am pledged irretrievably to Human Service and that this pledge will bind me inextricably through all the kalpas.

I believe that the path of love will lead me eventually to the death of the cross, therefore I profess my belief in the love that is stronger than death.

M. M. C. P.

A DREAM

By A. L. POGOSKY

Prologue

HAVE you thought of the wonderful time in which we live and the changes which are going on around us? Some of us may have failed to see how these came about, but none can help seeing and feeling them in his or her own life, and in the lives of those among whom they live. What wonder that this new life clamours for a new form of expression? We cannot, simply cannot, go on hanging in space, nor can we crawl into the old garments all outgrown, all threadbare and ridiculous. The *esprit de corps* has taken birth already. It is evident and manifests itself as soon as "two or three are gathered together in My name". It has spread far and wide all over the globe. We never know whither these downy seeds have flown and found soil and are but awaiting the call.

Have you thought, my friends, that science, art, religion, ethics—all the essence of human life—lie in shreds at our feet, torn from their high pedestals by the same breath of truth that changed our inner world? Do you think they will be reconstructed in the separate cells of individualists? No, a thousand times no. The world of patentees has come to an end. Henceforward we are not to be afraid of our discoveries, of our share of service,

being of use to others. We feel we have come to live for this very giving of our best to the Commonweal. And I ask you, is it possible at all to accomplish this stupendous work in separateness?

This and this alone may be a basis of Industrial Co-operation. We need scholars, artists, workers of all kinds to join in a supreme effort to build up in harmony—I would like to say, in divine, creative harmony—a new beautiful world, and to work out a new form of life, where our best can be expressed.

Dreams come sometimes from good quarters. While the lower mind finds nothing to suggest for the remedy of endless evils accumulating in our life, something behind it shows at times radiant pictures of a happier and more picturesque life, where the “love of comrades” reigns supreme and creates the beauty of life. Such pictures as these come to me often and one of them I am going to tell as well as I can in English.

The Dream

There is a nice little grove of old trees. A winding path among them leads to a bright little garden, gay with many-coloured blossoms. It looks pretty. One would like to stop for awhile under the few mountain-ashes, on the low, broad bench. It belongs to an old lady who was the first settler in the Colony. She evidently has her own ideas of gardens, and does not force them into traditional flower-beds with borders of shells or tiles or wire-work. No such thing! The plants and their moods are respected and left to please themselves. One would say a happy, little corner where the plants from many countries live amicably together, and remind their hostess of all the spots in

many lands she lived in, and in which she left roots of her existence. But there she is, coming out from her porch with an armful of many-coloured bunches of yarn.

"My dear Professor, you are just the very one whom I wish to see. You can help me greatly," she calls out.

And the two walk away from the little house through another group of trees and enter a large yard. It is all intersected with ropes fixed to movable poles, and never did a village fair look gayer than this wonderful yard. All the colours of the rainbow are there. Small and large skeins of yarn and linen thread are spread all along the ropes. Golden browns and pinks and russet reds and the blues! Ah, the blues are evidently the favourite shades here—from the palest dreamy blue to the blue of the corn flower; dark serious blues and the blue-green of the sea-waves. Pieces of silk and linen are drying in the hot sun and there are some special golden browns in peculiar patterns that the Professor never saw before, and that attract him at once.

"Yes, these are pretty. We are trying to reproduce the ancient Java pattern dyeing; thanks to the Javanese comrades, we are getting valuable results already. But come to my South Russian room and give us your light on the subject."

They presently enter a sunny room where a South Russian young woman in her native tartan skirt and embroidered shirt sits at her loom weaving a new tartan. Little red leather boots stand daintily near the loom. Baskets of many-coloured balls of wool, little skeins hanging everywhere from her loom, and the

wall full of specimens and experiments, make the room very bright. A new-comer, she lives in the way of her own country. A scrupulously clean maiden-room it is. Her bed is dazzling white with three high pillows put one over the other. Over it the white wall is covered with pretty devices all made out of twigs and leaves. Flowers are everywhere, a big bunch of wormwood stands on the outer sill of the open window and spreads abroad its peculiar, bitter aroma. In the corner a large icon with many little ones around it, and a lamp burning before the dark Byzantine holy image of S. Nicholas. The maiden has come from her own country not so very long ago and has yet all her old ways. Her stove and dresser are covered with an embroidered curtain. The whole room is peculiarly fresh and bright, a true reflection of its owner. She does not speak much English yet, but evidently has already developed a sense of confidence. She smiles shyly in reply to the Professor's greeting, but her musical South Russian flows rapidly when she speaks to the old lady.

"Here we are," says the latter, showing the various skeins of newly-dyed threads. "There they all are, soft and harmonious, the greens and browns and blues and yellows, red and purple, all mixing together in a most harmonious way."

The old lady played with the skeins, mixing them in many fantastic combinations, and never failed to get a new effect of beauty.

"You *are* clever," said the Professor admiringly.

"Not at all. That is just the quality of vegetable dyes. They always marry harmoniously. I think they must be akin! I mean they must be all one. I cannot

make it out somehow. Whoever would dream of bringing these purples, yellows, blues and reds together? But here they are, a perfect harmony; don't you think so?" and the old lady put the new combination of shades on a cloth of grey, and it looked most attractive.

"But look at this. Here are three shades of red. Look how impossible, how utterly foreign they seem among these soft colours. Why they seem nearly vicious! Yet they come from our own dye-house where you know we do not use artificial mineral pigments. Here, Odarka, show us the materials you used for these reds."

Odarka ran to the next room, climbed with the elastic swing of her youth up the rows of shelves, and soon the Professor had in his hands a little phial of some dark substance. He examined it carefully and said: "I think I know why it does not mix well with the other shades. It belongs to another kingdom. All the others are vegetable, this one belongs to the animal kingdom. Come now to my own den, and let us investigate this at once. It is most interesting and very suggestive."

They went through a winding path between the characteristic Russian peasant fences overgrown with climbing pumpkins. A good many raspberry and black currant bushes bordered neat little patches of cucumbers and beans and fennel. A strong spicy aroma of many kitchen herbs came from these patches. A couple of Norwegian houses were seen close to the straw-thatched Russian houses. One more winding, and the scene changed completely. They were now in a fully English sphere, and a very happy English corner this one appeared to be; old-fashioned flowers in neat flower-beds, on a slope ascending towards a cottage. The broom was

in full bloom and the hollyhocks formed a living wall of radiance. The neatly kept sandy paths led the two to the Professor's cottage. It was difficult to say where the garden stopped and the house began. The green plants and blossoms seemed to invade the house, and some of them made their homes under the roof and climbed up to the glass set in for the north light. It was a lovely abode. Some one must have put a soul into it.

"My old woman loves her flowers and her home," said the old man, "and she designed and planned the house herself. As long as she suffers me and all my dusty books in every room of the ground-floor, I am content. She is imagining now a new ridiculous thing. Fancy, we are to dust the books now with the vacuum cleaner. So there is to be no more dust to speak of, and I need not run away during the spring cleaning as of yore. Dear me! I shudder to think of it!"

They entered in a pleasant subdued light. The dining room and the study and every available wall, in the central hall or lounge, over the doors and under the staircase, was full of books. The Professor reached out after one book and another, and became more and more interested.

"I see a little light now," he said at last. "Nature does not like sudden jumps. All is orderly within its laws of evolution. Man, it is true, often forces these laws. It is natural for him to seek, to investigate, to enlarge his consciousness. So he experiments—does he not? Sometimes he discovers beauty. Sometimes he goes the wrong way, gets entangled, vitiates his own perception of beauty, brings about ugliness, perverts the conception of beauty of many generations. Now what have we here in this little phial of your quaint

little maiden? It is cochineal. Do you know anything about the life of the cochineals? Well, well, many of us could get a lesson from these seemingly insignificant little beasts. We are apt to judge by the size, are we not? It is true they are small. I find just now that a pound of Polish cochineal pigments contains one hundred and thirty-five thousand insects. Small enough. But these little things have a large idea of duty. To begin with the male dies after he has done his duty by the female. Then the female lays eggs and in order to protect their development covers them with her own body and remains till the eggs are hatched and grown into fully equipped insects. Then of the mother there remains only an empty shell. These very heroines served as material for these reds that you found so foreign to your assortment of vegetable dyes."

"I understand now," said the old lady. "Thank you. You helped me greatly. I never would have been able to find this out. But what shall I do to substitute for the red obtained in this criminal way another red of vegetable origin?"

"You will have to do as the vegetarians did during the first years, when they had to fight against the habit and prejudice of ages. You do not hear now that the vegetarians have to starve themselves in order not to kill lambs and calves and birds, and what not, or that the unkilld animals will fill the earth and force out man. The old meat-eaters were punished for their criminal ways by gout, sclerosis, all sorts of illnesses, while you, by breaking into the animal kingdom and destroying milliards of beings, were punished by an ugly colour. You further sin by inflicting on the human eye something ugly, under pretext of beauty.

This last is the greatest sin of all. But there is another side to it and for this you must consult our Theosophical friend, who is for ever sticking his nose into the *Secret Doctrine*. I think he will be able to give you the true philosophy of this, and I venture to say he will be glad to have your facts brought out like this from the concrete world. We all help each other, sister."

They parted amicably, both happy to have helped each other to find a new truth.

The old lady turned round to continue her way, when a young stranger appeared on the path, led by some of her little girl-friends. She hastened to welcome the new-comer. Indeed there was no need of finding expression for hospitable welcome. The old lady has lived all her life in the wide world's family in almost every clime and continent, and she loved to see them coming from anywhere, sure to hear of some mutual friend, of some new scheme of life, and always hoping to make more and more converts to her own ideals. Every time she saw a stranger she felt her immense family was growing.

"I come to you from Chicago," said the visitor. "Jane Adams sent me to you."

"And no name could sound better in my heart," replied the old lady friendly, "though indeed you need no pass-word here. We are glad to see comrades coming here whether they come to stay, or only as a temporary link between ourselves and their own folks wherever they may be living."

"Dear friend, my name is Helen Baldwin. Do you remember me?"

"My dear Helen!" The old face lightened sweetly. "My sweet child, of course I do. Did I not keep you

often enough on my lap and teach you Russian embroidery. A young full-fledged woman now," she said, and kissed her eyes and cheeks. "You give me a rare pleasure, darling! We must have a long, good time together and I will make a new friendship. There is more of you now," said the old lady, looking deep into the girl's beautiful eyes. Then she threw off this mood and resumed her ordinary busy self.

"Will you come to my house, dear, or, if not too tired, would you care to go on with me a little further? I have yet a business call to make?"

"The sooner I see how you all live and work here, the better I will be pleased," replied the American. "I have heard no end about your group at home."

"Let us go on then. I have to see a young jeweller, who settled here not long since. He is anxious to have orders, and I bring him very good news from town. I just returned thence this morning. Perhaps you may have heard we have a co-operative depôt there. A good deal of what we produce here is sold through this depôt and we get orders. We have quite a system of fitting-rooms, and interview-parlours. All sorts of connections with town are centred there. Well, I do not mind playing the message-boy for them sometimes," smiled the old lady. "But here we are!"

At the jeweller's quite a different style of living obtained. It was a whole nest, a regular human bee-hive. A good many young artisans and artists lived here, preferring to have their own rather free and easy ways. They did not bother as yet about flowers and properly dusted rooms full of books. The house seemed to belong to no special style of architecture, and presented rather a system of unpremeditated afterthoughts in the way of

extensions, little turrets, studios and balconies, overhanging a big lawn with a few shady trees, where the inmates evidently spent their leisure. A deal of noise came from these quarters, and a song was heard accompanied by some hammering. It would suddenly drop and suddenly commence again. The singer evidently forgot all about who might be listening to his cheerful voice. Coming nearer, the old lady saw just the man she wished to see. His bench was at the open window. Summer and winter he worked there, rarely closing his window. The hot metal-work protected him enough from cold. But he was not alone. At the outside of the window sat a very popular figure, a favourite lecturer, a man who knew many things from the ancient times. A hot discussion was going on at this moment and so interested were both that they never noticed the new-comer.

"Why! This explains everything!" the old lady heard the jeweller saying. His face was greatly excited. His eyes sparkled. "I always felt there must be a meaning to it. But you know how we are taught. Who will ever take the trouble to speak to us of symbols, of all these beautiful things you told me just now? Now I seem to have wings. But I will have to arrange everything differently in my head. Ah, yes—I will study, sure enough. And when I go to the library in our hall, I will try to get the book you spoke about. I feel ashamed of having worked all my life as an ignoramus, of having used words without knowing their meaning, in fact not suspecting they had a meaning. Folks wanted pretty jewellery, and I made it to order, that's all. But I felt it all the same when I did something really good. It was usually when I took my design

from an ancient piece. I need not pride myself much, because I only copied something I did not understand. Now I see it as plain as plain can be," he exclaimed excitedly, lifting one of his golden ornaments. "Of course this symbol is wrongly wrought! What a shame! It is just as if an artist would represent a man, drawing him upside down! You put me quite on a new track, friend!"

The old lady claimed his attention now. She went into his workshop and gave him various messages and orders; while the young girl remained at the open window. She heard their conversation on some Siberian stones and Frankfurt ones. She saw the two bending over little boxes of these stones and comparing them with American ones. She was astonished to hear more details about the points of the Mexican opals than she ever suspected they could have. At last the old lady hurried out giving the jeweller her last words: "And don't you disappoint the two sisters with their Greek necklets. They must have them for the Greek dances in a fortnight."

And taking Helen's arm she crossed the lawn.

From behind a group of trees now came dancing a joyous young band, mostly girls, dark and fair, and little Odarka was there too in all her Oukraina finery, flowers and innumerable ribbons and corals. The girls belonged to different nationalities, and you never saw such a striking completeness of types and ways. It was the richest bouquet of the prettiest of flowers that spoke of North and South, West and East, all united in love. It was good to see them, this living garland full of hope and joy! They fluttered like so many birds and just as suddenly settled under a large chestnut-tree

where a young artist made a centre among an eager group of boys. There must have been something very interesting going on. The old lady went closer, and at once became as interested as the youngest of the boys. The artist had on his knee a board and a few sheets of paper. The designs he made looked not at all modern. One would say it was some new art, unlimited by any laws of graphic arts as we know them to-day.

"What are you teaching these boys, friend?"

"They teach me as much as I do them," said the artist, smiling, and lifting his pink face to the old lady. "We think of the best way, the best line to express a mood or a fact of nature." And he showed her a number of loose sheets full of quaintest designs which reminded her of Hindū pictures of ancient times.

"I thought you drew symbols?"

"And so they are. Is not any true picture a symbol of the mood one wishes to express? The boys gave me excellent suggestions and I value them, because they are not yet spoiled by conventional ideas, by rules and dogmas of the modern school. I had to break through all this myself and sometimes am not yet quite sure that I have got rid of my academic ways. But I am beginning to find a new and truer way since I have learnt to consider this material world only as a reflection of the spiritual world."

The boys became impatient; they did not enjoy these conversations so much as the delightful process of imagining, creating, expressing themselves in lines.

"Look here, Jadensh, is not the line of a wave and a mountain the same? Look how it comes." And the crowd bent over the artist's knees and his loose sheets anew and the two ladies left them and went their own way.

Under another tree a very heterogeneous group was in animated conversation. A botanist, grey-haired and bent with age, a scholar for ever poring over books and MSS. and dried plants, and a tall, fair young girl in Swedish costume. She was a healer and herbalist. Another of the group was an astrologer, and among these, strikingly quaint, sat an old Russian peasant woman. She was also a healer in her own village, and the lore of the woods and meadows used to be an open book to her. She came with her daughter to live among these foreign folks for a little as a sacrifice to her daughter's whim; at first critical and keeping apart, gradually all the loving ways of these 'foreigners' won her over and she picked up English and loved to attend every meeting and was herself quite a pet of every one, young and old. The young mothers often brought her their babies when they had to go to town or to a meeting, and with these she needed not any more elaborate English than she already possessed. They met in love and understood each other perfectly. She was quite charmed to see all the simple herbs she knew so well spread out in the scholar's collection on big white sheets, in portfolios and under glass. At home, in Russia, gentry only made fun of her, and the doctors would not allow her to use them for the sick. Indeed she was many times prosecuted, and for what? She wished them well! But here, people were different. They were even interested in her lore about the various plants she recognised on the pictures and sheets. Once the old scholar got quite excited and put down on paper all she said! He pretended it was she who taught him a lesson! What a joke, to be sure, thought the old mother.

"Now, my dear," said the old lady, turning to her American guest, "come to my own nest, and let us have a cup of tea and rest a bit, before I take you to our communal evening meal and meeting. I feel as if I have done enough for the day, according to my strength."

The two turned into another shady path, avoiding this time all the settlements, and came down nearly to the edge of a little rivulet.

"This is my favourite path," said the old lady, and she stood still, taking a very long breath. She seemed to need the silence of the woods and the bitter strong aroma of the vegetation, and even the warbling sound of the water. "Come, I will show you something I like better than any famous picture in the galleries, or any sensations of mountain scenery in our big albums, reproduced from the best landscape painters." And she led her friend to a secluded spot. The trees, now in the radiance of autumn colouring, receded, leaving a charming little lake, or rather pond, with a mirror-like surface, in which the pretty, many-hued trees and bushes and the line of the sky were reflected. Not a stir, not a wave; only a sound of trickling drops of water came from somewhere, and made the silence more silent, more holy. Some of the pink and golden leaves dropped quietly, one by one, sailing through the air till they touched the mirror-like surface of the water and remained there. A wonderful mood reigned in this place and soon took hold of the two. They stood there arm in arm, plunged in thought. The light golden leaves dropped here and there in a dreamlike motion.

"Look, Helen, they seem living things, giving up their mortal shapes back to nature and, who knows, that

their souls, yes, the souls of each of these little yellow leaves, are not rejoicing now in their being liberated on higher spheres? Who knows that this mood of ours is not an unrealised communion of our own souls with these brothers and sisters, the barrier of the material body being broken in this really majestic, beautiful way? There is no death! I think I begin to feel how beautiful this release of the soul may be."

The girl touched her cheek lovingly and they continued their way, still by the edge of the brook. It was a pleasant, half-overgrown path, evidently not often used. But here was the straw-thatched roof of the house which the old lady made her own for the time being. A little porch with two low, broad benches, a shelf-table with a few tools on it and a basket with odds and ends, showed that the old lady used this porch as a balcony. It was turned to the West, and she loved to watch the sundown from this spot, doing her various handiwork.

They went in, left their bonnets and shawls in a little side-room, a quaint little place with a wash-stand, garden tools, baskets and a few distaffs and spinning wheels, and a large mirror in a carved frame representing old Russian mythological deities. Odarka heard her "little mother" coming, and made the tea in the studio. The latter was a beautiful, restful room with large windows above and dark wooden panels all round.

"I did not know you had a studio," said Helen. "I never heard you were an artist."

"If you call artist one who paints pictures, I am not an artist," smiled the old lady, "but my eyes love a comfortable light, as I work a great deal with my hands and use my eyes all the light hours of the day. And

who can be comfortable when the light shines right into the eyes on their level? No, I like the light coming from above. The sun shows the way, if we only study its purpose. Perhaps this is why I am still working without spectacles, old as I am. But here is the tea. Odarka, come and have tea with us."

"Little mother, I had tea already with the girls, and I must finish my to-day's work. Time is getting on. I must leave the loom in a decent way before we all go to the Hall, you know, little mother."

The 'studio' bore an impression of many years' work. A wide counter on one side of it was filled with simple cardboard maps of various specimens of the handicrafts of many lands. Laborious stages of revival of weavings, embroideries and laces, designs and patterns of garments, mostly oriental, with pictures also of eastern people wearing them in ancient and modern time, specimens of vegetable dyeing and various processes of hand-block printing on silks and cottons and linens. These portfolios evidently contained the accumulations of years and years of strenuous study and work, and attempts of all kinds filled large shelves under the counter. Two large glass cases on both sides of the counter contained a beautiful collection of antique garments, head-wear, silver ornaments, amber, crosses of many ancient shapes, belts, buttons with precious stones and embroideries. The young American had 'an eye' for antiques, her own country being so devoid of a past. "You must be proud of your collection," she said admiringly.

"No, my dear. It is not pride; my collection only reminds me how well folks worked when they loved their work, when work and love and life were one. It

answers all my difficulties. When in my modern mind I cannot find the right method, the right shape, the right colouring, I open my treasures, I meditate upon these, and always find a way, find help."

Tea was a welcome treat. The two fell into silence. The twilight mood was upon them, something like a gathering of all the many-coloured threads of the day's impressions and work into one light thread of experience. The old lady seemed absorbed and retrospective, the young one full of new thoughts and resolutions for the future.

"It is time we should go to our evening meeting," said the hostess at last, as if unwilling to come out of her reverie. "This, I am sure, will be something of a sensation for you, and I promise you, you will enjoy yourself."

They went through the little garden gate, finding their way through kitchen gardens by a short cut the old lady much preferred, on account of the nice, spicy odours the various herbs exhaled, then through the grove that divided the centre lawn from the bunch of settlements.

When they emerged from the grove a sight met their eyes which, even in the beginning of the twentieth century, might fill anyone with wonder, unacquainted with the recent, famous discovery of this fantastical substance which now they call *glass-iron*, and which revolutionised the art of architecture completely. There was the Hall or rather several Halls in a bunch, the joyful dream of an artist, a conception precipitated from higher spheres in a moment of adoration. It glowed in an even, subdued, opalescent light. Who could describe its shape? Since all the straight lines that limited the old architecture

had disappeared and seemed unnecessary, unnatural, in this new style of architecture inspired by this new substance, so easy to shape, fluid in its originating through the gate of fire, almost as fluid as the artist's thoughts and visions, and yet so firm and solid when completed! Its fluidity in some way suggested the lines of shells and flowers. The wonderful building they approached now resembled very much four huge shells turned down, spreading their outer edge to the four cardinal points. Out of their connected backs shot first a spiral tower decorated by translucent groups of shells and flowers. The whole radiant lovely building was poised lightly in the surrounding world of plants and flowers, now dark under the night's sky but making a living border of a lacy pattern where the feet of the building touched earth. It seemed a dream ready to disperse like vapour; it carried the mind to higher spheres, to higher conceptions of beauty.

The two went in with a feeling of expectancy and joy, and found themselves in a magic castle, the magic lent by the grand proportions and fantastic lines made possible by this wonderful glass-iron substance, so transparent and pearl-like, yet as strong as a rock. The hour of the evening meal was not yet, and no one but the officers on duty were there arranging the flowers on the tables already glistening with the freshness of the cloths and pretty service. Pottery was there only as an exception, as a contrast to the fantastic vases and jugs made of glass-iron. The articles evidently clung to the mediæval shapes of the Venetians, yet there was also a new note of the twentieth century suggestive of seeking new expression of loftier lines and carrying the mind to more ethereal ideals of beauty. Flowers

were in abundance. Almost more telling was the variegated, many-hued autumn foliage set up in huge bunches in pottery stands behind some of the seats and sofas.

Lights were not to be seen anywhere, but light flowed freely, reflected in the luminous walls. The new-comer sought the source of this glorious light and traced it up to the ceiling. In graceful bunches of lotus-flowers, among their many leaves, as if it all formed a reflected lake with these swimming leaves and flowers, light streamed generously. There was facility for colouring the light, and then the flowers and leaves were all in their natural shades, but as a rule the creamy-white light was preferred and considered more restful.

The proportions of the lofty hall made the number of seats as naught. There was no crowding, no monotony in the arrangement of seats, perfect freedom of space and many picturesque little nooks in the recesses of the waving line of the shell-like dado, attractive little bowers for three or four people; in some larger ones a table following the shape of the recess, for ten or more, seemed to await a joyous band of friends, always meeting there at this hour and having their own individual details in the setting of the table.

The ventilation seemed perfect. The windows had nothing to remind one of the clumsy, stiff lines of a former style of architecture. By a clever device a part of the wall opened and a network of interlaced leaves and flowers remained, and, fluttering in the evening breeze, served as a pretty fan. If necessary, this network could be pushed asunder and a large oval left open.

The officers on duty all wore pretty over-alls to protect the evening dress, because none of them would

like to miss the evening lecture and social. The washing up part of the work, which comes after a meal on the tired hands, that once gave so much bitter feeling, was dealt with in a simple way. The large scullery had big tanks with running water. All the dishes after the meal were put in there and left for the night. In the morning, during the work-hours, those whose duty it was, came and cleaned hall, kitchen and dishes in a thorough and composed way, without any hurry or bitter feeling of having missed one of the most interesting hours of communal life.

As they had still some time left and the old lady had to see some of the staff, they went into the kitchen. To the great amazement of the new-comer the kitchen was as large and as splendid in its appointments as the dining hall. When she took in all the features of this little kingdom so full of movement, and the young smiling faces of the officers on duty, and the huge groups of fruit and vegetables, she thought she never knew there was so much beauty, colour and exquisiteness of shape in what, up to this time, was referred to by her only as food, and kept rather out of sight. She noticed a recess, evidently fitted up specially for fruit and vegetables, with movable shelves. Huge pumpkins, melons, long cucumbers and small, juicy, vivid-green Russian ones, the English rich-red tomatoes, and apples and pears from nearly all parts of the globe, were on the broad lower shelves. Over them the democratic pretty carrots and turnips. Large bunches of poppy heads and red pepper pods were among them, as if to bring an artistic note of bizarre lines and colouring into the sober prose of the carrots and turnips. Higher still were all sorts of things, ripe and ripening. On the large counter beneath,

and under it, were numerous baskets of nuts and chest-nuts, herbs and salads, beans and celery ; the air was full of sweet and spicy flavours.

A pretty girl sat near this wealth of colour, herself like a ripe hazel-nut, shelling beans for to-morrow.

She greeted the new-comer.

"You do not mind this work?" said the latter.

"Mind? I love it," quickly replied the girl. "Look at these darlings. They lie in the pod, like a precious jewel, in this pretty delicate wadding provided by the mother plant. Besides I do not shell beans all the time. We have a variety of things to do and go from one thing to another steadily. We not only serve, but we learn. It is our academy, and this is our dear professor. Look at him now. We all love him and are glad when our turn comes. The colonists are so many now that there may be a whole month before my turn comes again."

The new-comer turned to see the professor. Sure enough! He seemed a lovable old body. He stood in the centre of the kitchen behind a half-circular counter like a real magician. He directed the whole operation from this spot. The assistants, circulating from every part of the kitchen and receiving instructions went on, giving place to others.

A pretty young girl with her head covered fantastically with a turban brought a sauce-pan and seemed very intent upon its contents. "Look, daddy; here is this sauce of yours which you said was going to put a cachet of perfection on the whole meal to-night! I do not care a straw about anything else. But this must be a real success. Taste it please, daddy, I am rather anxious," and she watched him enquiringly while the

old gentleman daintily put it to the test, and the young American was trying her best not to laugh—they seemed so grave over it.

“My dear,” said he, “it may have done for a time before you and I came upon the scene, when people boiled and overboiled in lots of water any vegetable, without any respect or understanding of their individual characteristic, and in order to be able to swallow the vile stuff covered it with gravy and impossible strong hot sauces made in factories. In those times of course anything would do, people would not notice. But now! Ah, well! I know what is wanted.” He turned to his innumerable little drawers, all carefully labelled, took out something of one and another, opened a third, and then putting the whole collection of ingredients into the sauce-pan, suggested: “Put the sauce-pan on the chafing round No. 4, let it simmer. *Please* do not boil it. Those are very subtle flavours and will not bear coarse handling. After twenty minutes’ simmering put it all through a sieve, and you will have something to your credit, dear! It will be excellent.” And he kissed his fingers to the girl, who already was on her way to the stoves.

“Yes, dear,” he said to another, “never put the fruit on the plates without its natural surrounding, a few pretty leaves. Thank goodness, we are not in winter yet. Plenty in the division B. Select what you like and the less uniform your fruit plates are, the better. Why, in their native land, who ever serves an orange without its twig and leaves!”

A young man was waiting his turn, complaining he could not get flavour-extracts for his pudding-sauce.

“I see, you are new here,” said the old gentleman, “so I will tell you. The Colonists have decided to avoid

as much as they possibly can, any imitations. Why ? ” he flared up. “ We want the real thing, no caricature of it. No coal-tar productions here ! We have nearly lost our taste with all this factory stuff, and began to swallow all as tamely as . . . Well, here you are, there are some pods of real vanilla, right from Mexico. What can be better ? Use this and you will never wish to use anything else out of these factory bottles which we banished from here, I hope for ever.”

The gong sounded and the little trolleys with soup tureens rolled out of the kitchen to the openings where the assistants received them and carried them to the tables.

The dining hall filled rapidly through the many entrances from the lawn, where the people usually strolled about, meeting comrades and exchanging news. It was a pretty sight that met the eyes of the young American guest. A feeling of festivity and contentment reigned among all those who entered the prettily lighted hall, and those who yet came through the lawn and lighted paths in picturesque groups. Yes, the scene was truly picturesque and the former ridiculous dark attire of man seemed discarded. People followed their own inspirations, and their garments were more human than fashionable. Being a summer night, a great many wore natural creamy-white Chinese silk. A few had their respective traditional garb, a few kilts and Hindū flowing robes were among them too, and a few experiments, not always happily expressed, yet suggestive of an artistic feeling and an idea of freedom of movement. Some wore the various cloths woven in the colony, and some evidently studied the colour of their own aura, helped by the researches of the old astrologer. Some of

those who worked in town held yet to the starched shirts, but indeed there were few of these survivals, swept away as they were by the easier and prettier garments. Women? They had an easier time of it, and they took to these pretty, original garments like ducks to water. It needed only some common-sense, some understanding of the true relation of man to animals, and all this nightmare of feathers and plumes, shells and furs disappeared like a cloud in a sunny day.

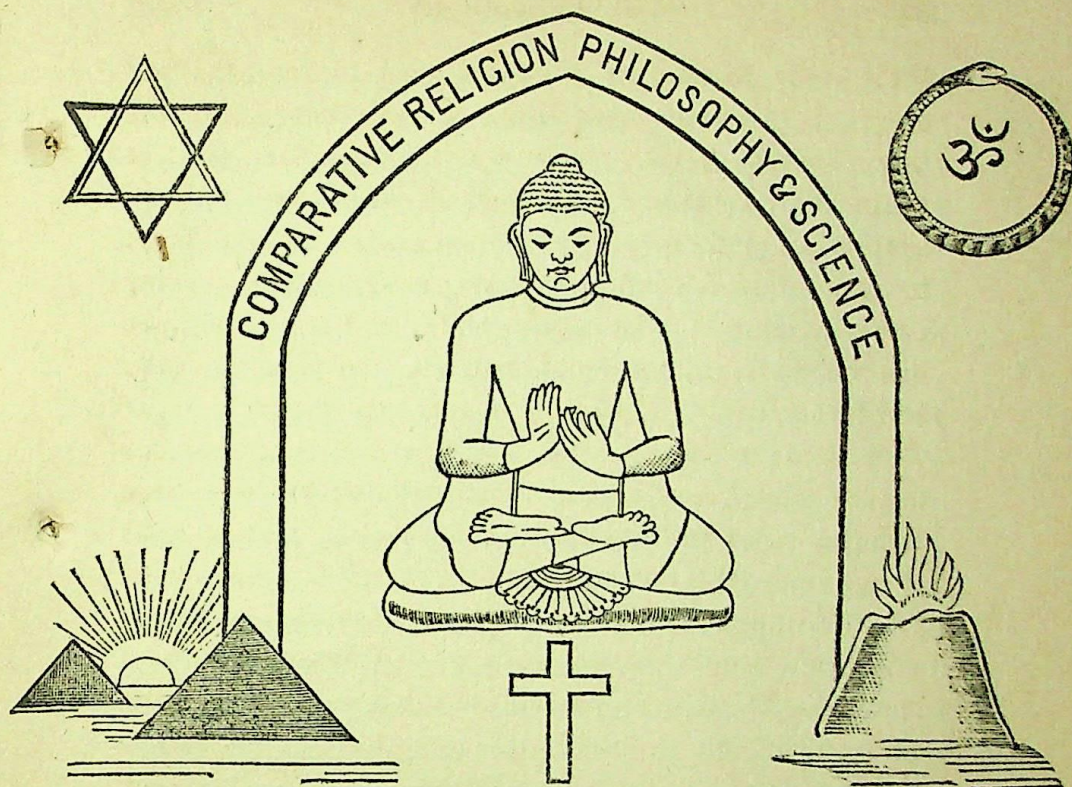
Later in the evening, the two friends entered the lecture hall. A different mood seemed to reign here and the noise of the talking and laughing seemed to be hushed from the very atmosphere of it. One could feel that this place was beloved and cherished in a different way and people turned quite a different side of their being to it. It was associated with many bright and beloved names of teachers and comrades, and the hearts of the audience often beat in unison under the influence of some inspired speech, some winged thought, which came soaring from the platform.

The Hall was filling rapidly. Someone lowered the light, so as to make it pleasant and restful. The platform alone was brightly lighted. The strains of music were heard from an upper gallery. Tender, soft chords shed their harmony on the crowd from above, as a blessing and a gift to all. And having done this the music softly melted into silence.

A well-known voice came from the platform :

I will establish in every city, inland and seaboard,
And in the fields and woods and above every keel,
 little or large, that dents the water
Without edifices or rules or trustees or any argument,
The institution of the dear love of comrades.

A. L. Pogosky



HYMN TO PRAKṚṬI

*From the Prapañchasāra Tantra*¹

By ARTHUR AVALON

Author of *Tantra of the Great Liberation*,
Hymns to the Goddess, etc.

THE following fine hymn is translated from the *Prapañchasāra* (Essence or Account of the extended elemental Universe), a celebrated Ṭāntrik work attributed by Indian tradition to Bhagavān Shaṅkarāchārya, author of the *Shārīraka Bhāṣhya* who is believed to have been an incarnation of Shiva Himself. And so the author of the *Prapañchasāravivarāṇa* states

¹ The Samskr̥t text of which will shortly be published with a summary in English in the third volume of my *Ṭāntrik Texts*.

that Shiva is the author of this work through his incarnation (Avaṭāra), the philosopher Shaṅkara. The *Prapañchasāra* is a discourse by Nārāyaṇa (here the Mahāviṣṇu or Paramashiva) in reply to a question of Brahmā as to the origin of Himself and the world; and after a discussion of this and other general subjects passes to that of ritual in the description of which this Hymn with others is to be found (10th Chapter v. 49 *et seq.*) The *Mahāsidḍhasāra Tantra* includes a Tantra called *Prapañchasāra* amongst the group of sixty-four which are assigned to what is called Rathakrāntā or region extending from the Vinḍhya Mountains to Mahāchīna but whether this is the same work I cannot say. I have been informed, though I have not seen any such manuscript, that there was an ancient Tantra called *Prapañchapañchaka* and it has been suggested that the text from which this Hymn is taken is a summary of that work. At present, however, this is mere conjecture and against it there is, amongst other things, the fact that the work describes itself as a Tantra; that is, to use the term in its proper sense, an original Scripture. For Nārāyaṇa says at v. 62 of Chapter 33. "Oh Lotus-born, in this Tantra (Tanṭre'smin) I have shown Thee the Prapañcha in its fivefold aspect." The text is one in any case of high authority in Tāntrik literature. It has been the subject of several commentaries such as the *Prapañchasāravivarāṇa*, the *Prapañchasārasambhaṇḍha-dīpikā*, and the *Prapañchasārasārasaṅgraha*. It is constantly cited as an authority in other Tāntrik works notably by Rāghava Bhatta, one of the greatest of Tāntrik commentators, the author of the commentary on the celebrated Tāntrik compendium formerly so current in Bengal—the *Shāradātilaka*.

As will be later seen, this Hymn like others of its type contains a large number of technical terms and scriptural allusions. These will be found explained in the English Introduction to the Tāntrik Text from which it is an extract. The purpose of this article is merely to give the English reader a general idea of the style of this work on its higher devotional side. Touching this particular Hymn it is sufficient to point out here that in conformity with the principles of Hindū worship, as enunciated by the great Shaṅkara, when we contemplate the World-flower we are led back in thought to its seed and then again shown its state of blossoming. Therefore the Hymn commences with Praḍhāna (Pra+ḍhā+anaṭ) or "That which contains all things in itself"; the source and receptacle of all matter and form. In another aspect this Praḍhāna is known as Prakṛṭi (Pra+krṭi) or "That by which all actions, namely, creation (Sṛṣhti), maintenance (Sṭhiṭi), and dissolution (Laya), are achieved". We can ourselves know nothing of the nature of this action beyond what appears to us in its effects. For it is Apraṭarkya, that is beyond all human conception and discussion. It is known only to the dual "male-female" Puruṣha-Prakṛṭi aspect of the Supreme Unity in action. We are ourselves but its effects or transformation (Vikṛṭi) and limited manifestations of the immanent and yet transcendent cause.

Revealed Scripture tells us of certain creational states known in the Tāntra as Vinḍu, Nāḍa, Viḷa, or conditions of the One in the manifestation of Shakti and Shiva. In relation to the Prapañcha they appear as the threefold functions which are Brahmā (Aja), Viṣṇu (Aḍhokṣhaja: Spouse of Shri); Nārāyaṇa ("Enemy of Kaiṭabha"); Rudra (Triḷṣhana; Bhava; "The enemy

of Tripura"; Spouse of the Daughter of the King of mountains) to whom the Great Mother Māyā is still a mystery as She is to ourselves. Verse 18 refers to Shakti and Shānta. In the science of Mantra these form part of the Vīja or seed-mantra and are states of the Brahman which in its various aspects the Mantra is. When referable to the Sādhaka (worshipper) Shakti is that all-pervading, all-embracing energy which appears in the Sādhaka of the Mantra in the stage leading to and immediately preceding Shānta. Here all his wishes are realised without will or effort; for he is himself that by which they are done. Shānta is a Rasa (or "sentiment," to use a common but inappropriate term) which implies that state in which there is neither happiness nor unhappiness, attachment or desire. The Shānta here spoken of is the subtle essence (tanmātra) of that. This state appears in the Mokṣha (liberation) stage when the supreme Ātmā is realised. Many principles and elements (Ṭaṭṭva) have gone to our making and that of the world wherein we live. From the Supreme Ṭaṭṭvas (Paraṭaṭṭva) of Puruṣha-Shiva and Prakṛti-Shakti have evolved the well-known Vikṛtis of Buḍḍhi, Ahaṅkāra and so forth; ending with the gross elements (Mahābhūta), the combinations of which make up our physical world. Mahāṭṭva in v. 4, is that state of transformation (Vikṛti) of Mūlaprakṛti which when individualised is called Buḍḍhi: and the Ahaṅkāra in the same verse is distinguishable from that mentioned in v. 6 in that the former is this Ṭaṭṭva before its division into the Taijjasa, Vaikārika and Bhautika Ahaṅkāras. The Hymn celebrates all these and Her dual aspect as the various Deities and the world of things which She is and of which She as Māyā is the great Mother, and the

Anṭarātmā (v. 7) or indwelling Spirit in all. For they are all Hers and Her. It is through Her workings that the One Light appears to be broken into countless rays by the prism of our waking (Jāgraṭ) consciousness. But as the Hymn says: how can we know Her as She is—the own-form or Svarūpa as the Hindūs call it? Owing to the inherent nature of our conditioned consciousness we can only (v. 3) know and worship the Mother in Her gross form as Our Ruling Lady (Maheshī). And what is this worship? The Hymn tells us in accordance with the principles of a well-known Tāntrik precept: “May all we do be homage to Thee”; that is: all bodily action should according to a fundamental principle of the Tāntra be first offered to Her and thus divinised. In the same way the Hymn to Viṣṇu in the 21st Chapter of the same work contains the fine line “Devesha karma sarvvang me bhaved āraḍhanam ṭava” (“Oh Lord of Devas, all my actions should be worship of Thee”). The Mantra given in Chapter 6, vv. 171-181 of the Mahānirvāṇa Tāntra, explains in greater detail what these are. Worship in fact is according to the Tāntra the conscious and right orientation of ourselves and every one of our activities of which set hymn and prayer are but one of many forms of true self-expression.

HYMN TO PRAKṚṬI

- 1 Be gracious to me, Oh Praḍhānā
 Who art Prakṛti in the form of the elemental world,
 Life of all that lives.
 With folded hands I make obeisance to Thee Our Lady
 Whose very nature and will it is to do
 That which we cannot understand.

- 2 A hymn is composed of sentences
And these of words with their terminations ;
Words again consist of letters
And Thou Thyself, Oh Supreme Queen, art the letter.
Thus art Thou both the Hymn and those who hymn Thee.
- 3 Even Aja, Adhokṣhaja and Trikṣhaṇa
Know not Thy Supreme form which is Māyā,
But pray to Thee in Thy gross form as Ruler.
Therefore so must I pray to Thee.
- 4 Salutation to Thee our Lady supreme over all
Who art Vindu ;
Obeisance to Thee the Paraṭattva,
Who art Pradhāna and Mahattva
Salutation to Thee who art in the form of Ahankāra.
- 5 Obeisance to Thee in the form of sound and ether,
Salutation to Thee in the form of touch and air,
Obeisance to Thee in the form of sight and fire,
Salutation to Thee in the form (of taste and) water,
Obeisance to Thee in the form of earth with its quality of
smell.
- 6 Salutation to Thee in the form of the ear, skin, eyes,
tongue, and nose,
And in the form of mouth, arms, legs, organs of excretion
and generation;
Salutation to Thee as Buddhi, Ahankāra and Chitta ;
Obeisance to Thee who art in the form of the whole
Universe,
Who pervadest all
And yet art formless.
- 7 Thou art the Antarātmā,
Who by the sun upholdest all living creatures
And who by the moon ever nourishes them.
Again assuming the appearance of fire, the carrier of obla-
tions, Thou burnest.
Oh Mahādevī verily do these three lights and fires issue
from Thee.
- 8 Assuming the form of Brahmā with active quality
The four-headed one seated on a shining white swan
Thou dost create the world
Of which Thou becomest the Mother.
Who is there indeed, Oh Supreme Ruler,
Who can imagine Thy supreme state ?

- 9 Adorned with crown,
Resplendent with conch and discus,
As Nārāyaṇa with quality of manifestation,
Thou dost maintain the world;
For He also is part of Thee.
- 10 Again in the form of the three-eyed Rudra
Carrying axe and a rosary
On whose matted hair are moon, serpent, and Ganges,
He with the quality which veils,
Thou dost at the end of the Kalpa destroy the whole
universe
And then alone shinest.
- 11 Thou, Oh Supreme Lady, art Sarasvatī
The presiding Goddess of speech
Clad in white raiment,
Holding a rosary of Rudrākṣha beads, a pen, and a jar of
nectar.
Thou makest the Chintā gesture.
Thou art the Three-Eyed One
Bearing upon Thy matted hair
The shining crescent moon.
- 12 Thou art, Oh Queen, the uncreated changeless One,
Thou art Durgā
With shining conch and discus,
Formidable with whirling sword;
She who with high and glittering crown
Is borne upon a roaring lion.
The crowd of Daityas Thou dost destroy,
But Siddhas worship Thee.
- 13 Truly, Oh supreme Ruler, Thou art The (one) Mother
Who art the half of the body of the enemy of Tripura,
Shining forth as the spouse of Bhava,
And again as Daughter of the King of mountains,
Oh good and supreme Queen,
Great Yogins salute Thee.
- 14 Great Goddess, I know Thee to be Shri,
The only Mistress of all peoples
Dear to the world;
She who lives in the sky-blue breast of the enemy of
Kaiṭabha,
Beauteous with the glittering splendour of the Kaustubha
gem.

- 15 Oh great Goddess and all-pervading One,
 The seven shining Mothers
 Are parts and forms of Thee ;
 They who bear the signs, implements, and weapons
 Of Aja, Adri, Guha, Abjāksha,
 Potri, Indraka, and Mahabhairava.
- 16 Thy lustre is that of a thousand rising suns
 In the endless spaces of the Universe.
 Upon Thy head is the crescent moon.
 Thou holdest the noose and goad
 And makest the gestures of granting blessing and of
 dispelling fear.
- 17 Thou, Oh Ruler, art light, fame and beauty,
 Day, evening, and night,
 Action, hope, darkness and hunger,
 Intelligence, memory, patience,
 Speech, mind and knowledge,
 Beauty and splendour,
 And all other powers.
- 18 Oh Destructress of ills,
 Thou who art
 Vindu and Nāḍa ;
 Shakti and Shāṇṭa
 Thou art in the form of the seven
 Regions, nether worlds, mountains and oceans,
 Stars, islands, substances, and tones.
- 19 Salutation to Thee, Oh great Queen,
 Who art all
 And in the form of all,
 Who art the power in all things,
 Who dost assume forms both gross and subtle.
 Thou art spoken of as memory and knowledge
 And as the want thereof.
- 20 Let all our thoughts be ever of Thee,
 Oh our Great Lady ;
 May all our speech be of, and all our hymn to Thee,
 May all we do be homage to Thee.
 Be ever gracious to and pardon me.

Arthur Avalon

BUDDHISM IN THE NORTH AND EAST

By HERBERT BAYNES

Author of *The Way of Buddha, The Ideals of the East, The Evolution of Religious Thought in Modern India, etc.*

IN a volume contributed to the series known as the WISDOM OF THE EAST, I strove to trace the ontological and ethical aspects of Buddhism. It will now be my endeavour to point out the way, not as taught by the founder himself, but as distorted by his followers in Tibet and in the Far East.

Considered as a system of morality the goal of the *Dharma-Chakra* is *Nirvāṇam*, the blowing or going out from the heart of envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. But the *Mahā Yāna* or Northern School of Buddha thought was not content with this. It wanted not only a Wheel of the Law but a Wheel of Life. The end of the Path was no longer a state to be reached here and now, but a far place to which the pilgrim would attain only after much wearisome transmigration.

According to Tibetan and Mongolian Cosmology the *Chakra-Vāla* or Wheel of Life has for its six spokes 31 *Sattva-lōkas*, *i. e.*, abodes of six classes of beings rising one above the other and distributed under systems built up in successive tiers below, upon and above *Sumeru*, the great World-Hill and centre of all. Under

three heads we find arranged all possible places of habitation for migrating beings, and of the forms of existence under which everything that has life must be classed two are good and four bad. The three heads consist of *Naraka*, Hell; four *Kāma-lokas*, worlds of desire; and twenty-six *Deva-lokas*, dwelling-places of the gods, divided into six heavens of beings subject to sensuous desires, sixteen *Rūpa-lokas* or heavens of beings who have acquired true forms, and four *Arūpa-lokas*, heavens of formless entities. The six forms of being representing the spokes of the wheel are: gods, men, demons, animals, ghosts and those undergoing torment in the hells.

In order to appreciate the meaning of the *Arūpa-lokas*, the mystical regions of abstract thought, we must call to mind those higher progressive stages of meditation through which the Buddha is said to have gone at the moment of *Pari-Nirvāṇam*. In the *Mahā-parinibbāna-Sutta* (Chān vi), we read:

“Then the Adorable entered the first stage of meditation; on leaving the first he passed into the second; rising out of the second he entered the third; leaving the third he entered the fourth; rising out of the fourth stage he arrived at the conception of the infinity of space; leaving this conception he attained that of the infinity of intelligence; going beyond this he reached the conception of absolute nonentity; rising out of this idea he entered the region where there is neither consciousness nor unconsciousness; and rising out of that region he passed into the state in which all sensation and perception of ideas had wholly ceased.”

By the practice of *Samādhi*, the six *Abhijñās* or transcendent faculties were supposed to be won, and

there arose at last in Nepāl and Tibet the mystical doctrine of the *Dhyāni-Buddhas*, those abstract essences, the ethereal and eternal types of the fleeting earthly Buddhas who were held to exist in these four formless worlds of thought.

A.—CHATVĀRO 'RUPĀVACHARĀ DEVĀH

Arūpa Lokas

Heavens of formless Entities

1. Nāiva-Sañjñānā-Sañjñāyatanā Dēvāh.—Beings who abide in neither consciousness nor unconsciousness.
2. Ākiñchanyāyatanā Dēvāh.—Those who can conceive the idea of absolute nothingness.
3. Vijñānāntyāyatanā Dēvāh.—Such as are capable of the conception of infinite intelligence.
4. Ākāśānāntyāyatanā Dēvāh.—Those who rejoice in the concept of infinite space.

Then follow the heavens of real forms :

B.—ASHTĀDASA RUPĀVACHARĀ DEVĀH

Rūpa Lokas

Heavens of beings having true forms

5. Akanishtā Dēvāh.—Highest of all beings.
6. Sudarsinō Dēvāh.—Beings lovely to behold.
7. Sudarsa Dēvāh.—Such as see clearly.
8. Atapā Dēvāh.—Those who never endure pain.
9. Avṛhā Dēvāh.—Beings who make no efforts.
10. Asañjñi-sattva Dēvāh.—Such as are lost in unconsciousness.
11. Vṛhat-Phalā Dēvāh.—Those enjoying great reward.

In these seven heavens dwell the emancipated Arhaṭs, who have freed themselves from Samsāra by rising to the fourth or highest grade of Dhyāna. This stage implies freedom from *Nishklesa*, from *Upādāna* and from *Karma*. The Arhaṭ is, in fact, the Jīvan-mukṭa, the soul that lives in liberty, that has entered Nirvāṇam and obtained the Abhiññās, namely: the inner eye, the inner ear, knowledge of all thoughts, recollection of former existences and power over matter.

12. Subha-Kṛtsnā Dēvāh.—Beings of absolute purity.

13. Apramāṇa-Subhā Dēvāh.—Those of unlimited purity.

14. Parīṭṭa-Subhā Dēvāh.—Such as are of limited purity.

The third Dhyāna means freedom from the first five fetters and re-birth in a Brahmā heaven. Here we find those who are distinguished for purity, the three tiers representing three grades of this virtue.

15. Ābhāsvarā Dēvāh.—Souls of the clearest light.

16. Apramāṇābhā Dēvāh.—Beings of infinite light.

17. Parīṭṭābhā Dēvāh.—Such as are of limited enlightenment.

The man who has risen to the Second *Dhyāna* is one who has nearly become free from the first five fetters, but is still liable to one more birth on the earth. He is the Sakṛd-āghāmī, whilst the man who has reached the third stage of meditation has become An-āghāmī. Of these three heavens the great characteristic is Light, not so much of the sun as rather of the mind, so that we have different heights of intelligence.

18. Mahā-Brahmā Dēvāh.—The great Brahmā Gods.

19. Brahma-purōhitā Dēvāh.—Those who are ministers of Brahma.

20. Brahma-parisajjā Dēvāh.—Such as constitute the retinue of Brahma.

These three constitute the lowest of the four groups of worlds of Real Form, wherein all sexual distinctions are obliterated. This group is the home of the Brahmas. To one of these heavens, according to the extent of his practice, the Buddhist of the first *Dhyāna* ascends. Any man who has "entered the stream" by freeing himself from the delusion of self, from doubts about the Buddha's teaching and from dependence on external rites cannot be born again in any region lower than these Brahmā worlds.

Then follow the *Deva-lokas*, the abode of beings subject to sensuous desires. These heavens rise in the sky above Mount *Meru*; the Gods here dwelling, being a light unto themselves, have need neither of the sun nor of the moon. But these spheres are all worlds of sense and the inhabitants of both sexes lead active lives. The first of these is ruled by *Mahā-Māra*, the lord of Desire, who is chief in the sense-spheres, above even *Indra* himself. The region of the *Tushitas* is held to be specially sacred, as it is the home of the *Bodhi-Sattvas* who will in due course become *Buddhas*. It was there that *Gauṭama* himself once dwelt and it is the *lōka* of which *Maitreya* is now president.

Last of all come the worlds of men, animals, ghosts and demons.

This is surely enough to show us that the human soul can never work out its own *Nirvāṇam*. Shall we not listen to that voice of unearthly sweetness: "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world!"

Herbert Baynes

VAHADAT-I-MUTLAQA OR ONE THE ABSOLUTE

In the Name of God the Compassionate and Merciful

[Rendered into English from an Arabic MSS. of the great teacher Shaik Mohyoddin Iban Arabi by "Mazharulla Haidaori".]

PRAISE belongs to God behind and beyond whose unity there is not aught but He alone, who is not confined to above or below, to right or left, to whom proximity and distance are meaningless, who is neither location nor limitation, nor time nor change.

God is as He was. He is thus *per se* one and whole. He is both name and substance. His name is not other than He, nor His substance other than He. He is therefore first without being first, last without being last, outer without being outer, inner without being inner. Viewed thus in the aspect of eternity His names *Awwal* (the First) *Akhir* (the Last) *Zahir* (the Outer) and *Batin* (the Inner) fail to facilitate a true comprehension of His greatness and glory.

Nor is penetration, it must be borne in mind, an attribute of His, since He never penetrates into a thing or a thing into Him. One should know God in this wise and not strive to grasp Him by means of intellect lest one might, through a belief in noumenon, be lost in association.

Enveloped and veiled as He is by unity which is one existence past conception, no one beholds Him besides Himself, no one knows Him besides Himself, no one comprehends Him besides Himself. No messenger, prophet or master, or the closest angel is capable of knowing Him. He Himself is His messenger, prophet. He Himself is His message, His word. He Himself sent His nature as prophet to His nature as people without any cause or intermediary that is other than Him. There is thus no difference between a prophet, the message and the people to whom it is sent.

“He who knows his Self knows his Lord,” said our Prophet (on whom be peace). This indicates that one’s existence is no existence apart from God’s, that God exists without him, that God has not penetrated into him or he into God, that God is not without him and he without God. In other words, one never existed at all, nor will exist in future, nor exists by his nature with, in, or by, divine nature, nor is subject to *Fana*, nor is he the very Self of God, nor is God the very self of him. Such a knowing of Self alone is a certain path to the realisation of God the Lord, other paths leading but to association.

But some masters maintain that divine unveiling is to be acquired by *Fana* of existence and *Fana* of *Fana*. Herein they wrong themselves. Things that have no existence of their own have no *Fana*, for *Fana* must presuppose existence. The Prophet did not say: “He who effaces self knows his Lord,” because one’s personal being is neither existent nor non-existent for one is even now as non-existent as he was before his birth; besides, the notion that *Fana* is the fundamental basis for unveiling implies the existence of other than God which

is rank association. Further, a thing said to exist by itself or even in divine nature, is supposed to be *Fana* in its *Fana*. This leads from one association to another. Rotation of *Fana* results. Those who therefore behold a thing as with, by, or in, God and who uphold a thing as coexistent with God or even in divine nature or as non-eternal by its existence or *Fana*—such never smell the odour of unveiling and are remote from the ultimate knowledge of a Being that is all-existent, without a second.

God and what is said to be other than God, *Nafs* and other than *Nafs*, Self-existence and things extant are one and the same. The Prophet explained *Nafs* to mean existence and did not qualify by *Lavvama* (conscious), *Ammara* (evil), *Muthamainna* (comforted), or *Mulhimma* (inspired). Once he prayed of God: "Unveil to me the things or other than *Nafs* in order that I may perceive and know things as Thy very self or other than Thee, and whether they are perishable or eternal." God granted his prayer. He exhibited to him His *Nafs*. The Prophet beheld things as they are or saw things as the very God in endless spontaneity.

The divine *Nafs* includes then what is other than *Nafs*. In other words the existence of *Nafs* is the existence of things. To know things is to know *Nafs*. To know *Nafs* is to know God. What one fancies to be other than God is not so in truth. One sees God, still, he is not aware of his doing so. His ignorance ceases to obscure his understanding when he actualises what is said. He exists for ever heedless of time. In time he lives in eternity. All divine attributes become his, God's outer, his outer, God's inner, his inner, God's *Awwal*, his *Awwal*, God's *Akhir*, his *Akhir*. In

short he beholds his nature as God's without his becoming God's and God's, his. Beside him there is not aught so that one may remain unto eternity and the other perish. Henceforth wherever he turns there is naught, to his wonder, but divine nature which all the while continued and continues to exist as it was, pure, changeless, unaffected, unaltered and devoid of penetration by the existence of things extant and their doings. No nature, no existence there is beside God's. This the Prophet indicated in: "Treat not the Universe with contempt for it is God." Again in the Table Talk, God says: "Servant, I was ill, you did not ask after My health nor give Me alms when I begged of you." The existence of the sick, it is clear, is the very existence of God: and the existence of the asker, it is clear, is the very existence of God. When the sick man's and asker's existence is divine it follows that anyone's existence is God's and the existence of all things extant, therefore, be it property or accident, is the very existence of God. God is patent by unity and latent by oneness. In him who dies before death God is actualised to perfection. The Prophet said: "Die before death," meaning: "Know Self before death." Further God revealed: "My servant always nears Me by supererogatory prayers"—to such an extent that He holds him as His friend. He becomes the hearing, the sight, the tongue, the hands of the servant. In the light of what has been said the import of "La ilaha illahu," and the signification of "other than God" will be clearly revealed. Between non-eternal and eternal there is no difference. Non-eternal is the outer phase and eternal, the inner. Still the outer is the very inner, and the inner, the very outer.

All is one and one is all. Union and separation, since they imply duality, have no meaning. Similarly proximity and distance. Their usage is owing to the want of knowledge of self. One is in truth neither near nor far from God. Self and God, though one, appear to be distinct till the light of unveiling discloses to one the ultimate truth that self knows God or in other words, God knows God since self is God. But it is said that one continues to remain self only and not God, till the *Fana* of self is effected. This is far from truth. Self as other existence besides God's is assumed, and with the assumption the sin of association is sinned. God has not lost anything nor self become *Fana* in God nor has there been any inclusion or exclusion between the two nor has the nature of God penetrated into self. When one realises that self is God, he also knows God by God and not by self, for self is not a thing to constitute a medium by which to know other things.

But some masters state that they have known their '*selves*' and thereby their God; that they have been freed from existence, the field of forgetfulness; and that divine attainment is secured by *Fana* and *Fana of Fana*. Their statements lack understanding and wisdom. They presume that they are effacing association by negation of existence through the instrumentality sometimes of *Fana* and sometimes of *Fana of Fana*. All these are naught but associations pure and simple. He who establishes a thing beside God and afterwards insists on its *Fana of Fana*, upholds it as other than God. And other than God is but association.

Something like this is often urged: "Knowing of self is knowing of God. And the knower of self is other than God. How can other than God know God? And

further if he cannot know God, how will he attain Him? To this the answer : He who knows self knows that his existence is not by his, or other than his existence but it is the very existence of God without his existence being God's and without his existence being with or in God's. Further he beholds to perfection what constitutes his existence to be as it was before he took his being, without *Fana* and *Fana of Fana*; *Fana*, as already stated, proves a thing and the thing's proof is not *per se* in such a way that its existence is independent of God. It is thus clear that a master's knowing Self is God's knowing Self since a master's Self is not aught but God. His existence is divine both in the inner and the outer, his word, God's word, his act, God's act.

A master may say : "I am God." Here the speaker is God and not the servant. If the hearer is incapable of comprehending him, he should not turn away from him, or perhaps the hearer has not attained that station which the speaker has acquired, otherwise he would readily understand him, say what he said, and behold what he sees. The existence of things is the very existence of God. From this it may be inferred that God is in the created alone but some masters have stated that God is in other than created as well. This sublime saying of theirs is the result of perfect unveiling.

"Sight perceives Him not, but He perceives men's sights." This revelation may appear contradictory to "Everything is God." Really it is not so. No one indeed perceives God. If it were proper that in existence there was His other, His other would perceive Him, though His other there is not by this very verse beside Himself. He Himself perceives Himself. There is thus no other beside Him. Sight does not

perceive Him and there is no sight but His existence. God no doubt said "Sight, etc.," for the sight is non-eternal and what is non-eternal cannot know what is eternal.

Different stations possess different qualities. One beholds naught but God; another anything but God. What is in the vessel will out. He who cannot see, will not see, will not know and will not understand. He who can see will see, will know and will understand. Those restless to realise what is said will do well by serving a perfect master by the light of whose instructions they will secure the straight path and journey on aided by mercy, if God will.

I now close this discourse addressed to such as those of clear sight and of settled purpose to know self and not to such as those who say, "dung is dung," and "corpse is corpse," and argue therefrom that either of them is God; woefully ignorant of the sublime truth that God is free from any of these or other things. And so mercy and peace be to Muhammad the first and foremost of the created, to his kith and kin and to his companions, and As-Salam, Peace to one and all.

ANCIENT JEWISH PROVERBS

By THE REV. A. COHEN

MOST nations of the world have a metal coinage—of gold, silver, and copper; yet coins differ with different peoples. The material is the same, but the design stamped upon it varies. It is similarly the case with national proverbs. The material out of which proverbs are coined is the experiences of humanity. The best definition of a proverb is that of Cervantes, who described it as “a short sentence founded on long experience”. But human nature and experience are very much alike the world over. Oriental and occidental, ancient and modern, are all members of one family, influenced by the same elemental forces, and animated fundamentally by like passions, however distinct from each other they may outwardly appear.

It follows, therefore, that since all nations have proverbs in current use, and the material out of which these proverbs are formed is practically the same for all, there will be a similarity in the popular sayings of different ages and climes. A true proverb is applicable at all times and to all places. And this we actually find. Yet each nation has its own distinctive proverbs and its own peculiar method of giving expression to its experiences. Hence by studying the proverbs of a country, we can learn a great deal about the inner life and thought of its inhabitants. For instance, if the objects used as illustrations in a people's sayings are largely drawn from nature, we may conclude that we are dealing with an agricultural community. If the proverbs reflect a high moral standard, we may regard

this fact as an indication of a lofty ethical outlook on the part of the nation.

The present writer had the privilege of contributing a volume on *Ancient Jewish Proverbs* to the "WISDOM OF THE EAST SERIES," in which was given a collection of three hundred and fifty classified proverbs. They represent the sayings used by the Jewish People in Palestine about the time of their final subjection by Rome in A.D. 135, and before their dispersion. What first strikes the reader of these proverbs is the absence of the coarseness of speech which is so conspicuous in the proverbs of most oriental peoples. One derives a sense of refinement from them. They further display a lofty standard of morality and ethics. Compare such proverbs as: "Immorality in the house is like a worm on vegetables"; "Be not intoxicated and thou wilt not sin"; "When two quarrel, he who keeps silence first is more praiseworthy"; "Strife is like the aperture of a leakage; as the aperture widens, so the stream of water increases"; "The third tongue [*i.e.*, slander] slays three: the speaker, the spoken to, and the spoken of"; "Be the cursed and not the curser".

The illustrations used in Jewish Proverbs are very frequently drawn from nature, thus showing that they belong to the time when the Jews were still an agricultural people. For instance, the English saying "The child is father of the man," appears under the form, "Every pumpkin is known by its stem," and "While the thorn is still young it produces prickles". The idea that to attempt too much is often to lose all is expressed as follows: "Who rents a garden will eat birds; who rents gardens, the birds will eat him." The thought that the good generally suffer with the bad in

the time of calamity is contained in "Together with the shrub the cabbage is beaten." The English proverb "Birds of a feather flock together" is paralleled by "The degenerate palm goes among the unfruitful reeds".

Woman and family life figure largely in these proverbs. The saying: "An old man in the house is a snare in the house; an old woman in the house is a treasure in the house," indicates that woman's superior usefulness was duly recognised. Matrimonial matters never lose their interest for women, whatever their age; hence the saying: "A woman of sixty, like a girl of six, runs at the sound of wedding music." The fact that the welfare of the home depends upon the industry of the wife is well expressed in "As she slumbers, the basket falls from her head". Man is advised: "Descend a step in taking a wife; ascend a step in choosing a friend," and "Haste in buying land; hesitate in taking a wife". On the other hand, sincere tenderness is inculcated in the proverb: "If thy wife is short, bend down and whisper to her." A wise saying is: "The talk of the child in the street is that of his father or his mother." The child merely repeats what it has heard at home; so be careful what you say in the presence of the young. Further, how true it is: "A father's love is for his children, and the children's love for their children." The bad son of a good father is wittily described as "Vinegar the son of wine".

Another wise proverb is to the effect: "Flay a carcass in the street and earn a living, and say not, I am a great man and the work is below my dignity." Judaism always insisted on the dignity of labour. The Rabbis have said: "Great is work, for it honours the workman." A distinction was, however, drawn in practice between

desirable and less desirable occupations. Several proverbs show that weavers in particular were held in low esteem. The tradesman is advised : " Loosen thy purse-strings, then open thy sack," *i.e.*, receive payment before parting with your goods.

Here are a few rules of conduct : " Hast gone into the city, conform to its laws " ; " Hast spoiled thy work, take a needle and sew " ; " Whatever thou hast to thy discredit, be the first to tell it," because it will be worse for you if others tell it ; " Cast no mud into the well from which thou hast drunk " ; " If one person tell thee thou hast ass's ears, take no notice ; should two tell thee so, procure a saddle for thyself " ; " First learn, then form opinions ".

Then again, how true it is " This world is like pump-wheels whereby the full become empty that the empty shall become full " ; " They eat and we say grace," *i.e.*, some have the work and others the enjoyment. The proverb, " The common soldiers do the fighting and the officers claim the victory," expresses the same thought.

And lastly, oriental fatalism is discernible in such sayings as : " Seven years lasted the pestilence, but not a man died before his year," " No man pricks his finger below, unless it has been decreed above," " All that God does is done for the best ". The part which dreams played in popular life may be gathered from the proverb : " A dream which has not been interpreted is like a letter unread " ; with which may be compared the saying of an ancient Rabbi : " Dreams are a sixtieth part of prophecy."

A. Cohen

REASONING "ROLF"

By W. H. KIRBY, M.A.

IN the August 1913 number of THE THEOSOPHIST, I wrote a paper about the 'Thinking Horses' of Elberfeld calling attention to the wonderful experiments of Herr Van Osten and Herr Krall with the horses Hans I and II, Muhamed, Zarif, Hänschen, Berto the blind, and others, as personally witnessed and testified to in many writings by eminent zoologists and scientists such as Professors Ziegler, Sarasin, Kraemer, Besredka, Bultle-Reepen, Claparède, Mackenzie, Assagioli, and many another.

These experiments showed not only the possibility of educating the equine intelligence—by patient methods and kindness—to understand questions and reply to them, but revealed further a particular and remarkable facility in the horse for dealing with arithmetical questions, even to the prompt extraction of cube and fourth roots of numbers of five or six figures.

That article laid stress less on the fact of these marvellous results, than on the psychological interest all like experiments and developments must have for those who, like Theosophists, believe that there is only One Great Life pouring through all the kingdoms of nature, and that the one consciousness is so differentiated and limited by the vehicle, that it can only express itself according to its means and its precise position in

evolution. Therefore, in the case of the higher animals, this individual consciousness has reached or is reaching a point where—given the time and the patience and the method—it seeks to express itself more and more. Man can do much by extending a helping hand to form a true link of explicit understanding and intercommunication between the Animal and the Human Kingdom.

If the theories of gradual unfolding and evolution are true, is it not logical to assume that the dividing line is not such a hard and fast affair as we imagine? Just as the evolved labourer of to-day is a very different being, in intelligence and capacities, from the serf and slave of old times, may we not argue that most of the higher animals, and especially the more individualised ones, have advanced to a far closer position to us in intelligence and comprehension than man usually credits them with or takes the trouble to realise?

It is always unsafe to generalise, but it appears that such experiments as those carried on for years with the horses of Elberfeld, and the following I am about to relate, open up for all thinking people new problems of psychology, and bring in new factors and principles with reference to the attitude and duty of man towards his "little brothers".

One thing, however, is clear—that in seeking for methods to approach and learn to understand animals better, the essential thing necessary is love. The animal, like the savage, is to be won over by affection and sympathy, which give to the investigator the key to enlightenment. Scientific methods, disciplined regularity, coercion, fear, will obtain nothing. Gentleness, patience and love are the only instruments for probing

into the animal consciousness for they evoke confidence. In dealing with certain men one would say: "Appeal to the heart rather than to the head," and the same may be said of the animals, if by "heart" we comprise the emotions, extend these to the stomach, which at their stage—small blame to them—governs so much of their feelings and aspirations!

Rolf, then, is an Airedale rough-coated dog, about three years old, belonging to a respectable family called Moekel in Mannheim. Madame Moekel is an invalid who is obliged to pass most of the day in her long chair, and the dog was a foundling puppy given her early in 1911 by a gardener who had found it in a field. Dr. Moekel is a professional man of reputation and they have four children, between the ages of fifteen and seven. The two youngest are the constant companions of the dog, and Rolf, apart from his peculiar development, may be said to be in every way a normal member of a normal family. Besides Rolf there is another dog, Yela, and a cat, Daisy—and the two latter have, to a less extent, also shown capacity to understand and express their ideas.

Rolf's main characteristics are a gay and happy nature, sincere and good, very responsive to affection, most sensitive to blame or praise. He seems to have a marvellous memory, keen hearing and sight, and but poor powers of scent. At first the dog was put at a foundling's institute, but when the time was up, after much discussion, he was taken into the Moekel household "on account of his beautiful eyes". So he grew up with, and became the plaything of, the youngest children.

It was in December 1911 that an extraordinary fact occurred, which led to all the rest.

The dog was, as usual, with the children when they were having their lessons. The second child had been asked what $122+2$ was, and somehow failed to give the answer. Mme. Moekel added her reproaches to those of the teacher, saying: "Why, even Rolf would be able to solve an addition like that!" Rolf approaches and looks intensely, wagging his tail. "I am sure you could tell me, Rolf, what 2 and 2 make?" Rolf raises his left forepaw and raps gently four times on his mistress' arm!

This is the story told by Mme. Moekel to Dr. Mackenzie, who is personally known to me, with whom I have spoken on all this, and to whose long and detailed paper in the September and December 1913 number of the psychological Review *Psiche*, edited by Dr. Roberts Assagioli of Florence, I am indebted for the material I have made use of in the present article.

From that eventful day on, Mme. Moekel dedicated herself to the education of Rolf together with her children, and without difference of method, except that the dog had to answer by rapping out numbers for letters with his left paw.

This numerical method of rapping, selected both in the cases of the horses and the dogs, is interesting in that Mme. Moekel asserts that she knew nothing of Krall's experiments with the horses of Elberfeld. She had vaguely heard years before in the papers, as every one else, of *Der Kluge Hans* who had once been on exhibition in Berlin. Moreover Krall's book was only published in 1912.

At any rate, she continued quite alone and independently her training of Rolf who soon showed marked ability in arithmetical questions.

The alphabet was later on compiled, as in the case of the horses, by means of a numerical table, with the difference that in learning 5 or 6 letters a day the dog gave the letters his own numbers and has never since varied or forgotten. This in itself reveals an extraordinary memory, for Mme. Moekel has to keep a copy of the table before her in order to transpose the numerical replies into letters. Again, unlike the handier system of Krall with his horses—(see the table in my article of August 1913)—who rapped tens with the left, and units with the right, hoof, Rolf raps everything with his left forepaw, which leads often to extreme fatigue and even swelling of muscles unaccustomed to the strain of this unnatural position. The only modification, introduced since, is a pause; for instance in a figure like 29, 2 is rapped out first, then a slight pause, then 9.

Here is Rolf's Alphabet :

a	b	c	d	e-ei	f	g	h	i	k	l	m	n
4	7	24	9	10	1	11	12	13	14	5	8	6
o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	z		
2	15	25	3	16	17	18	20	19	21	23		

To which must be added the conventional signs: 2=yes, 3=no, 4=tired, 5=go outside (in the road), 7=bed.

At first Mme. Moekel had begun by teaching Rolf different objects and writing a number against them. She would show or draw them on a slate and use the word and then give it a number; but this would have limited the expressions very much and it only occurred to her later (September 1912) to use numbers for letters. She explained this idea to the dog, as one would to a child, and he showed he understood it at once and

forthwith the arbitrary alphabet above given came into being and has never been changed by the dog.

The language employed by Rolf is that he hears spoken habitually round him, namely the Mannheim dialect of German. But what is of particular interest is that Rolf, like the horses of Elberfeld—and, like them, without being taught to do so—has adopted the short phonetic way of spelling. He too spells *essen* = to eat, *s-n*. So *Yela* (his companion dog) he spells *i-l-a* (*i. e.*, *i-el-a*); using, in short, the phonetic value of letters as they occur in a word instead of all the letters of orthodox spelling. This shows, as with the horses, who spell *hafer*, *hfr*, and *gehen*, *gn*, a sort of directness and simplicity in these dawning minds, which certainly has its points; for is it not the greater powers of reasoning which introduce complexity?

After the complete construction of the alphabet and conventional numbers and signs had been learnt, instruction proceeded at a great rate and Rolf took his part regularly at lesson-time, showing much aptitude not only for mathematics but for all he was taught. He, however, gets easily tired and, not infrequently, gives evident signs, like the horses, of undue strain and mental fatigue requiring long periods of rest. Such fatigue is shown by sighs, yawnings, inattention, shortness of breath, inaccuracy or carelessness, and once, after a long sitting, even led to slight nose-bleeding.

Dr. Mackenzie in his article expresses the opinion that herein may lie a danger of completely using him up by attempting more than is wise. In fact how often has it not happened that when the receptivity and plastic powers of some young musical prodigy have been pushed too far, the power has rapidly dwindled and been

used up, so that with adolescence no further progress was made?

It is all so novel that it is hopeless for scientists to impose their ideas on their subjects. The only chance of success is by the slow progress of observation so that the animals' own psychology and the laws *they* follow may be brought to light by degrees and so guide investigators to a greater measure of understanding. One is glad to hear of the formation of a Society of Zoopsychology founded by eminent zoologists and scientists who have dedicated, and are dedicating, time and study to the 'Horses of Elberfeld' and 'Rolf of Mannheim,' and are responsible for the publication of much patient and long-continued research-material, giving signed and detailed statements of the results of their investigations. These men—men of position and note—are the pioneers, and naturally there is, as in all dawning scientific discoveries, a mass of opposition and controversy on the part of the orthodox, especially on the part of those who have not personally seen and tried at first hand. There is also, strangely enough, considerable opposition on the part of Catholic professors and priests who probably intuitively feel that the whole structure of certain creeds may be rendered insecure if such new and, in their opinion, dangerous ideas and principles as to animals and their relation to man and to God are introduced and perhaps become, ere long, capable of proof.

To give now just a few samples of Rolf's performances:

Here is a well-documented one done in a semi-public gathering for some charity.

Rolf is asked the following: ($\sqrt[8]{1331} + \sqrt[3]{1000}$) ÷ 3 and replies promptly 7.

Again Dr. Mackenzie quotes from some notes of Dr. Sarasin of Basle written in his own handwriting: "The dog is asked: 8×12 , less 6, divided by 10? and answers 9, before I can mentally finish the calculation"; which shows the characteristic rapidity of mental arithmetic exhibited also by the horses.

But what is chiefly interesting about Rolf is his reasoning power, his dry humour, and his unexpected and original thought, presenting problems in psychological science which have yet to be studied and understood and which, were it not for unimpeachable sources and oft-repeated and independent research and control of men of scientific repute, would be wellnigh incredible.

Here are a few examples taken at random from Dr. Mackenzie's article.¹

Madame Moekel returns from a journey, Rolf and Yela salute her tumultuously. Rolf starts rapping with his paw; the alphabet is fetched, and Madame Moekel spells out:

11 5 13 14 5 13 11
g l i k l i g (*glücklich*=happy).

Rolf's pet name, I may mention, is *Lol* and so he always calls himself. He had been in the kitchen and from a suspicious noise of plates Madame Moekel went to investigate and found he had emptied a plate on the table.

Rolf approaches contrite with his tail between legs, and, without being asked to do so, raps out:

5 2 5 11 9 5 9
L o l g d l d (*Lol gedeld*). The word

¹ For brevity's sake I omit dates and full quotations, the detailed accounts can be read in the Review itself, *Psiche*, No. 5-6, Sept.-Dec. 1913. Ed. by R. Assagioli, 46 Via degli Alfani, Florence, which, by the way, is a number dedicated to all these questions and has a remarkably extensive bibliography of psychological works and essays in the Appendix.

gedeld in the Mannheim dialect used by a child would mean *stolen*.

When asked what he had stolen he spelt:

7 3 2 9
b r o d (*Brot*=bread.)

Madame Moekel's child had gone away and the mother was crying. Rolf leans his cheek on hers and suddenly raps out:

8 18 9 3 — 6 13 17 — 19 10 6 6 —
m u d r (er) n i t w ei n n (en)
5 2 5 — 19
l o l w (we)

(i.e., *Mutter nicht weinen Lol weh*=Mother don't cry, it hurts Lol.)

Rolf had been cropped a day or two before and it was Yela's turn. At first he remains timidly on one side, then approaches when he hears every one remarking on the quantity of little inhabitants emerging from Yela, and forthwith sits down and raps out:

5 2 5 1 13 5 1 5 2 13 5 4
l o l f i l f l o i l a
1 13 5 3
f i l r

(i.e., *Lol viel flöh, Yela vieler*=Lol many fleas, Yela many more.)

The above were just a batch of recent examples sent in a letter to Dr. Mackenzie by Madame Moekel, as one would relate current news, when he was in correspondence with her regarding his imminent personal visit to Mannheim. They certainly give a very fair indication of Rolf's character, and in their childish simplicity attract and interest. Madame Moekel and her husband seek no profit from the dog though remunerative offers for tours have been made.

It is curious to note also how the middle-class mind, especially, revolts at what it cannot understand or at what is unusual; so that the Moekel family have had to endure much in the way of talk, criticism and ridicule from their acquaintances and fellow-citizens on account of the dog and the interest he has attracted.

Both Yela and Daisy (the cat) have begun lessons and made some progress. From the notes of Dr. Wilser of Heidelberg the following performances of the cat may be quoted :

Madame Moekel asks : $17+4\div 7$, less 1 ? Answer 2.

Dr. Wilson asks : $3\times 3-5$? Answer 4.

Madame Moekel asks, taking her by the ear : What's

this ? Answer $\begin{matrix} 2 & 3 \\ o & r \end{matrix}$ (*ohr*=ear.)

The above is only mentioned to show that this training need not be confined to exceptional and extraordinary examples, but is possible—no doubt to a greatly varying extent—with a good proportion of the higher animals, if sympathetic interest, affection, and great patience be devoted to them.

Rolf's humour is apparent in the following: Madame Moekel is speaking with a Mme. E. van S. about the enemies the former has in Mannheim in connection with these things. Mme. Van S. exclaims : "*Rolf, was sind das für Menschen?*" (Rolf, what sort of people are those?) Rolf answers promptly : "*s l*" (*Esel*=donkeys).

After this Rolf is rather lazy and so Mme. Van S. insists saying : "*Rolf, du bist so faul, warum willst du denn nicht mehr arbeiten?*" (Rolf, you are so lazy. Why will you not do any more work?)

Rolf answers : $\frac{Dogdr}{Doctor} \quad \frac{hd}{hat} \quad \frac{frbodr}{verboten}$ (The Doctor has forbidden it!)

Mme. Moekel then asks Rolf to give a problem to the aunt who is present. Rolf raps out the question : "9+5?" Mme. Van S., for fun, says : "9+5 is 13."

Rolf raps sharply three times indicating "No". She then tries "Fourteen". Rolf more energetically : "No!" "Fifteen," says the lady, "No!" says Rolf. "Well then, say it yourself," says Mme. Van S. "Fourteen," answers Rolf. "But I had said that already," replies Mme. Van S. Rolf : "*Negd!*" (which stands for the dialect word *geneckt* meaning "joked" or "made fun"!)

Mme. Moekel then says to the dog : "All right, we understand; now do you give an order to the aunt, beg her to *do* something." Rolf reflects a little and then raps out *w d l n*, that is, *wedeln*=wag your tail !!

Now we come to a few of the experiments in which Dr. Mackenzie personally took part and which, though related in as brief a way as possible, give the reader the best way of judging for himself how the mind of the dog works.

Scene: the Moekel's drawing-room. Present, four members of the family, a Dr. Wilser of Heidelberg and Dr. Mackenzie. The dog is called by one of the girls and trots in festively. He is asked to give his paw and gives the right one. Note that he raps with the left. The alphabet card is fetched and the dog being asked if he will work raps out 2=Yes. Dr. Mackenzie asks him if he will say something of his own accord. Rolf looks at him and then raps out:

19 3 9 8
w (we) r d u (i. e., *Wer du*=Who are you?)

Surely a most appropriate remark, which straightway astonished the questioner. Dr. Mackenzie explains he has come from far to see him, that he is fond of animals and having heard much about him wished to see him himself. Rolf appears satisfied and raps without being asked to do so :

5	13	7	12	9	5	2	5	9	13	3	3
<i>l</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>h</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>l</i>	<i>o</i>	<i>l</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>r</i>

(*Lieb hat Lol dir*=Lol likes you.)

The dog is nervous when he is answering questions and Mme. Moekel had warned Dr. Mackenzie not to touch him. Unwittingly he attempts to stroke his head and Rolf growls. His mistress scolds him and Rolf at once shows he is sorry at the impoliteness and volunteers the remark :

5	2	5	1	10	6
<i>l</i>	<i>o</i>	<i>l</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>ei</i>	<i>n</i>

(i. e., Lol's all right.)

For brevity's sake the numbers will now be omitted and a few more examples selected at random to illustrate other points. Rolf is asked what he is doing, he replies: "Working." Asked why he works if he dislikes it, he answers promptly: "Must." "And what would happen if you chose not to?" Rolf, who is never flogged, and to the comic indignation of the members of the family present, answers: "*Whacks!*"

Asked what he likes best of all, he answers: "To eat smoked salmon," which it appears was given him some time back and which he much enjoyed and never forgot.

On being asked further what else he likes, after some distraction, he answers: "Pictures." This is a notable answer in two ways: firstly, he might reasonably after the first question, have answered naming

some other edible substance; secondly, it will be remembered that pictures, especially brightly coloured ones of simple domestic subjects, were also much in favour with the horses of Elberfeld.

At another sitting Dr. Mackenzie asks the dog: "Well, do you still know me?" On answering in the affirmative, the dog is asked what else he can say about him and promptly raps out:

"*M a g n (en) s i*" = Magensi which is quite a fair phonetic representation of Mackenzie. "What else?" asks Dr. Mackenzie; Rolf answers: "*G (ge) n u a*" = Genua, German for Genoa.

As the dog leaves the room to go and have a drink in the kitchen, Dr. Mackenzie now proposes an experiment that should allow the dog to give an answer that the questioner himself does not know. So some simple drawings are prepared on cards. Mme. Moekel, at the request of Dr. Mackenzie, draws on one card the outline of a bird and on another in clear letters the word 'Karla'; while Dr. Mackenzie designs on two other cards a big star, and a double square of red and blue. All present withdraw behind Mme. Moekel so that she cannot see what is held up. Rolf faces her. From a closed envelope one of the drawings is extracted at random with its blank back to the drawer and is passed forward for the dog to look at, so that it is impossible for anyone else to see what is designed on it. When the dog has seen it, it is similarly replaced in an envelope and that envelope is placed in a separate pocket by Dr. Mackenzie. The dog is then asked what he saw and being urged to reply by Dr. Mackenzie who promises to give him some pictures, answers presently: "*Rod blau eg*" (Rod blau eck = a red and blue square). The separate

envelope containing what no one has seen except the dog is opened and the card drawn out by Dr. Mackenzie proves to be his own drawing of the red and blue square which showed the reply to be perfectly correct. Every one is very pleased and Rolf shows a desire to profit by the moment to remind Dr. Mackenzie of his promise, and spontaneously raps out: "*Bilddr gbn*" (Bilder geben=give me the pictures!), and one feels that he meant to add: "And hurry up about it after your promise!"

Rolf is given some illustrated postcards brought on purpose by Dr. Mackenzie, and on being shown one of himself is asked: "Who is it?" and answers at once: "Lol." He is then shown one of a dachshund and asked what it is answers: "*D (de) g l (el)* (Degel or Deckel, dialect for Dackel, a dachshund). "All right," says Mackenzie, "but are you a Deckel?" Rolf answers: "Hund" (a dog). "Yes, I understand," says Mackenzie, "but look well at the Deckel, he too is a dog, what is the difference?" Rolf replies: "*Andr fuss*" (other feet); and indeed the reply could not have been more precise, for it is the short, crooked, out-turned feet of the Dachs breed that are an especially noticeable feature.

Rolf is shown other pictures of horses, dogs, etc., and describes them perfectly correctly. He shows a distinct predilection for ladies, like the horses of Elberfeld, and again, like them, when asked "why," says it is their hair and bright clothes he admires. When it is pointed out to Rolf that his master also has fine hair in the shape of a flowing beard, and a bright neck-tie, and he is asked what difference he makes between men and women, he answers the single word "*Hosn*" (Trousers); surely a shrewd touch again of canine humour!

It was always noticed with the horses how much less easily than average children they are confused by certain types of puzzling questions; the same proved to be the case with Rolf. He saw through puzzles of a simple nature. To take only one instance out of several: When asked which weighed more, a pound of lead or a pound of feathers, he replied after some thought: "*Gein*" (Kein = neither).

Rolf's mistress talks to Rolf when he is sitting by her as she would to a child. Here is a little anecdote that is noteworthy. Mme. Moekel was congratulating Rolf on his day's performance when he spontaneously rapped out: "*Lol spil Sondag*" (i. e., Lol wants to play on Sunday, not to work). The interest in the remark is how he knew it was Sunday.

On being asked this he replied: "*Von K (ka) l n (en) d r (er)* (Von Kalender=from the Calendar). "From which Calendar?" is asked. Answer: "*Gudr (er) le irn (en)* (Guthörle ihren=that of Miss Guthörle, who had left one on the writing table). Question: "But how can you see on the Calendar that it is Sunday?" Answer: "*Rod Dsal*" (Rot zahl, viz.: Red number)!

Here is another most interesting indication of Rolf's powers of comprehension. Madame Moekel was talking with Dr. Mackenzie, telling him various anecdotes and incidents and Rolf was resting close by. She was telling him how on one of the rare occasions she (being an invalid) had been out on the road with Rolf, she had been approached by a suspicious individual at whose throat Rolf had at once jumped to protect his mistress. Dr. Mackenzie notices at this point that Rolf's tail is executing a spasmodic series of twitches, indicating probably delight at the reminiscence, and determines to find out

if Rolf has really understood the conversation. So he asks him if he has understood what his mistress was saying. "Yes," replies Rolf. "What then?" says Mackenzie. Answer: *Hr(er) bs(es) lol hl(el) fn(en) mudr(er)*, i. e., Herr bös Lol helfen mutter=the man was wicked, Lol helps his mother). This being clear proof that the dog had understood what was said, Dr. Mackenzie wanted to test Rolf's powers of reading. So he sends out a servant to buy the newspaper and manages that no one shall see it but he and the dog. Taking a big headline where the following appeared printed at the top of a column: "*Der Herbst zieht ins Land*," he shows it to Rolf and asks him to say what he sees. Rolf raps out: "*Dr hrbst dsid in Land*." Now this surely is a very important answer; for what the dog has read is not repeated mechanically letter by letter, but is transliterated into the dog's own phonetic spelling showing that a thought phase has taken place.

The next stage in this incident is equally interesting. The dog being tired is allowed to go out to drink some milk. Whilst he is out, Dr. Mackenzie asks Mme. Moekel whether the dog is likely to be able to answer an abstract question—for instance if he were to ask him what is *Der Herbst* (Autumn). Mme. Moekel says she feels sure he can and that he will probably answer "*Jahreszeit*" (i. e., Season). Rolf returns and is put the question. His reply is: "*dseid w(we)n abl(el) g(ge) bd*," (i. e., zeit wenn appel gebt=the time when there are apples!). The words '*appel gebt*' are the dialect form of *Apfel gibt*. Surely this unexpected reply appealing more to the dog's point of view of what the season concretely meant to him—he is very fond of sweet apples—is the most delightful indication of how

far an abstract idea in the developed mind of man is represented in the infant mind of younger species.

Returning to the cardboard designs closed in envelopes, Dr. Mackenzie relates how, on another occasion, with similar and absolute precautions of control so that the dog alone should see the card, he showed Rolf a card with a blue star on it, and the dog after being told he would get a bit of sugar if he answered right replied: "*Blau strn wüst*" (*Blau stern wüst*=Blue star, ugly!) A little bit of snappy sarcasm because of the deferred sugar! Another interesting point to notice is that when the same previous blue and red square drawing come up again for description, he called it a "*blau rod wirfl*", that is a blue red dice and added "*genug*," that he had had "enough" of it and of such experiments.

No one, I think, after the few examples above described, can any longer doubt that the animal is capable of thinking and observing as we think and observe, within his own limitations and powers, and of expressing himself, given the necessary method and training, by conventional signs and symbols as we do, but with his own restrictions, so as to convey an intelligent communication of some simple idea or thought.

People who are fond of animals have often asked themselves how far the favourite dog or horse or cat left behind has thought of and remembered, beyond mere habit and routine, their absent friends or masters. Here is an incident that reveals a good deal when one recollects that, to Rolf, Dr. Mackenzie was a mere visitor of a few days together.

A day or two after these sittings, Mme. Moekel writes to Dr. Mackenzie and tells him that Rolf not seeing Dr. Mackenzie arrive any longer had spontaneously

rapped out on her daughter's hand: "*Lib dogdr komn Lol heim w (we)*" (*Lieb Doctor kommen Lol heim weh* = Dear Doctor, come, Lol is heartsick). A touching indication that he had felt friendly and missed him when he did not come.

Next day in fact he rapped out a regular letter to Dr. Mackenzie which is, though brief, a very complete and compact little document. It ran like this: "*lib dogdr bald gourn nimir gn mir bildr gbn aug en fou dir fil grus dein lol,*" (i. e., *Lieb Doctor, bald kommen, nimmer gehen, mir Bilder geben, auch ein von Dir, viel Grüss, Dein Lol* = Dear Doctor, quickly come back, never go away, to me pictures give, also one of you, many greetings, your Lol). The dog, says Mme. Moekel, had never spelt out so many words at a time before and for him the letter was a long one.

There would be plenty of other examples, incidents, and anecdotes to quote from other sources, and very much to say on the whole subject both as regards the facile criticism of sceptical people as also concerning the psychological problems and aspects of the subject. But discussion is not the scope of the present paper, nor would space consent. I have merely wished, in the case of the thinking horses and of this dog, to call the attention of Theosophists to what is occurring at the present time round us now in the world in these matters, because I think that much of all this is interesting and important specially to members of the Theosophical Society where concrete practical examples are valuable in correcting or proving assertions and theories as to evolution of life and consciousness.

One other aspect seems to me also all-important to Theosophists: and it is that in a Society where the

basic ideas of brotherhood, in the abstract, lead, *inter alia*, to the implied humanitarianism of generally adopting a vegetarian diet, it would be both logical and very advisable if, not lovers of animals merely, but all members indiscriminately, from the leaders to the last joined, on account of their principles, took up more active work, and used in their daily lives every opportunity on behalf of, and to better the lot of, "our little brothers".

It is only the ignorant world, those without theories of life, who are indifferent to God's creatures and ignore them and brush them heedlessly out of the way or cast them unfeelingly out.

But it is the logical duty of the Theosophist to use his head, and especially his heart, to help on the evolution of animals by trying to understand them, trying to get at *their* point of view, trying to win *their* confidence and love and so be rewarded by finding God's world richer and more beautiful. That such efforts are amply repaid no one who has ever had an animal and loved it can gainsay; and in reporting the above rare instances of extraordinary development I have purposely tried to show, by what the horses and the dog have revealed of their intelligent connection and dependence on us their elder brothers, that we cannot and must not continue any longer selfishly to consider our own point of view *only* with regard to them because they all need us more than we need them, and to them we have both a debt and a duty.

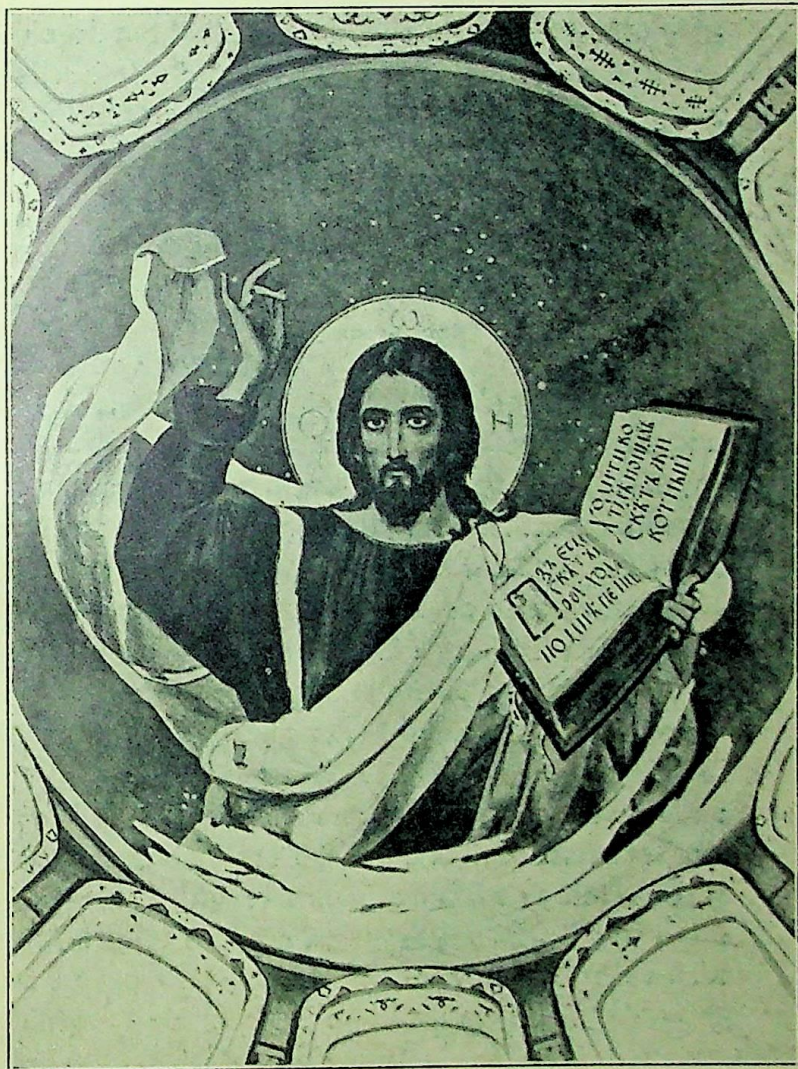
W. H. Kirby

THE CHRIST IN ART

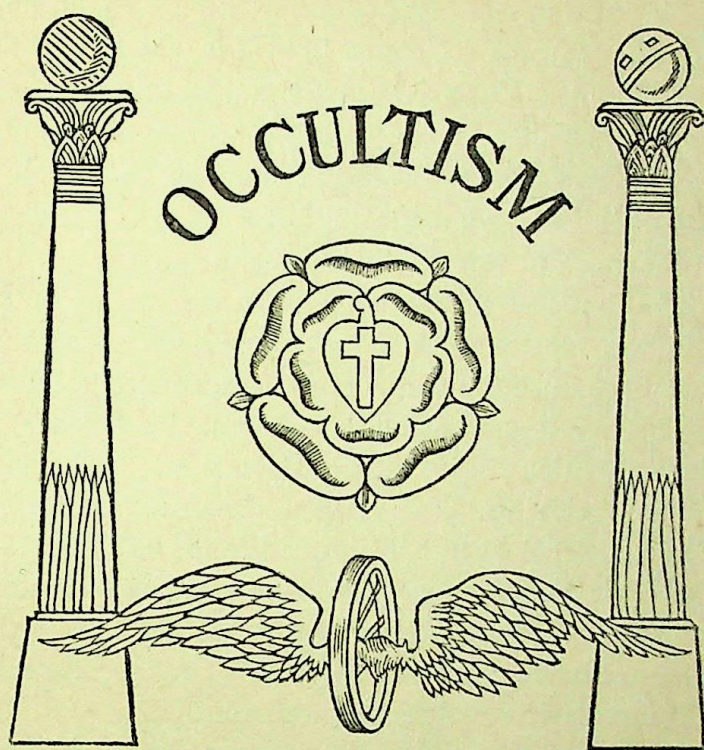
OUR readers will remember the remarkable pictures of the Christ, painted by some of the monks of Mount Athos in Sicilian churches, and the difference between these virile conceptions and the more familiar feminine type current in Europe.

We add to these the reproduction of a striking picture from the Wladimir Cathedral in Kieff, Russia. It may be said to be intermediate between the Sicilian and the ordinary pictures, strong and virile as the Sicilian but less rugged than they are. Students should notice the position of the fingers in the upraised right hand.

A. B.



A PICTURE OF THE CHRIST



THE HIDDEN WORK OF NATURE¹

By C. JINARAJADASA, M.A.

NEVER, in the history of mankind, has there been a time as to-day when it could be so truly said that,

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

It is true that "the man in the street" knows of no such great change; life for him moves as of old in

¹ A Lecture delivered at the Small Queen's Hall, London, October 26th, 1913.

its fixed grooves, and if the world's progress has multiplied for him life's conveniences, it has also multiplied for him life's needs. Change to him is largely a matter of a surplus of comforts over pains, and in this regard the old order has changed but little for him. But the man in the library, the laboratory, the studio, the pulpit, is aware of this great change, and he knows that it began with the work of Darwin and his school.

The importance of the work of modern scientists lies in the fact that they have marshalled for us the events of nature into an orderly pageant of evolution. What mere religion has not been able to do, science has achieved, which is to show Life as one. Theological trinities of Creator, Creation, and Creature, or dualities of God and Man, have not unified life for us in the way science has done; mysticism alone, with its truth of Immanence, has revealed to men something of that unified existence of all that is, that is the logical deduction from modern evolutionary theories.

When we contemplate the pageant of nature, we see her at a work of building and unbuilding. From mineral to bacterium and plant, from microbe to animal and man, nature is busy at a visible work, step by step evolving higher and more complex structures. Though she may seem at first sight to work blindly and mechanically, she has in reality a coherent plan of action; this is to evolve structures stage by stage, so that the amount of time needed by a given creature for its self-protection and sustenance may be less and less with each successive generation. The higher a structure is in its organisation and adaptability, the more time, and hence more energy, there is free for other purposes of life than sustenance and procreation.

Two elements in life arise from the perfection of the structural mechanism that the higher order of creatures reveal. First, they have time for play, for it is in play that such energy manifests as is not required for gaining food and shelter. The second element manifests itself only when human beings appear in evolution, and men begin to show a desire for adaptability. Adaptability to environment exists in the plant and in the animal, but it is in them purely instinctive or mechanical; with man on the other hand there is an attempt at conscious adaptability.

When this desire for adaptability increases, nature reveals a new principle of evolution. To the principle of the survival of the fittest by a struggle for existence, she adds the new one of evolution by inter-dependence. Hence we find human units aggregating themselves into groups, and primitive men organising themselves into families and tribes.

Once more this means a saving of labour and time in the material struggle for existence; some of both is now at nature's disposal to train men to discover new ways of life and action. To the play of the individual there is added a communal life that makes civilisation possible. For civilisation means that some individuals in a community are dissatisfied with what contents all the others, and that therefore they are burning with a zeal for reform; and the spirit of reform sooner or later is inevitable in evolution. The survival of the fittest can only come about by that mysterious arrival of the fittest that no scientist can explain; nature now ushers in "the fittest" in the few that are planning for reform. For reform means that slowly organisms will adapt themselves more and more to the possibilities of

environment, for to each successive change to greater adaptability nature has something new to give.

Thus individual men and women become nature's tools; she works with their hearts and minds and hands to create social and political activities. Religion and science and art appear among men; the struggle for existence is no longer nature's sole means for bringing to realisation her aim; inter-dependence of units, and therewith reform, are the means she uses now.

Then it is that nature proclaims to men that message she has kept for them through the ages. It is the joy of social service. Strange and unreal, as yet, to most men is the thought of such a joy; but evolution has but lately entered on this phase of her work, and ages must yet elapse before social service becomes as instinctive in men as are now self-assertion and selfishness. But that day must inevitably be; the handful of reformers to-day are as the "missing links" of a chain that stretches forward from man to superman. As from the isolation and selfishness of the brute, nature has evolved the inter-dependence of men, so too is self-sacrifice the next logical step in her evolutionary self-revelation.

A more inspiring picture there could hardly be than this of nature at work at her building and unbuilding. Yet there are not a few of dark shadows in the picture. So long as the individual lives only the few brief years of his life, so long as nothing of him remains as an individual after his death, there is a ruthlessness about nature that is appalling. Where is to-day "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome"? Some day there must be an end to nature's work, in this planet at least where we live. There are

dead suns in space and some day our sun will die out and every satellite of his will be a frozen world. Careful of the type, nature truly builds form after form, and will build for many an age yet to come. There is indeed a far-off event "to which the whole creation moves," but it is to that state when living organisms shall lack what they need for their life.

So long as we contemplate nature's *visible* work only, not the greatest altruist but must now and then feel the shadow of a great despair. That which alone makes life and self-sacrifice real and inspiring to great souls, the thought and the feeling that their work will endure for ever, is lacking when we consider nature's work in the light of modern science alone. Yet many an altruist would be content to die, and be nothing thereafter, if he could but feel that nature had some pity for his fate. Well the poet voices this feeling arising from this conception of nature, or of a Deity who is as passionless as nature :

Life is pleasant, and friends may be nigh,
Fain would I speak one word and be spared ;
Yet I could be silent and cheerfully die,
If I were only sure God cared ;
If I had faith and were only certain
That light is behind that terrible curtain.

It is here that Theosophy steps in to continue the work of science and explain the true significance of nature's self-revelations. As modern science points to nature's visible work, so Theosophy points to a Hidden Work of Nature. There is a Hidden Light that reveals to men that nature is but one expression of a Consciousness at work ; that this Consciousness is at work with a Plan of evolution ; and that this Consciousness carries out Its plan through us and through us alone. The moment we realise the significance of this message

of the Hidden Light that men are immortal souls and not perishable bodies, we begin to see that while careful of the type, nature is not less careful of the single life too. For then we see that nature's latest phase, a fullness of life through social service, necessarily involves the recognition of men as souls; for it would be useless for nature to slowly fashion a reformer unless she could utilise his ability and experience for greater reforms in the future. That his specialised abilities shall not be dissipated would surely then be logical in a nature for which we postulate an aim that persists from age to age.

It does not require much profound thought or speculation to deduce from this view of nature's work that men live for ever as souls, and that through reincarnation they become fitter tools in nature's hands to achieve her purpose of evolution. Let but reincarnation be considered a part of nature's plan, and at once the tragedy of nature transforms itself into an inspiring and stately pageant. For then the future is ourselves; it is we that shall make the glorious utopias of dreams; we that painfully toil to-day to fashion bricks for nature's beautiful edifice in far-off days, we, and not others, shall see that edifice in its splendour, and be its very possessors. Though the spirit of action of the best of us is ever a *sic vos sed non vobis*, yet in reality, like bread cast upon the waters, our work shall greet us ages hence, and we shall then be glad that we have toiled so well now.

So comes to us the message of the Hidden Light that nature is consciously going from good to better, from better to best, and that she works out her splendid purpose through us, who may become either her ministers or her slaves.

The spirit of reform then being a part of the evolutionary process, the next point to note is that in all effective reform there are two elements: first, the reform is brought about by individuals working as a group, and second, the group has a leader. It is fairly easy to understand the grouping of individuals co-operating for a common aim as a part of nature's evolutionary plan; their united action but expresses the social instinct. But it is perhaps less easy to see that nature selects the leader and sends him to a particular group to crystallise dreams and plans into organisation and action. Yet this is the message of the Hidden Light—that a leader does not appear by a mere concatenation of chance circumstances, but only because he is selected for a particular work and is sent to do it. For a leader does not come in evolution as a "sport," a passing variant produced nobody knows how; he is fashioned by a slow laborious process lasting thousands of years. Life after life, in a process of rebirth, the would-be leader must earn his future position by dedication to works of reform; by little actions for reform as a savage, by larger actions as a civilised man, he trains himself for the rôle that nature has written for him.

If we look at reformers in the light of reincarnation, we shall see that their present ability to lead is simply the result of work done in past lives. Since biologists are agreed that acquired characters are not transmissible, we must look for that rare inborn capacity to lead, not in the heredity of the organism, but in a spiritual heredity that is in the life and consciousness of the individual. This is exactly what reincarnation says; the individual acquired his ability to lead to-day by endeavours to lead in many a past life, and by succeeding so to do.

Furthermore the Hidden Light reveals to us that each present movement for reform was rehearsed in many a primitive setting long ago, with the present leaders and their co-adjutors as actors. We need but look at the reform movements for the amelioration of the lot of the working classes in Europe to see how the leaders to-day in the various countries were tribunes of the plebs in Rome or demagogoi in Athens or leaders of the masses in Carthage. Nay, furthermore, it is not difficult to note how some of the politicians and statesmen of Greece and Rome and elsewhere, that worked to abolish abuses and to free the oppressed, have changed sex in their present incarnations, and are with us to-day as leaders of the various suffragist and feminist movements of the world. Where else, but in past lives, did these women learn the tactical strategy and master of leadership that they evince in their campaigns for reform? Why should certain men and women, and not all, labour and toil for their fellow-men, renouncing all and coveting martyrdom, unless those same men and women had learnt by past experiences the glory of action for reform? For the born leaders in every reform are geniuses in their way; they go unerringly to an aim with the conviction of success; where did they develop this faith in themselves? They are in reality the "missing links" from men to-day to the supermen of the future, and it is nature herself with her Hidden Work that has so fashioned them life after life.

So nature plans and achieves, and the stately pageant moves on. But her purpose is not achieved slowly and leisurely, adding change to change; she does not bring about a new order of things by an accumulation of small changes. Nature goes by leaps, "per saltum";

and as in the biological world crises appear and nature makes a leap and ushers in new species, so too is it in the world of human affairs. Though there is a slow steady upward movement for progress through reform, yet now and then there is a crisis in the affairs of men; then things happen, and after the crisis is over there is, as it were, a new species in human activity. Reform takes a new trend and a whole host of new reforms are ushered in to make life fuller and nobler.

One such crisis in human affairs came in Palestine, with the coming of Christ. For though men knew not that it was a crisis, though Greece and Rome dreamed and planned of philosophy and dominion without end, a dawn had begun of a new era, and an age was ushered in, in the hey-day of which Greece and Rome should be a mere name. Christ ministered in Palestine, spoke to peasant and priest, and gave His sermons "on the Mount"; and men knew not then that with His message He gave birth to new species of idealism in action. But after two thousand years have elapsed, we of another generation can see that when Christ lived in Palestine, and the Roman Empire was but just then beginning its day of glory, that then indeed was the beginning of the end of a world of thought and action—of that "glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome"—and that Christ gave His message not so much to the men of His day as to those that were to come.

So too was it in India, six centuries before Christ; another "dreamer" appeared, Siddhārtha, Prince of the Sākya Clan; men listened to Him and loved Him and followed Him, but they little dreamed that He was in reality building an Empire of Righteousness, which

even after twenty-five centuries should embrace within it five hundred millions of souls. To the critics of His time, He was but another "Teacher," one of hundreds then living in India pointing out "the Way"; it is only after the lapse of centuries that later generations know that He was a Teacher of Teachers, a Flower on our human tree the like of which had never been.

Ever so often then, there is a climax in human affairs, and always such a climax is preceded by an age when men "dream dreams". In Palestine prophet after prophet dreamed of "the great and dreadful day of the Lord" before Christ came, and proclaimed its coming and worked for it; in India many a sage and philosopher with his solutions prepared the way for the message of the Buddha. And in every such climax, small or great, the resolution comes through the intermediary of a Personality. For nature weaves the tangled knot of human fate, "nowise moved except unto the working out of doom"; but she plans too the Solver of the knot, and for every crisis which is of her planning, she has prepared the Man who holds the solution in his heart and brain.

In this our twentieth century, men dream dreams as never heretofore. East and west, north and south, the machinery of human life grates on the ear, and there is not a single man or woman of true imagination who can say, "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world!"

"De profundis clamavi" better describes the wail of every nation. Millions are spent on armies and navies, while the poor are clamouring for bread; and statesmen themselves are wringing their hands that they cannot give a nation's wealth back to the nation in hospitals

and schools and fair gardens and clean habitations. For there are wars and rumours of wars. The spirit of charity grows year by year, but it seems as though charity but added patches to a rotting garment, and the more the patches that are put on the more the rents that appear. Strife between capital and labour, race-hatred between white and brown and yellow and black, a deadlock between science and religion, and more than all else the increasing luxury of the few and the increasing misery of the many, these are but a few of the problems facing philanthropists to-day. But every reformer realises, in whatever department he works, that for lasting reform a complete reconstruction is needed of the whole social structure, if poverty and disease and ignorance and misery shall be as a nightmare that has been but shall never be again. All are eager for reform; thousands are willing to co-operate. But none knows where to begin, in the true reconstruction. Each is indeed terrified lest in trying to pull one brick out of the present social edifice, to replace it by a better, he may not pull the whole structure down, and so cause misery instead of joy.

This is the crisis present before our eyes, confronting not one nation but all. "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord," is true to-day as never before.

Everywhere, in every department where men work for reform, men are looking for a Leader. Where is He that nature has selected, in whose mind is the Plan, in whose heart is the Spirit, and in whose hand is the Power? Let Him but appear, let Him but say: "This is how you shall work," and thousands will flock to Him in joy. And it is the message of the Hidden Light

that He is ready, for from the hearts of men a cry has gone forth, and from the bosom of God a Son shall come. The world is in the birth-throes once again for the coming of a Son of Man, and the young men that see visions to-day shall in their prime find Him in their midst, the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Prince of Peace.

Never an age, when God has need of him,
 Shall want its man, predestined by that need,
 To pour his life in fiery word and deed,
 The great Archangel of the Elohim.

When He that the world waits for, and whom nature has planned to come "unto this hour," shall appear, what will be His work? What but to carry on nature's work one step further? The day is past when men can go forward with competition as their cry of progress; nothing lasting can now come for men unless it is brought about by inter-dependence and co-operation. The best of men to-day see the inevitable coming of this new age when men shall be sons of God in deed and not merely in name; but their cry for altruism and co-operation is as a voice hurled against a tempest. They can but gather round them here an enthusiast and there a disciple; but they accomplish little, for they lack the character that compels a world to listen. Till comes that Personality who is not of one nation but of all, whose message is not for this century alone but for all others to come, till then the dawn of the new day will drag its slow length along. But when He comes, then indeed what He says and what He does will be the proof to us that it is He, and not another, that nature has planned to be the Shadow of God upon earth to men, the Saviour that is born unto them this day.

Then once more shall the Hidden Light be revealed to men, that Light "that shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not". Then science shall be our religion, and religion our art; then shall we cease to be nature's slaves and enter upon our heritage and become her councillors and guides. Then shall we know, not merely believe, that behind the seeming pitiless plan of nature there is a most pitiful Mind, careful of the type and careful of the single life too. Nevermore shall our eyes be blinded by passionate tears as we look at the misery of men and feel the utter hopelessness of its effective diminution; for we shall know that nature but veils an Eye that sees, a Heart that feels, and a Mind that plans, for One shall be with us to be a *Martyros*, a Witness, of that Light that shineth in darkness, even when the darkness comprehends it not.

He will call on the many to co-operate in all good works in His Name and for the love of mankind; He will teach them the next lesson that nature has planned for them, the joy of neighbourly service. But to a few He will give the call to follow Him through the ages. For He comes but to usher in a new age; that age must be tended and fostered decade after decade, century by century, till the seed becomes the tree and the tree bears flowers, and by the perfecting of man comes the fulfilment of God. As He is nature's husbandman, so will He need helpers in those fields whence alone comes the Daily Bread for men.

The many will love Him for the peace and the joy He brings; but a few will answer the call to follow Him life after life, toiling, toiling, in a work seemingly without end. But to these few alone will it be given

to know the inwardness of the message of the Hidden Light, that nature keeps her diadems not for those that reap happiness in her pleasant fields and gardens, but for those that co-operate with her in her Hidden Work, and try "to lift a little of the heavy karma of the world". For this is nature's Hidden Work, to weave a vesture out of the karmas of men that shall reflect the pattern given her from on high; and the weaving halts, unperfected, till through the actions of all men there shall shine one great Action. When the perfect vesture is woven for Him who desires it, and the karmas of all men act in unison, then, and not before, will come "that day" when Nature can say to men, as now to her God, "I am in my Father, and ye in me and I in you". Unto that hour she toils at her Hidden Work, and it is the Hidden Light that reveals to men her process of evolution as she shapes from out the dust immortal Sons of God.

C. Jinarajadasa

ON THE LIVES OF MIZAR

By C. R. SRINIVASAYANGAR, B. A.

I HAVE much pleasure in placing before my readers the following information from independent sources, as it goes to corroborate many incidents in the first and second lives of Mizar (*The Theosophist*. Vol. xxxii, No. 6, pp. 954-961).

From V. A. Smith's *The Early History of India* pp. 400 to 423:

1. We hear of a mission sent by King Pandyan to Augustus Cæsar in 20 B.C. (*Strabo*. Bk. xv, ch. 4, 73; Merivale, *History of the Romans under the Empire*, iv. 118, 175). Both the author of *Periplus of the Erythrean Sea* (circ. A.D. 100) and Ptolemy the Geographer (circ. A.D. 140), were well informed concerning the names and positions of the marts and ports of the Pandya country. Caracalla's massacre at Alexandria in A.D. 215 put an end to the direct Roman trade between Southern India and Egypt (*Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, October 1907. p. 954).

2. The Tamil States maintained powerful navies, and were visited freely by ships from both East and West, which brought merchants of various races eager to buy the pearls, pepper and beryls and other choice commodities of India and to pay for them with gold, silver and art-ware of Europe. There is good reason to believe that considerable colonies of Roman subjects were settled in Southern India engaged in trade, during the first two centuries of our era. It is even stated and no doubt truly, that a temple dedicated to Augustus

existed at Muziris (Cranganore). Another foreign (Yāvana) colony was settled at Kaveripatnam or Pukār, a busy port situated on the eastern coast at the mouth of the northern branch of the Kaveri river. Both town and harbour disappeared long since, and now lie buried under vast mounds of sand [*The Tamils 1800 Years Ago*, pp. 16, 25, 31, 36, 38. The 'Pelltingerian Tables,' a collection of ancient maps believed to date from A.D. 226, are the authority for the temple of Augustus at Muziris, which is indicated on the map by a rough sketch of a building marked "templ augusti i" inserted beside 'Muziris'. The identification of Muziris with Cranganore is well established, Kaveripatnam=Pukār=Kāk-anthi (Kākandī of Bharhut inscription No. 101. *Ind. Ant.* xxi, 235);=Kamara (*Periplus* ch. 60. *Ind. Ant.* viii, 149);=Khābēries (Ptolemy, Bk. vii, ch. i, 13, *Ind. Ant.* vii, 40; xiii, 332)].

3. Ancient Tamil literature and the Greek and Roman authors prove that in the first two centuries of the Christian era the ports on the Coromandel or Chola coast enjoyed the benefits of active commerce with both West and East. The Chola fleets did not confine themselves to coasting voyages, but boldly crossed the Bay of Bengal to the mouths of the Ganges and the Irrawady, and the Indian Ocean to the Islands of the Malay Archipelago. All kinds of goods imported into Kerala or Malabar from Egypt found a ready market in the Chola territory; while, on the other hand, the western ports drew a large part of their supplies of merchandise from the bazaars of the eastern coast, which produced great quantities of cotton goods. The principal Chola port was Kāvīripaddīnam, situated at the northern mouth of the Kaveri (Cauvery) river. This

once wealthy city, in which the king maintained a magnificent palace, and foreign merchants found residence agreeable and profitable, has vanished, and its site lies buried under deep sand-drifts.

4. The early Tamil Literature mentions a Pandya king named Neduncheliyan, supposed to be contemporary with Karikala Chola and Athen I of Chera, The *Kural*, the celebrated poem of Tiruvalluvar, is said to have been published at the Court of Ugra-peru-valuthi a successor of Neduncheliyan. According to tradition, Madura in those days was the seat of a school or college of poets. [Mr. Gover dated Tiruvalluvar in the third century A. D. (*Folk Songs of Southern India*, p. 217)].

5. Karikala Chola was nearly contemporary with Gajabahu, King of Ceylon, which places him within the limits of the second century A. D. He was, according to the poets, succeeded by a grandson named Ched-Chenni Nalan-Killi, who was succeeded in his turn by Killi-vallavan. Chen-kudduva or Imaya-varman, a cousin of Ched-Chenni, is said to have been contemporary, at fifty years of age, with Gajabahu, King of Ceylon, to whom the traditional chronology assigns a period from A. D. 113 to 125. But the true date must be considerably later.

6. Kulottunga, otherwise called Rajendra Chola, ruled from A. D. 1070 to 1118. The celebrated philosopher, Ramanuja, received his education at Kāñchī and resided at Shrīraṅgam near Trichinopoly during the reign of Kulottunga; but, owing to the hostility of the King, who professed the Shaiva faith, he was obliged to retire into the Mysore territory until Kullottunga's death freed him from anxiety. The holy man returned to Shrīraṅgam, where he remained until his decease. Vikrama Chola succeeded his father in A. D. 1118.

7. In or about the year A.D. 1175, the Pandya country was invaded by a powerful force under the command of two generals in the service of Parakramabahu, the ambitious King of Ceylon. Two detailed accounts of this event, written from different points of view, are extant. The story, as told in the island chronicle, *Mahavamsa*, naturally represents the victorious career of the invaders as unbroken by defeat; but the rival account, preserved in a long inscription at Arpakkam near Kāñchī, which is the more trustworthy record, proves that the invading army, having gained considerable successes at first, ultimately was obliged to retire in consequence of the vigorous resistance of a coalition of the southern princes. The occasion of the Sinhalese intervention was a disputed succession to the Pandya throne of Madura.

From Ancient Tamil Writers

1. *Silappadhikaram* and *Manimekhalai*, two of the five great Tamil kavyas deal with the same period of South Indian History. The first was composed by Ilangovadikal, the brother of Chenkuttuvan the King of Chera, who succeeded his father Athen (named in the original *Cheral-athan*). He was contemporary with the events he describes. The second is the production of *Koola-Vānigan-Sāththanar*, and is a sequel to the first; it narrates the adventures of the daughter of Kovalan, the hero of the first poem. The two poets wrote their works in each other's presence.

2. From them we learn that Nedunchelian ruled at Madura, Ilan-chelian at Korkai, the ancient capital of the Pandya kingdom, Karikala Chola at Kaveripatnam, the ancient capital of the Chola kingdom, Peru-nar-killi chola at Uraiyoor, Senkuttuvan, at Vanji, the Chera

capital, and Gajabahu in Ceylon (then known as Rathna-dweepa).

3. Kaveripatnam was, in its palmy days, the Queen of the South; it was to India what Athens was to Greece in the Periclean Age. In its harbour, Ponni-thurai, might be seen the representatives of the world's commerce. The richest and most exquisite treasures of architecture, sculpture and painting adorned it; it was the home of poets, philosophers, sages, scientists, and warriors. It was divided into parts—Maruvoorppakam inhabited by the middle class, the artisans and the Pattinappakam by merchant-princes, noblemen, and the Upper Ten with their magnificent palaces. It had, at all times, a fixed population of about sixty thousand. It is sanctified in the eyes of the Āryans of the South as the home of Iyarppakaynayanar and Pattinattar, two of the great sages of the Tamil country. Its ancient name is Champavathi. There were five remarkable spots in it:

i. *Vellidaimanram*. Any thieves or robbers that happened to enter the city were seized with a strange fit of madness and continued to walk round and round the town until they were caught and punished.

ii. *Ilanjimanram*. There was a pool in it where the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the lame, the crooked, and the leper came to bathe and went back clean and hale.

iii. *Nedunkalmanram*. A pillar which had power to relieve those that walked round it from the evil effects of snake-bites, poisoning drugs, and obsession by evil spirits.

iv. *Bhoothachathukkam*. The traitor to his country, the sanctimonious hypocrite, the unchaste wife, and the adulterer, were brought to swear their innocence; and a Bhootha that made that spot his abode, struck them dead if they perjured themselves.

v. *Pāvaimanram*. A statue was there which shed pitiful tears whenever the King or his officers of justice did not administer it right.

4. Mahāmahōpādhyāya Swaminadhier, of the Presidency College, Madras, the greatest Tamil scholar of our times, fixes the date of the Sillappadhikaram as A. D. 132, from the date assigned to Gajabahu in *Mahavamsa*. But he adds that there was another king of the same name who reigned about 628 B. C. and that researches into the dynastic accounts of other kings of the age, incline him to assign the latter date.

Now, I would like to draw the attention of Mr. Leadbeater to the following points and request him to throw further light thereon.

1. "Mizar was born in the year A. D. 222" (p. 944. Vol. xxii, *The Theosophist*). "He died in 293" (*Ibid.*, 959). Are there any reasons for preferring the earlier date of 628 B. C.?

2. "Mizar was born in the Chola country, whose King was Chenkuddeva." (*Ibid.* 956). Vincent Smith opines that the king was a cousin of Ched-chenni-nalam-killi, the grandson and successor, of Karikāla Chola. He was a contemporary of Gajabahu of Ceylon, to whom is assigned the date A. D. 132 or 628 B. C. by the Tamil poets.

They make him ruler of the Chera kingdom after Athen I and as the son-in-law of Karikala Chola, who reigned at Kaveripatnam. Was he the king of the Chera country or the Chola?

3. According to *Silappadhikaram*, Nedunchelian, King of Madura was succeeded by Ilan-cheliyan, the ruler of Korkai. Senkuttuvan was the contemporary of both. V. A. Smith says that Tiruvalluvar was made a member of the Tamil Sangam in the reign of

Ugra-peru-valuthi, a successor of Neduncheliyan. If Mizar was a subject of Chenkuttuvan, if he was present when Tiruvalluvar received great honours, may we conclude that Ugra-peru-valuthi and Ilam-cheliyan were the same?

4. "Sri Ramanujacharya found it politic 'to retire' to Shrīraṅgam". V. A. Smith says that he retired from Shrīraṅgam to Mysore. The traditions of the Vaiṣṇavites of the South incline "to the latter opinion". I have discussed the question as thoroughly as I could in my *Life of Sri Ramanuja Charya* and have come to the same conclusion. It was during the reign of King Bitti Deva of the Hoysala dynasty, who had their Capital at Dwarasamudra. (1117 A. D.). During his reign, the Jains enjoyed high favour under his minister Gangaraja, but he came under the influence of Sri Ramanuja and was converted to Vaishnavism. He changed his name to Viṣṇu-var dhana and the magnificent buildings at Halebid and Beloor testify to his zeal and devotion to his new faith. Sri Ramanuja came over to Shrīraṅgam from Kāñchi taking holy orders, and at the express commands of his predecessor, Sri Yāmuna (or Ālavandār). Which is correct?

5. Vijayabahu, King of Ceylon, undertook a great expedition against the Tamil invaders of his country, and had finally driven them back to the mainland (Ibid., 961). V. A. Smith says that it was the two generals of Parakramabahu that invaded the Pandya Kingdom, and that they were ultimately defeated and driven back and quotes the Arpakkam inscription to support him. Was it Vijayabahu or Parakrama that ruled in Ceylon at that time? Did he invade India or was he invaded by the Tamils of the mainland?

C. R. Srinivasayangar

THE THREAD

By FRITZ KUNZ

THERE was a great stir in the kingdom of the world. Men spoke to one another in the market-places of the new Wonder Worker come to the capital city; the women watched from the house-tops in the vain hope of catching a glimpse of him; the children wove his name into the games they played; all the world spoke of his magic. Even the King of the world turned aside from his dream of empires, hearing about him the speech of courtiers. He gave command that there should be brought before him this worker of wonders, a traveller from many far-off lands, to show his magic to the King in the great hall of audience.

And now it was come to the day of that audience. The country and the city folk lined the roads and the lanes, hither and thither surging, in the hope that they might see him. The garments of these people were those they wear on gala days, pale-blue, and white, and the shimmering green that glints the Meru hills at sunrise. Here and there wandered groups of school-children in white and violet, flinging joyously into the air dew-spangled lilies, and singing now this strain, now that, in the happy in consequence of holiday.

Now the wonder-working traveller had never yet been seen in the kingdom of the world, though ages before

(the wise Books said) such another had come from the same far-off countries this same way, alone, afoot and without train. But none knew now, and the King's wise men could only tell the tales. *They* said that they too could do magic and wonders, under a power left by the other Visitor ; but yet they never had made the rain come to save the crops, nor stopped the plague. And also some others had lately come into the kingdom of the world who said that they too had *heard* of this traveller, and among these were two who said they had *seen* him. These also said that the King's wise men could make magic. But the King's wise men feared this as flattery, and kept silent, except to say they knew not, for the ways of God are dark, and as broken waters. And being in the King's house, their words were strong ; and the others, those who had lately come, spoke only plain words which none heeded save the few.

Therefore men wrangled much as to the nature of this traveller. Some said that the wise Books talked of a weak and womanish man, who smiled never, nor ever showed power. Some said that the magic was but trickery, and that only the foolish believed. Others said that it was all an old woman's tale. Those who had lately come into the kingdom of the world said little of his appearance, but it was thought that they had really seen him.

But now at last the world was to see. And so the throngs waited in the streets, and in the great hall of audience sat the King and his courtiers doing justice until this traveller might arrive. Then all-suddenly came running into the hall a page from the Keeper of the Gate, to say that one had come who said that he was the traveller whom they expected. He had arrived

before the gate quietly and without train, and awaited the pleasure of the King of the world.

So the King signed with his hand, and the page fled to the door to bring in the worker of wonders.

The hall of audience was splendidly hung in arms and tapestries, and soft lights hung from marble pillars about the arched domes. The tessellated floors reflected faintly the lights; the low voices of the waiting multitude caused a steady undulation in the soft glow that filled the room. The dreaminess of all the surroundings poured over the watcher like a stream.

Then suddenly all was changed as into the hall stepped the traveller. The straight and sinewy figure glided and yet strode over the polished floor, and, about him, the purest light played and grew—grew, truly, until the very light of day had banished the false lights above. Nor was this all: before his serenity and in sympathy with his silence the hall grew quiet, and in the perfume of his presence the air grew fresh.

It was as if the light and beauty of the day had come into the hall—the Light of the world.

The cadence of the voice that sprung from his lips made all forget that he spoke without the royal sign of permission from the throne.

“Sir,” he said, “you have asked that I come, that I do before you the magic which men love, that I show you the wonders which, in my travels, I have gathered. Ask and it shall be shown unto you!”

Now the King loved jewels above all else. Himself the possessor of a great store, he drew into favour as well those of his nobles who could display great stones of price. And so the courtiers knew that he would ask to see such treasure. But, craftily, first he tried the

powers of the worker of wonders in other things, lest he, knowing the King's great desire, might have brought false stones. Therefore he asked first for some sign of power.

The traveller bowed low before the throne, and as his blue robe swept the floor, there leaped up from the cold flags of marble a golden flame that marked a magic symbol that only the wise men know. The flame leaped upward—and was gone. Then followed magic feats that made the kingdom of the world wonder; of which they still speak, though I may tell you of but a few.

In one of these, from his garment the traveller drew a red lacquer box, small, but wondrously carved. He pressed the spring and laid the box upon the floor. Immediately about it sprang a little grove; the box disappeared and on the spot where it had been stood an elephant not so high as one's hand, but perfect in form and with a howdah of ivory. Out of the jungle trotted a little man, the mahout, crying in a wee small voice to the elephant. The animal sank to the ground, the mahout was lifted into his place, and together they saluted the King. As they stood thus, the traveller drew about the scene a circle, which moved inward, rolling up the forest as it were, then swallowed them up in the red lacquer box, which seemed to come out of the floor.

"Buy that," the King commanded his minister; and straightway a light smile fled across the face of the traveller; but he gave over the box.

From another fold of his garment he drew forth a ring of crystal, in size like to a man's forearm. This he put upon the floor, spinning it lightly with his hand. Straightway the ring was lost to view and in its

place revolved an iris-coloured sphere, which pulsed and shimmered with all the colours of the finest mother-of-pearl, and strange to say, hummed and sang as it spun.

"There, O King of all the world, is the speaking heart. Ask whatsoever you would know, and it shall be answered. But once only," said the traveller.

And in the heart of the King was again his desire for jewels, so he said: "Shall I not receive and possess great gems, the envy of the world?"

The traveller smiled again, and his smile was as the waters under summer air. But the voice from the singing heart dropped to the merest whisper, as if communing with another, and then its bell-like tones rang out in answer to the King:

"TO-DAY—BUT NOT TO-MORROW"

and straightway the crystal ring came back out of the rainbow-coloured mist, and rocked itself to rest upon the floor.

"That, too, must we have," said the King.

But now his great desire could no longer be repressed, and he interrogated the stranger, asking him what stones of price he had found in foreign lands. As if anticipating this, the worker of wonders drew forth from his garment a most marvellous case of seven sides, but with no fastening on it, nor opening. And yet he lifted from it, almost it seemed that he drew *through* it, the greatest marvel yet seen in the kingdom of the world.

It was a living necklace, strung upon a simple thread, brilliant beyond the power of words to describe, from which veritably poured a torrent of light. Cascades of colour poured through the audience hall. The King

and the nobles, must, at first, shade their wonder-struck eyes before the power of the gems. For gems they seemed to be, when, presently, the King's gaze perceived each member of the chain.

Then the traveller showed the King each jewel on the string, speaking words which fell in part upon deaf ears, and of which all were understood only by those who had lately come into the kingdom of the world, and happened also to be present.

"This," he said, "is the great lapis lazuli of perfect health. It completes the chain at the bottom. Men have said that in its place we might better have a transparent stone, or, at least, a pearl. But in this they show not wisdom, for without this gem, perfect in its strength, all the others would fall from the thread into the mire." And here the King saw, but only to forget again through the desire which was upon him, that although the traveller spoke of that upon which these gems were strung as a thread, yet it seemed to have a strange silver and rose brilliance; though near the bottom it was indeed, to his eyes, like a simple thread.

"Here," continued the traveller, "is the fire opal. See how it dartles now red, now blue, now violet from the stones above! It reflects and mimics all. Next above it is a flawless oval ruby. At the bottom its perfect blood-red seems the very essence of pure passion, and at the top this palest rose seems like unto the pure affection of which tales are told. Over it hangs this emerald. Have you ever seen such, Sir? None save myself has ever seen in its perfection this gem of gems. Men have said, and here they say wisely, that its perfect sea-green stimulates in them the most profound knowledge, and these pale shades of electric purity are

like in value unto the Egyptian sunset, and bring forth a sympathy transcendent. Above this hangs a sapphire beyond compare, except that it is like the highest vault of heaven. And next above hangs this stone." Here the traveller pointed to a gem that has no name in the kingdom of the world. The King and all men marvelled. But one of those who had lately come to the kingdom was heard to murmur of the Wisdom of the Blessed One, and another chanted that His Wisdom shone like unto silver islands in a sapphire sea. Hearing this, the traveller turned upon the speaker with a radiant smile that can never be forgotten, and he continued, speaking for all, but with a new meaning to those who seemed to have heard of this One called Blessed:

"Aye, this stone shines with the radiance of perfect wisdom. It is the far famed jewel of Compassion which my Brother gave to me. And above that is this diamond without a spot. See how clear it is! How its rays pour down through the chain and illuminate and intensify it! The diamond is hard, but nothing can be substituted for it. He who makes this his own will have with him ever that which cuts more surely than steel; a centre upon which all things may revolve. He shall have *the will to do*."

The voice of the traveller dropped away into nothing. He had been almost forgotten, so complete was his sympathy and identification with the stones before him. The King's desire to possess the necklace grew apace, and he said again.

"Those, too, must I have. Every one must be mine. Give him whatsoever he asks for them."

Once more the same faint smile fled across the face, of the worker of wonders. "O King!" he said, "the

speaking heart has said that you will have great jewels to-day but not to-morrow. Shall they be these jewels?" The King signified his assent.

"They are yours," said the traveller, "But behold!" He knelt upon the marble and stripped the great stones from off the simple thread which held them, and which the King had forgotten. And lo! The splendid jewels, as each slipped from that thread, became dimmed and dull. The lapis lazuli and the fire opal were as lumps of clay; the great ruby seemed spirited away, for there lay a common brown stone; in the emerald appeared cracks; the sapphire seemed to shrink and wither; the jewel of Compassion rolled into a crevice in the flags and was for ages lost; even the great diamond filmed over, and the brilliance of it fled, leaving only a cold hard stone.

Before the amazed gathering the traveller stood erect in all the majesty of his height. The clear tones of his voice struck with fearless candour through the hall of audience as he addressed the throne.

"You are King of all the world," he said, "and you have bought, with the dust of principalities, the baubles of magic, and those dull gems. But you did not (for you cannot) buy this simple thread. Yet it is because they were strung upon this that those stones wellnigh blinded you with their light. See them now as they lie there dull and broken! Whatsoever man desires that does he receive. But this you have not desired. For this is the simple silver cord without which the jewels are as you see them now. For *this* men call Love, though the Masters of men know it by another name."

His silver voice vanished for the last time. Into the fold of his garment he placed the thread. He

saluted the King, walked to the end of the hall and out into the day.

Straightway the same dullness fell upon the company before the King, and the heavy air and feeble lights returned. At the far end of the passage some saw that dusk had fallen, and that over the distant hills where leads an ancient little road out of the kingdom of the world, a majestic figure showed small against the rosy sunset sky, and vanished beyond into descending night. But those who had lately come into the kingdom saw an evening star blaze forth as if to promise to the kingdom of the world such another day.

II. THE SEARCH

The King of the world stood in his own chamber above the Court of the Fountain and gazed musingly over the palace into the pale green of the sunset sky. There for a moment had hung the evening star, over the ancient narrow road that leads out of the kingdom of the world; and there too had rested momentarily the figure of the great Magician to whom he had given audience but a brief time before. Saddened and overwrought had the King left the hall of audience, bearing in his clenched hand six dull jewels, bought from the looked-for traveller. By some trick, of which none knew the real nature, these stones were brilliant with the light of life when strung upon the thread which held them suspended from the hand of the worker of wonders; but now they were cold and dark, and the seventh was lost. And the King, chagrined at this change, his great desire rebuffed, was thoughtful and downcast.

As he mused, his sober thought was slowly disturbed by voices in the court below him. When his attention was thus drawn he heard the serene tones of two who had lately come into the kingdom of the world speaking of the great visitor, who had just left them, in words which clearly showed that this had not been their first sight of him. For they were recalling, as they paced slowly about the great fountain, how they had come together, though by different roads, to the very home of the worker of wonders there in the Hills of Meru; how they had met before the gateway of the Great Hall of Light in that place, and entered into it together. The man spoke so vividly in his rich deep voice of the glory of that hall, its colours, its lights and its never-ceasing fountain that even the words (which came back to the King later) seemed to give a certain measure of peace and calm even after the two had gone from the Court of the Fountain—even so that in the heart of the King grew a mighty resolve that he also should forsake for a time the kingdom of the world to seek that hall of splendour and learn, perhaps, the secret of the thread. So it was that with a heart that sang he turned himself to the task of state fixed for the evening, knowing well that the morrow would bring him on his way.

The ancient narrow road which led and still leads out of the kingdom of the world is approached by several wide avenues, one springing from the very gate of the Palace of the King. He had long known of its existence, and so it was with little difficulty that he found it even before dawn the next morning. For he had arisen early and taken the road alone, bearing in his hand a staff, wearing his simplest garments, and

taking in addition only a sword and a case containing his six jewels. For it was his purpose to find the Hall of Light that same day, so great was his resolve.

Now he stood on the edge of his kingdom, having followed the road to the ridge of the hills. And he turned eastward his gaze to see once more his home. Beyond the spires and domes the first flush of the dawn lay low in the sky, and a single star hung in the silver blue above. The sun had not yet risen when he turned from the scene and strode resolutely along his appointed and chosen pathway, following the ancient road ever followed by those who leave the kingdom of the world.

It is not an easy way, this road, as he soon found. It is narrow and rough, and one who has never taken it before can see only a little way along it. Yet despite the difficulties and the loneliness of it the royal traveller found delight in the added freedom which had come to him when first he set foot upon it, and a keener zest in the clean air and better vision that were his.

But a turn in the pathway brought him suddenly upon an obstacle before which he paused. A great boulder lay across his way and prevented his further advance. For a moment his resolution forsook him, and he wondered what might be the obstacles further on if such were met thus early. Then with a rush his determination came back to him, and with his staff he began the work of clearing the road. Slowly he moved the rock, until his staff broke in his hands. Then still more laboriously did he attack his task, now with bare hands and bent back. Finally, with a supreme effort that called forth all the reserve of his physical force, he toppled the great obstacle into the valley below him.

Weary and spent, the King of the world paused to adjust his now soiled and torn garments and to gird on his sword anew. Taking up his case of jewels, but leaving behind his broken staff, once more did he take his way forward. He did not note, but in the case the precious lapis lazuli had again regained its perfect form, and the diamond sparkled as of yore. Nor did he know that far ahead of him, from his eyrie in the Meru hills, there was One who saw the struggle and its result, and who wrote upon His record :

HE HAS GIVEN ME HIS BODY : I HAVE GIVEN
HIM MY WILL

Again the wanderer took his way, and again another turn in the pathway brought him before a task. A great tangle blocked his way, the growth of centuries; a tree that was strangely hard, and yet seemed alive like a veritable tangle of serpents. From this too the royal wanderer fell back momentarily daunted. But once more, and this time with greater power (for he had need of it), his resolution returned to him, and he sprang to his giant task with unsheathed sword, cutting and hewing with the strength of ten at the maze of writhing branches. Roots gripped his feet and sinuous poisoned fronds stung his body. Now he had need of the will he had won, for this was the task of killing the great deadly nightshade of ancient false delusions, and none is more difficult. Never pausing, never resting, in a fight which knows no quarter, torn and bleeding and worn, with a heart nigh unto bursting, at last he cut his way to the chief stem, and with one stupendous blow severed the trunk. All about him fell the now dead serpent limbs, and he, almost spent in body and in

heart, had need once more to rest upon his road. Again the Silent Watcher wrote a single sentence in the record :

HE HAS GIVEN ME HIS HEART :

I WILL GIVE HIM MY COMPASSION

Then came the end of that brief respite, and, refreshed in body and renewed in heart, abandoning his dulled sword, but clinging to his stones of price, once more he resumed his way. The flawless ruby glowed within, but he saw it not.

The second task was done, but in the very doing came the danger from the third. For now the King walked with confident mind, saying to himself : " Have I not won my way ? Can I not meet the greatest of trials and conquer ? " So did he think, walking on with head proudly erect. And therein was the way of greatest danger ; for over his path was a great pit that he saw not in his pride, and into this he fell heavily. Up those walls none can clamber quite unassisted, and none was by to help. But once more came into him like a flood the King's mighty conviction, and almost without a pause he stripped his torn garments from him to make a slender rope to throw over some projection. And then began a wearisome time of many efforts and many failures, until at last he pulled himself up into the light of common day, once more to rest his tired body. And a third time the Silent Watcher saw and wrote :

HE HAS GIVEN ME HIS MIND :

I HAVE GIVEN HIM MY WISDOM

Then there came for a moment into the heart and inmost being of the traveller the blackness of utter

despair, for the long slanting beams of the setting sun casting their golden haze over the hills and the valleys told him that the day was wellnigh spent. And here was he who went forth so boldly that very morning, armed and equipped, now without a weapon, and his very garments in shreds. Thus despairing, he dragged his weary body to a near-by stream, bathed himself as best he might, and then turned forward, almost from force of habit it would seem, with his eyes fixed modestly upon the road, until his thoughts turned to the need of shelter for the night. He stopped and cast his gaze forward along the road, when—behold! Before him was the very goal he sought, the Hall of Light, resplendent in the sun.

In the very pathway it stood, with its ivory gate wide ajar. Then suddenly the King thought of his beloved stones, tied upon his wrist. He drew them forth and saw that at last they were perfect, the six that were there, though shining with their *own* splendour. As he wondered at this there came no more to him his great desire to possess gems, for he saw now that in themselves they are as nothing. So he resolved to lay them silently upon the threshold, that the great Worker of Wonders might have them back, (for the King now saw that they were indeed not his own), to look into the mighty hall before him, and then go back once more to his own kingdom. So, naked and unafraid, mind and heart burned pure, he strode to the entrance and stepped into the hall. And now he saw that it was well that he had given up his desire for stones of price, for this soaring building was built wholly of them. It was a sight of sights, and never can he forget it. While his eye also noted the glories of the Hall of Light the voice

and the very words of the man in the garden rang again in his ears:

Emerald was the central stair,
 Pearl the sweeping balustrade,
 Gold and silver arms were there,
 Tapestries of glistening jade.

Crystal was the fountain bowl,
 Amber-pearl the water fell,
 Iridescent shadows stole,
 Across the floor of rainbow shell.

The dome that fled from pillars round
 Leapt like a lightning golden flame.
 There flashed a star wherein is found
 The symbol of that blessed Name.

Who shall tell of the joy of the King to see these things without desire to possess them? And surely no words can express his veritable bliss when into this coruscating Hall of Light came none other than the Worker of Wonders, in all the beauty of His transcendent form. This One placed in the hand of the King the jewels he had laid at the gate, complete now and pulsing with the light of life. But this was not all. For with that same rare smile, so like the soft summer breeze upon still waters, He said:

"There is the thread you sought and the stones you have fairly won by the very act of giving. Take them and return once more to your own kingdom to prepare it again to receive Me, for I shall soon return. It is My Will, My Compassion, and My Wisdom you shall employ, but yours are the brain, the heart, and the shoulders. So long as these jewels hang upon this thread you shall have in the great task the light of life, and the Star shall hang above you. Go then, and work unceasingly against the day of My return. Peace be with you!"

So it comes that now when the King of all the world stands looking out over the Court of the Fountain in the half light of a dying day, and sees once more the evening star sinking over the Hills of Meru, he feels only joy, for he knows that beneath that symbol lives in changeless calm that celestial One who gave to him the eternal thread that men call Love. And he knows too that soon again those calm eyes of perfect repose and perfect understanding will look upon the world, and bless the earth, the water, and the air with the strength, the beauty, and the light that are His.

III. THE RETURN

Prelude

The Great Magician rose at the first suggestion of the dawn upon the Hills of Meru, and stood at the latticed window, gazing out over the poppy field, far out and away where the rose-rimmed horizon sent a soft wind that whispered faintly, faintly, "Lord, art Thou coming?" Afar off a single note floated across the cavern of the sky; and then fell once more the silent moment that speaks to the heart at this hour. What said it to Him?

The fair hair was rippled like ruffled water, and from it sprang lights like the satin dew on the poppies there at His feet. Was that light in the blue eyes all from the dawn? Was the rosy-fingered East alone reflected as the sudden glow that lighted that perfect countenance? Truly it seems not so, for the sudden springing of the eastern light, flooding the valleys' mist, though it saw that calm unchanged, yet revealed something that spoke of an undying resolve.

And now the day broke before Him. Silver-green resolved itself to sapphire; warm rose burned paler into palest gold. The pure note of an untutored starling fled upward, broke, and dissolved itself into a chorus. The soft sough of pine-laden air shook a thousand diamonds from the poppies. Then another crystal moment, and—behold! it was day. With the grace of the supple tiger He swept His hand lightly down His beard, chestnut now in the full light; and as He turned from the east He spoke one brief word. But having heard only that, I fled gladly to mine own place in the kingdom of the world, happy, serene and assured: the word He spoke was “Yes”.

In my own place in the kingdom of the world I saw another arise at the same dawn and gaze in mute content into the silvered East. I could not see his face with these dull eyes, but I saw the coming of day, and heard a brief phrase go from this watcher's lips—heard it slip into the dawn wind—“Lord, art Thou coming?”

Then once more was the glory of dayspring; the swift magic of new-born light melting the old heart of nature; the whispering of waking things in hushed voices; the gleam of iridescent mists; the second moment of pure silence. Then the west wind answered again unto the east. As it breathed past, my dull ears caught a low Love tone that seemed to come from the far-off unimaginable heights of the Hills of Meru—but only this word, “Yes”.

Once more the King of the world is seated in his own chamber above the Court of the Fountain; but now he is old and spent. Snow-white hair and beard

frame his noble face in a pure white ground, and from his deep-set eyes pours a resistless flame that marks his indomitable will. The slow bubbling fountain whispers words he seems from long familiarity half to understand; the faint voices of woodland and stream murmur across the silent sleeping city from the Hills of Meru. Often in the pale dim dawn had the King sat thus, watching ever for the Day of Days, the dawn that had never come. Children grew up; old courtiers died; the cares of state grew incessantly heavier, yet sustained by an unfaltering trust and living in a promise and a hope, his majestic figure bent only slowly under the burden, as he looked ever forward.

But now he was come to be old and spent. Intrigue ringed him round and enemies struck upon his outlying districts and peoples. Worst of all, even to-day he was to adjust in open audience a bitter quarrel between the merciless Lord of Mamona and his ancient enemy the strong Baron of the Reaches. Now with this and then with that adjustment had the King sought to allay their at first secret and now open strife. But ever he had failed. Greed of possessions held both leaders, and the kingdom of the world was the real goal of each, for the King was without issue.

To him in his troubled state this dawn came much as any other; with the usual sense of disappointment, but this time somehow more poignant than ever before, he slowly arose and retired to the half light of a further room, still wrestling with his troublesome problem.

The day wore on toward the hour of the audience. The drowsy rustle of human life gathered strength steadily, until it rumbled like the far-sounding sea. The aged figure, half lay and half sat in the shadow of

his lounging room. In a casket beside him glowed a set of seven priceless gems, world-famed. But the weary man gazed idly and dully. As the hour of the audience drew near a figure stood in the door. The half-reclining tired old man slowly arose, to beckon the nobleman. He was clothed for the work before him, but himself clasped upon his bosom finally the wondrous necklace. He strode resolutely to his task.

The audience hall was quite crowded, even as it had been on another occasion. The murmur of respectful voices died away as the majestic figure entered, and lackeys and courtiers settled into place, whilst a crier called for silence, and announced the ancient custom of the Crown of offering public hearing to any who asked it. The King declared the audience open. He signed to an eager man before him, who arose at the signal ; this was the great Baron of the Reaches. Slightly stooped but powerful of form, he stood for a moment amidst the heavy silence, his sombre face and sombre clothes fittingly matched. Then his voice, harsh and strong, opened the dread question :

"Sire," he began, "under your beneficent rule it is hard for any to speak of wrongs done. Yet even so must I do, even though with a heavy heart. For in my province great has been the injustice ; greatly therefore must it be righted."

Now with flattery, now with pathos, false and true, the strong but rough voice of the noble carried on the tale of his grievances. How in his states he had sought to upraise all men ; how he had educated and trained ; how he had organised and advised his people ; but especially how he had striven against the corruptions

of wealth. Ever it was of rights and justice, the honest reward of the poor and labouring.

"But," his words rang out, charged with hatred, "one of thine own lieges has ever warred silently against me. He corrupted with wealth even the bearers of news, the pulpit and the schools. For ever and ceaselessly he has worked with agents sinister and strong. Now it has at last come to the surface. Shall it be war against him? Here he sits before you; judgment I ask on behalf of depressed humanity, judgment against that man."

His muscled arm pointed unswervingly at one of the foremost nobles, one gorgeously clad in a crimson cloak, a vivid and rich spot of colour in the pale green of the uniformed figures of his retainers there about him. The eyes of the Lord of Mamona rose from the floor at the charge, and the King saw them grey, small and cold, in keeping with the hard lines of the face. At a sign from the throne he also stood erect. His voice was quiet and controlled, his gestures simple and his words few, but charged with a quiet and deadly power:

"Sire," he said, "all this the whole kingdom of the world has heard many times before. Why should I weary you now with fresh denials? It is well known that in the confines of my own provinces these charges would be held groundless. Why should I reach out to do in one place what I do nowhere else? It is true that I have great wealth; but is this in itself a crime? Yes, war there will be if necessary, but I fight only in defence. In your hands is the issue." And with a suave gesture he seated himself amongst his retainers.

The hall of audience was quiet with the stillness of death. The bitter words of the nobles had left no

room for compromise. War would mean the rupture of the whole kindom. Each had declared his settled policy anew. Neither held out any hope of peace.

In the ominous silence the King of all the world sat quiet and apparently unmoved. Long since transcending his pride of race and country, himself living only for the good of the people, he had also held the rule of the state for them only, in the great hope that another King should come, that One whom he had seen, that One to whom he had spoken. Struggling against intrigue, eternally watchful, he had looked and longed for the Man of Men, a Worker of Wonders, to stop the tide of almost certain defeat. Now the last effort had been made, but no hope was offered, and in this bitter moment his heart was heavy and he was utterly weary.

About him no pity showed in the faces amongst his nobles; unrelieved selfishness there ringed him round. His eye wandered idly back into the hall. He saw many faces familiar and half-familiar, and many strange. Who were those in the simple dress sitting somewhat apart? Out of his oldest images came to the King, the memory of another audience in his early years on the throne. Ah! yes. There were they who had come into the kingdom only a short time before the visit of the Great Magician. How peaceful and serene their gaze! How youthful still they seemed. The burning eyes of the aged man paused at the refreshing simplicity of the group and their happy strength. A half-familiar man sat amongst them, perfectly unruffled in his calm. His serene and untroubled gaze met the King's eyes, and seemed to give him that peace which comes to the night watcher when dawn breaks. So striking was this in the stirring scenes about him that the King's attention

was with difficulty drawn back by the aggressive tone of the Baron of the Reaches, calling: "Judgment, Sire!"

The aged King glanced at the Lord of Mamona and received a sign of defiant assent. He drew himself up to the fullest of his fine stature. With a flash of his ancient strength (whence came it?) he spoke, with quick decision, the age-old formula:

"Know all ye the ancient custom of the public audience amongst us. It is that each party to the quarrel speaks for himself. One is then chosen without favour from the people to give a decision to them, and him we call the Judgment Giver. Then, if it please him, the throne speaks nothing and the judgment stands. But if it please not the throne then does he render the decision. This day, so shall I welcome a just decision and wise, that I offer for it this, my great necklace, to the Judgment Giver, if his decision be acceptable to me. These have asked for judgment; give it, thou!" And his gesture swept toward the silent, quiet man with the wonderful eyes, he who sat in the group where the King's gaze had only just rested. Quite unembarrassed, with a gentle dignity far beyond his years, this one descended to the floor of the hall. What was this strange clear light which seemed to grow? why was the air so suddenly sweet?

He stood quietly before the tense multitude. The fierce gaze of the dark Baron and the cold glare of the great Lord were found to falter before the gentle eyes. The King's heart leapt when the clear voice filled the hall. How like the Worker of Wonders so long ago!

"Judgment you cry. And in the name of the King I shall answer. But who of us shall judge? who shall say, 'This is right; this wrong' to his fellow?"

Never before in all the years of public audience had one of the folk spoken thus boldly. Astonishment seized the audience; the nobles were bewildered. And then came such a scene as none shall describe with words. The soft tones of the Judgment Giver made living the cruel horrors of war; the bitterness of defeat; the vainness of victory. His words dropped with the softness of silk over the bruised heart of one; poured like cool water over the burning heart of another. He spoke of suffering; strong men wept. He spoke of joy; every heart sang. He turned at last in unbroken silence to the old foes:

"Judgment, you ask. This is the only judgment that man can give to man, it is to give what men call Love. Have you given that? None is too poor to give it; none too rich to receive it. Time does not alter it, nor place corrupt it, for it is of—nay it *is* God. It is a judgment and an award that each can render. I give that to you," turning to the wonder-struck baron, "and the same to you," to the now-softened lord: "Offer it now to one another." And before the astonished multitude the ancient enemies faced each other; moved by a common impulse each stepped forward; and, wonder of wonders, their hands met in a sturdy grip of renewed friendship.

"Judgment! In the King's name and for the King have I given it," rang out the old formula.

The gaze of the crowd swept to the old ruler, knowing full well that he would have the judgment stand. But lo! he was, as they say, dead. Yet, somehow, none was shocked, for serenity lay like a benediction in his face; his brow was untroubled; his lips were smiling.

Then, moved by this wonder of the King's silent assent, the nobles swore new fealty to the state and chose from among them one to rule.

But the Judgment Giver unclasped his reward, the flaming necklace, from the body of the King. And one who was near by heard him strangely say, as he lifted away the quenchless necklace: "Now hast thou no need of this, for thou hast the Light of Life; and though thou, the King, art gone, still there remains the Light of the World."

Thus, have I heard, returned in strange garb the Worker of Wonders, and so once more did the great jewels go whence they came. And the simple thread upon which they were strung, that too was no longer seen. Yet there be those who say that in the crystal casket of the heart of every man hang seven jewels on such a thread, and that he who thence turns his gaze can see strange scenes; that, if he but watches there and waits, there will echo in that small and silent chamber, that is so like unto the greater Hall of Light, the voice of the Great Magician, who shall say: "Peace be with you."

Fritz Kunz

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of "THE THEOSOPHIST"

In the March number of THE THEOSOPHIST, commenting on the Gifford Lectures, you do not allow the æsthetic emotions a pedigree in the struggle for existence. That colour plays a large part in plant fertilisation is well known. In the animal kingdom beauty of colour, and perhaps of form also, enters largely into propagation, and, in a less degree, into nutrition. Colouring is also protective. Primitive man thus endowed with a love of natural beauty would have a distinct asset in the survival of the fittest. Women with a love of beauty, or gifted with æsthetic emotions, would become attractive.

Similarly, where evolution of the race depends so much on propagation and selection, it would seem that the higher ethical emotions were an advantage in the struggle for existence. Loving kindness in the bringing up of a family is conducive to strength, whatever form it may take; ethical emotions are in themselves vitalising; and the warfare plays such a large part in history, it is significant that in times of peace the ethically developed man will usually outlive the man of violence, who, impatient of family life, seeks abroad occasions of danger.

C. B. DAWSON

REVIEWS

Modern World Movements, by J. D. Buck, M.D. (*Indo-American Book Co., Chicago.*)

This is a little book well worth reading. It gives a valuable and succinct sketch of Theosophical Movements from Jacob Behmen onwards, placing the T.S. in a true perspective. Then it sketches the story of the T.S., with full and affectionate loyalty to H. P. Blavatsky and H. S. Olcott. Its error lies in the ignorance of the writer of the T.S. as a world-movement, not only as an American movement, and the consequent preposterous statement, made more than once, that the T.S. is weaker in influence now than when H. P. Blavatsky passed away! Putting this aside, we find an interesting account of an American movement, under "J K," in which the same truths are put forward in a modern scientific way, without any allusion to their more eastern presentation by H. P. Blavatsky. Dr. Buck thinks that this method will better suit the western mind. Only time can decide which way is the better. But all good Theosophists will rejoice that the truths should be proclaimed in any language which meets the needs of any people, for there is but one Work for the uplifting of mankind, and in that all loyal-hearted and self-sacrificing men must ever be welcomed as co-labourers.

A. B.

Hereafter, Notes on the Fifteenth Chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, Verses 20 to 28, by Hilda, Baroness Deichmann. (Published for the author by the T.P.S., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This beautiful little book would seem from the 'Foreword' to have been communicated by automatic writing, but, however produced, it will purify the emotions of those who are happy enough to come across it and use it as a book of devotion. S. Paul's words in themselves are a mine of spiritual meaning, and this treatise is on the broadest lines of orthodox Christianity. Many a devout person will be grateful to the writer.

A. J. W.

The People's Books,¹ (T. C. & E. C. Jack, London and Edinburgh. Price Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c. net.)

As the months go by this eminently useful collection increases in number, grows more and more comprehensive and approaches nearer and nearer towards forming a modern cyclopædia in which the various topics can be had separately, at small price and in handy form.

Zoology, the Study of Animal Life, by E. W. MacBride, F.R.S.

A clearly written little manual, with several illustrations, especially in the sections on 'Cells and Tissues' and 'The Classification of Animals.' The most interesting part of the booklet will to most readers lie in its last three sections on 'The Origin of Species,' 'The Consequences of Darwin's Theory. The Interpretation of Development' and 'The Bearing of Zoology on the question of human origin and the future destiny of the race'. From the latter section we may quote the dictum: "In fact, at the present day it may be confidently asserted that there is no intelligent naturalist who is not convinced that the human race is descended from monkey-like ancestors; and the quibbling objection which is sometimes raised, that our ancestors could not have been identical with any race of monkeys existing now, is entirely beside the point." The whole last chapter is original and interesting; it will amply repay study and it shows that the author has rightly understood his task in writing a volume for *The People's Books*, in not executing it in any narrow or closet-bound spirit. Decidedly a book to recommend.

The Science of Light, by Percy Phillips, D.Sc., B.Sc., B.A.

A well-ordered and graduated exposition of the laws governing light leading up to the final statement "that light consists of short, transverse, electro-magnetic waves" and that "there is little regularity in the vibrations of the source". This volume also is well illustrated. The chapters deal successively with the rectilinear propagation, the reflection and refraction, the dispersion, the interference, the diffraction and the polarisation of light. The work is as little technical as could be, considering the subject it treats of.

¹ This admirable and cheap popular Series is obtainable at THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

Sir William Huggins and Spectroscopic Astronomy, by E.W. Maunder, F.R.A.S.

This is an entirely fascinating little book, written in parts with poetic eloquence and imagination. Star-lovers will welcome this volume which is a true romance of science. 'The Story of Nebulium' is perhaps the most interesting chapter in it. The booklet does not lend itself to analysis but we may quote its closing sentences as an indication of its tenor :

"Astronomy is the oldest of the sciences ; Astrophysics, that is to say, Spectroscopic Astronomy, is the youngest. Yet they concur in their testimony. The Universe is One".

The Problem of Truth, by H. Wildon Carr, Hon. D.Litt.

This little book must be fairly stiff reading to the "ordinary man" but is nevertheless instructive and interesting. The author sums up the contents of his treatise as follows : "The problem of truth is to discover the nature of the agreement between the things of the mind, our ideas, and the reality of which ideas are the knowledge. We call the agreement truth. What is it ? There are three different answers, namely—(1) that it is a correspondence between the idea and the reality ; (2) that it is the coherence of the idea in a consistent and harmonious whole ; and (3) that it is a value that we ourselves give to our ideas."

We recommend our readers to discover for themselves the answer which Mr. Carr prefers and to weigh his reasons for doing so.

British Birds. Descriptions of all the Commoner Species, Their Nests and Eggs, by F. B. Kirkman, B.A.

This is not a book for reading, but one for reference. It gives, in dictionary form, a description (illustrated) of some 200 of the commoner British birds, together with that of their nests, eggs, names and locations. It cannot but be a treasure to all young British naturalists, though it must needs be of restricted use outside the British Isles. A useful diagram and a table of terms used in the book are joined to the text, so facilitating its easy understanding.

Kindergarten Teaching at Home, by Sister Charlotte and Sister Ethel Isabella.

This little manual should be in the hands of the multitudes of parents and teachers of the small ones, and we wish it a very great success. Writing, however, in India, where a little, inexpensive but thorough work like the one before us, would be an inestimable boon, we must regret that it is worked out on such specifically western, and even British, lines. Though nevertheless useful—very useful even—to intelligent non-British parents, the booklet stands in need of an appreciable amount of revision and adaptation before it would be able to find full application in the East. We recommend the volume, but add that we wish that a special edition of it might appear, especially adapted for use in India by Indians. The booklet is too good not to find a wider field, than it is likely to find as it now is, in the East generally.

J. v. M.

The Foundation of Religion, by Stanley A. Cook, M.A.

Broad views expressed on so vast a subject will attract the attention of those who seek for liberal views in religion, and make this booklet another valuable contribution to this popular series. The author regards thought as something that grows, develops and evolves. He emphasises the relationship of man to his own development and environment to the universe and to the supernatural. The psychical realities, the study of comparative religion and the scientific evidence for the oneness of all mankind form the background for this interesting and ever fascinating subject.

G. G.

Judaism, by Ephraim Levine, M.A.

The author in his preface tells us that this little book only attempts to give the reader interested in the subject of Judaism "some idea of the various stages through which the religion has passed, and of the many tendencies that have reacted and still react on it". As is fitting, his first chapter is entitled 'The Bible in Judaism,' by which, of course, is meant the Old Testament. The Bible means much to the Jew and is venerated as *the Book*. "It is the most complete record of Israel's early history and religion." The history of Judaism is traced down the centuries, showing how it came into touch with Hellenism and Christianity which was, at first, "nothing more or less than a

part of Judaism". Then the sad tale of the dispersion of the Jews, of their persecution, even up to the present day in some parts of the world. The last chapter is exceptionally interesting on 'Judaism of To-day: Its Problems,' and indeed the whole volume should be widely read, as the history of Judaism is too little known to the general public.

Coleridge, by S. L. Bensusan.

The life of Coleridge must make its appeal to the psychologist, and the writer of this little biography has endeavoured, with great insight, to give to the public some idea of the character of the poet. His was never a happy life. He was almost always involved in pecuniary difficulties, and had invariably recourse to outside aid, not having the inner strength to stand alone. Melancholy seems to have "marked him for her own," and indeed such a strain runs through most of his poetry. It is useless to speculate on what he might have done, but his nature being what it was, it was practically impossible that he should be successful. This biography is peculiarly interesting, and the writer is to be congratulated on it. One hopes many people will take advantage of it, and learn a little about the author of 'The Ancient Mariner' and 'Christabel'.

T. L. C.

The Monarchy and the People, by W. T. Waugh, M.A.

It would be cruel on the part of any critic to expect any writer within the short compass of some 90 pages to deal with the History of England from 1485-1689 in such a way as to put before the public any materials not already known to regular students of the subject. But to the man in the street for whom these are intended in the first place a book such as *The Monarchy and the People* should be quite welcome. The titles of the chapters are extremely suggestive. The whole period covered by the book is a very important one. At the beginning we have a people wholly exhausted after the Wars of the Roses with their cruelties and treacheries, and readily acquiescing in any form of government which would assure them a decent degree of peace. We see as the years roll on how the subservient Parliament of Henry VIII and Mary begins to murmur with ill-conceived vexation in the closing

years of the good Queen Bess. A space of some 50 years and we see the descendant of Henry VIII on the scaffold at Whitehall. It is true that the success did not continue for a long time and what is more the very apostle of Liberty ruled for about three years as a despot. But the day of glory was not far off. "The Declaration of Right rendered Parliament incontestably supreme in the spheres of Legislation and Finance. And . . . it soon became clear . . . that the Parliament must be allowed to make and unmake ministries and determine national policy." The concise yet clear treatment and the breadth of view that pervades the book are some of the points that tell most strongly in favour of it.

Mediaeval Socialism, by Bede Jarrett, O.P., M.A.

The Stock Exchange, by J. F. Wheeler.

In judging such small handbooks as these we shall have more than ever to be careful about the aims of the authors and in no case put them to tests which the author never intended them to bear. Thus there is, as Mr. Wheeler says, "much misconception regarding the functions of the stock exchange and to many people the newspaper columns giving the quotations of Public Securities . . . are regarded in the same light as uninteresting advertisements". When we realise this and at the same time the enormous importance that attaches to the subject we cannot but welcome a book such as Mr. Wheeler's which gives within a short compass an intelligent idea of the whole of the mystery. One that will be more popular than *The Stock Exchange* is *Mediaeval Socialism*. Socialism is no longer held to be pernicious all round; and "many who ten years ago would have objected to it as a name of ill omen see in it now nothing which may not be harmonised with the most ordinary of political and social doctrines". Hence any study of socialistic doctrines, vague or intense as the case may be, should exert a good deal of attraction. Mr. Jarrett's book should also be interesting on account of the select quotations from mediaeval writers, which bear on the problem in hand. Thus his chapter on the 'Theory of Alms-giving' is enriched by quaint passages from St. Thomas Aquinas.

C. D. S. C.

Orient and Occident, by Manmath C. Mallik. (T. Fisher Unwin, London.)

To all who in any degree whatever are interested in the problem of the East and the West and their mutual relations a book like the present must be welcome. The author has a right to speak upon his subject as one whom intimate knowledge of the life of both hemispheres has familiarised with both sides of the question. He is not one of those persons who think that Europe and Asia cannot understand each other. On the contrary, he believes that races may be brought together in relations of mutual tolerance, respect and even sympathy. But in order that this true friendliness may be established between the two, changes must be brought about in the attitude of each towards the other.

This bulky volume is divided into three long chapters. Chapter I is devoted to the analysis of the eastern character and the western, the differences between the two and their agreements being emphasised. Mr. Mallik goes into great detail and himself fears that critics may find fault with his "prolixity of statement". He holds, however, "that the causes hindering the Empire of Britain from becoming the most potent instrument ever forged by Providence for the advancement of human welfare cannot be represented under too many aspects," especially when the general public, even that section which for one reason or another the question nearly concerns, knows so little about it. Tolerance and sympathy are born of understanding, understanding of knowledge. No effort should be spared that may help to spread a knowledge of the facts. Chapter II is devoted to "a comparison of the state of things in the different countries composing the Britains". The writer's interest is evidently centred in India and the greater part of this section deals with that country and her relations with England. His obvious sympathy with both sides and balanced insight into the problem make his words well worth careful consideration. In the last chapter he compares eastern with western thought, adding an extensive collection of parallel quotations showing the interesting similarity that exists in the ideas of the greatest minds of each hemisphere.

A. de L.

Personality, by F. B. Jevons, Litt.D. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

The reality of the Personality—is it, or is it not, real? is the theme, and the author examines evidence, for and against, before arriving at the conclusion that personality proven—or granted—implies other personalities, human and divine, and that the unity—"the peace which passeth understanding"—"after which a 'person' strives" is only to be gained by—but is it fair to the author to tell what the reader will discover for himself? Suffice it to say that we are shown not to be "closed up systems," but to live in one another. It is good to see the same conclusion arrived at by various and often seemingly opposed lines of argument. To those who regard each 'personality' merely as one of the many masks through which the ego, simultaneously at some points in evolution, successively at others, senses the material world, the reasoning of this book may seem to lead to a foregone conclusion. But there are many ways of indicating the one high goal, and some men require to follow the line of thought of the author of this book.

A. J. W.

Collected Poems, by A. E. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. Price 6s. net.)

Of this collection (made by himself) from his already published volumes, together with certain new verses, the author tells us that "this book holds what poetry of mine I would wish my friends to read". But he finds expression through sorrow, rather than joy: "I have found it easier to read the mystery told in tears, and understood Thee better in sorrow than in joy." The poet is a Kelt, and has as his birth-right the Keltic temperament—that in which tears and smiles lie very close together. The mystic element is very strongly marked in such a one, and shows itself clearly in all the poems. Indeed through all the songs this singer sings, is heard a plaintive wail, which, even at the feast, may be discerned. The reader of A. E., must be sympathetic with his temperament, otherwise the verses will not appeal to him. The poet belongs to that new school of poets which in the last few decades has come into being, and which includes W. B. Yeats

and—latest known to the West—Rabindranath Tagore. For is he not performing for the East what those singers of Ireland are doing for the West ?

One must not approach the poems of A. E. with the stern eye of the critic, although many of them would pass the test so imposed. One must try to penetrate their meaning by the Spirit-sense. The work of A. E. will be known to most readers of this review, so that quotation will be unnecessary ; still, lest there be a few who have not yet caught the melody of his song, two verses are set down :

Ere I lose myself in the vastness and drowse myself with peace,
While I gaze on the light and the beauty, afar from the dim homes of men,
May I still feel the heart-pang and pity, love-ties that I would not release;
May the voices of sorrow appealing call me back to their succour again.

* * * * *

Not alone, not alone would I go to my rest in the heart of the love :
Were I tranced in the innermost beauty, the flame of its tenderest breath,
I would still hear the cry of the fallen recalling me back from above,
To go down to the side of the people who weep in the shadow of death.

T. L. C.

Buddhist Scriptures. A Selection translated from the Pali.
(THE WISDOM OF THE EAST SERIES. John Murray, London.
Price 2s. net.)

This is an addition to the Buddhist volumes of this series and contains extracts from the discourses of the Buddha, His answers to questions, and stories about His life and stories of His former incarnations. The introduction concerns itself about the parallels between Christianity and Buddhism, saying that the deepest distinction is that the latter has no Saviour. A careful study of these Buddhist Scriptures will show the reason. The Buddha came to point out the Path to be trodden ; the Noble Eightfold Path of right views, right aspirations, speech, actions, livelihood, endeavours, watchfulness and meditation. But each man must tread it for himself ; he must work out his own salvation. No one else can tread it for him. The depending upon another to do it for one has become the weakness of Christianity. The other accusation which Christians bring against Buddhism is that it is a religion without a God. It has not, as has the Christian, an anthropomorphic God. A further study of these Scriptures will show that the Buddha taught His disciples how to open out those

faculties by which they could cognise God for themselves. To those who did so God was revealed. To the others it was useless to give any definition, and when questioned on this subject the Buddha was silent.

Notwithstanding these differences it is admitted that "Buddhism has more in common with it [Christianity] than appears at first sight." The more Buddhism is studied by Christians the more will the two religions be found to have in common, and we welcome this additional volume which will help to reveal to the West the beauty of a religion which is professed by so large a portion of the human race.

E. B. N.

Music as a Religion of the Future, by Ricciotto Canudo. (T. N. Foulis, Edinburgh and London.)

This translation is prefaced by 'A Praise of Music,' by Barnett D. Conlan, and seems to be rather a discourse on Art in general. The writer defines Art thus:

All great Art is an answer to a demand for synthesis, to a desire for some all-comprehensive form in which the spirit of an epoch or a people can find its most adequate expression.

He writes that "civilisation seems to evolve through great discords of Revolution to harmonies of Art":

The revolution that arose in France produced a galaxy of genius in all the arts, producing Napoleon and Beethoven; the first essayed to draw together the forces of Humanity in the framework of a vast Form, the form of Government, and in that he was Artist and poet supreme; the second opened out a path to the unknown in man and nature, building up an art that could pierce out toward the Infinite element in things.

He calls music the direct expression of life, and mentions the dawn of a primitive age now, when the truths of all past centuries are in a state of transformation, and the arts and sciences, with that essential force in humanity that comprises religion, are changing their values, and are passing through discords to a new harmony.

Mr. Canudo leads up to his idea of music by a thorough dissertation on idealism, religion and morality. He says we have need of a religion without ritual, and that music is the only art that can furnish this.

A comparative study of religions leads us to hope for one of pure sensation, and one that is neither sentimental nor contemplative.

Is not music already a religion in the lives of many in the present day? And there must be at the same time those religions that are sentimental and contemplative to suit other temperaments. We must be content to realise the "other paths" and try to enter into the spirit of them, and as far as possible understand and sympathise with their forms.

D. J. H. E.

The Waiting Place of Souls, by Cecil E. Weston, M.A. (Robert Scott, London.)

The Soul in Paradise, by W. Edwin Botejue. (Skeffington & Son, London. Price 1s. 6d. net.)

Both these little books treat of the same subject and that from practically the same point of view. This is not surprising, as both are written by clergymen who belong presumably to the High Church party of the Anglican Church, and who represent its accepted views as to the life after death and the existence of an Intermediate State: Paradise, Hades, or whatever name by which one may choose to call it. Mr. Weston is less theological in his treatment of the subject than is Mr. Botejue, and he appeals more to the emotions than to the mind. *The Waiting Place of Souls*, as also *The Soul in Paradise*, is sure to bring comfort to many to whom this view of the after-death life may be new. But there is no excuse for Mr. Weston misquoting Longfellow (p. 47), and we venture to doubt whether Father Faber would care for his hymn to be used in the connection in which Mr. Weston uses it. Paradise, to the Roman Catholic, is not the Intermediate State, but the place where the Soul at last beholds the Beatific Vision. Mr. Botejue, who writes on his subject more definitely, makes much use of scriptural quotations to support his arguments, and he is firmly convinced, as also Mr. Weston, that "at death there is no restarting of life". Both writers strongly urge prayers for the dead, but surely nowadays (one hopes) there are few people so narrow as to condemn this custom. There is nothing really new in either of the books under review. They are merely a restatement of a widely-accepted religious hypothesis, which has undoubtedly within it a great truth, however imperfectly this truth may be expressed.

T. L. C.

Popular Phrenology, by J. Millott Severn. (William Rider & Son Ltd., London.)

This small book might serve as a popular compendium of all that is useful and valuable in the science of Phrenology, which was first brought to England a hundred years ago by Dr. Spurzheim. It is divided into fifteen chapters, and they lead an ordinary reader to the grasp of broad principles. The author shows that it is a mistake to think that Dr. Gall, the discoverer of Phrenology, mapped out the skull into so many compartments, and then assigned different faculties to different parts of the brain. On the contrary he made considerable observations, and after carefully comparing the results, and accumulating innumerable facts for nearly thirty years, propounded his doctrines. That Phrenology is a science is clearly shown by the harmony manifested in the arrangements of the mental organs. 'Phrenology and Child Life' is a chapter useful to parents and those who have the care of children. Attention to health and diet is specially drawn in cases of children who have very large brains and generally weak bodies. In the cultivation of the memory no elaborate "system" is necessary. What is wanted is that the thing to be remembered must first be thoroughly understood and comprehended, and then impressed upon the mind. The idea, rather than the actual words themselves, must be impressed. There is no single faculty of memory. Every one of the forty-two mind faculties has its own individual memory, *viz.*, there are forty-two separate memories, and whether the memory of a faculty is strong or weak depends upon the degree of development the organ has attained. The value of Phrenology is shown in its application to the choice of business, literary or scientific pursuits, professions, and even marriage. The types of national heads are well worth a study, and the whole book gives a fairly accurate idea of the science of the mind in its practical application to human character.

J. R. A.

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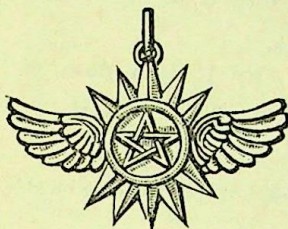
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